THE

TOAST.

AN

HEROICK POEM

In four Books,

Written originally in Latin,

BY

FREDERICK SCHEFFER:

Now done into Engliſh, and illuſtrated with Notes and Obſervations,

BY

PEREGRINE ODONALD Eſq;

Si quis erat dignus deſcribi, quòd MALUS, *aut* FUR,
Quòd MOECHUS *foret, aut* SICARIUS, *aut alioqui*
FAMOSUS; *multâ cum libertate notabant.* HOR.

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BGL

HEROICK POEM.

IN

TWELVE BOOKS.

FREDERICI SCHEFFERI

EPISTOLA

AD

CADENUM.

SEMPER culte mihi, ſemper, CADENE, colende;
O decus & patriæ tutamen! Crimina, curas,
Atque hominum mores, & quicquid pulpita damnant,
Seu nunc tu meliùs tractas irriſor acerbus,
Seu Phœbi ſtimulis igneſcens fundis Iambos,
Aut STELLÆ laudes recitas & amabile carmen:
Si locus eſt interpellandi, en barbarus audet
Ire ſalutatum, veniamque expoſcere nugis!
Nec Muſa offendat, quòd non limatior: aures
Forſitan & veſtras rerum novitate moretur.
At ne tu mirêre, quis hic novus impetus iræ,
Aut cur matronas & fictos carmine SCHEFFER
Luſerit heroas, cui mens ignara nocendi;
Promptiùs expediam. Si quem mala ſaga veneno,
Aut ferro tollat ſicarius, & fugit; annon
Proſcribunt Reges, queis ulla eſt cura popelli?
Sic mea proſcripſit (fuerit ſeu VOLLUS iniquus,

Seu MIRA *infamis, ſeu turba venefica* MIRÆ,
Et mœchi & Tribades, qui vatem lite fatigant,
Inſidiisque petunt) inimicum pagina nomen.
Nec me commôrit, quod rhythmica *carmina damnet*
PERSEUS *iſte faber, cui mens & craſſa Minerva*
Nec callere ſales dederant, nec ſcirè Latinè.
Quis, benè qui novit PERSEI *inſidiasque dolosque,*
Temperet a ſatyrâ? Regis ſe jactat in aulâ;
Ingenioque opifex alieno vivere doctus,
Quas non edidicit, ſibi PERSEUS *arrogat artes:*
Cui res, & titulus, cui crevit fama labore
Pauperis heu! CASTELLI; *ac dum bis mille Senatus*
Decernit, digno quota pars donatur amico,
Omnia qui fecit, ſolusque meretur honorem!
Sic vos non vobis! *Tantis ſucceſſibus auctum*
Haud alias equitem puduit componere fraudes,
Et quibus ipſe optat diteſcere: captat avari
Teſtamenta ſenis, vel denique ſubjicit; & qui
Nomine vix MARTI *notus, nunc ſcribitur hæres.*
Nec bona ſufficiunt, quæ poſſidet omnia, MARTIS:
Quas MARS *vendiderat terras, quæ dona propinquis*
Aut miſeris dederat ſervis, hic cuncta repoſcit.
Jamque ædes veſtras, & regia rura, Camœnæ,
Impius invadit KEVANNO *milite cinctus;*
Et famulos noſtrosque Lares deturbat inermes.
In jus judiciumque voco: defendere cauſam,

Quos

Quos ſibi MIRA *parat, conductis teſtibus audet*
Munitus; ſcelere atque ſcelus firmare nefandum.
Tunc VOLLI *exemplo monitus, ſervare recentem*
Quâ ratione queat prædam, raptoque potiri,
Provocat ille deos, juratque in verba ſuorum,
" *Cogere vi nullâ, nulla ipſum inferre Latinis*
" *Arma, nec invitos veteres migrâſſe colonos.*
Lucra pudenda avidus decerpit PERSEUS *ex re*
Quâlibet: extentans nervos venalis adulter
Patricias ſectatur anûs, MIRAMque *ſalacem*
Turpis init: nunquam MIRÆ *ſatiata libido:*
Mille etenim toties reparato robore poſſet
Exhaurire viros, totumque vorare cohortem.
Quin TRAULI *quaſſans lectum, nec viribus impar*
Balbe tuis CLODI, *tibi nec,* REGILLE, *ſecundus,*
ALITIS *extortum reſupinæ corpore corpus*
Corrigit; informis dum ſemivir urget anhelum,
Rivalique ſuo lenonia dextera ſervit.
Præmia quæ ſolvi pro tanto digna labore
Poſſe putes equiti? Dat ~~anus~~ Mira *monilia, gemmas;*
Inſuper & nummos: uxorcula cætera mittit,
Callidaque affatu palpat Judæa maritum:
Jamque domum & mœcho S*organa *præbet agellum.*
Macte eſto virtute! tibi olim MIRA *parabit,*
Res quibus ampla domi, lectiſſima corpora matrum,
Concubitûs faciles, PERSEU, *& Danaes Hymenæos.*

Alter

Alter erit tunc TRAULUS, *& altera, quæ tibi campum*
Delirante viro donabit mœcha; nec uni,
Si magici cantus valeant, dictaberis hæres.
Quinetiam excrucier, ſi MIRÆ *fautor ineptus*
Nos inſectatur CACUS, *blateratque furitque,*
Arma gerens PERSEI *fratris mentemque locumque?*
Vel quia de vetulis guſtavit, & ALES *obeſas*
Auresque & fauces permulſit; vel quia flexus
Inſidiis VOLLI *fictas firmare tabellas*
Tentat lite novâ, &, quæ olim damnaverat ipſe,
MIRACIDUM *ſibi emit perjuria cuncta, ſuamque*
Legatis inhians nunc famam venditat aſſe.
Quid quod & ipſe domi plaudat ſibi, juraque temnat,
Omniaque involvat fumo & caligine cæcâ,
Herculeæque manus deſint? malè parta tropæa
Attamen haud impune feret: juravimus omnes
Sic Phœbi vates; et, noſtri ſiquid Iambi,
Semper, CACE, *tuum nomen fraudesque manebunt.*
Me quoque tu cornu petis, O impure Sacerdos;
Et tibi ſunt odio mea carmina. Sed quis amicus
Fortunis noſtris adſit, ſi, peſſime, vati
Terrorem incutias? Tibi enim nec corporis eſſe,
Nec mentis ſanum donatur: vox quoque PAMMUM
Ipſa fugit: ſagæ PAMMI *tetigêre priora.*
Nequicquam cœlum mutas; nec proſit adire
Borbonios *fontes: nequeunt extinguere virus,*

Peſtiferos-

Peſtiferosque ignes, irati munera Amoris;
Pumila dum ſibi te Frokina *inamabilis ALES*
Alligat, & mœchum fœdiſſima MIRA coercet,
Tali digna viro!—Sed & hic verſatur in aulâ;
Nec caſtum ſimulat. Vidi, puduitque videre,
PAMMUM inter Reges noſtros, proceresque ſedentem,
Sacratosque patres, & dantem jura popello.
Heu! quem rectorem terris dicamus ineſſe?
Cum verſum fas atque nefas: cum turpis adulter
Ornatas teneat ſedes, delubra Deorum
Ditia, ſplendenti redimitus tempora mitrâ;
Et, pretium ſceleris, vel ſumma altaria ſperet.
Sic pietas, ſic priſca fides, patriique Penates
Ritibus (infandum!) cedunt, furtisque Priapi.
At mihi quid tecum eſt? aut cur, indocte Magiſter
OTTOR, aves nos & noſtras lacerare Camœnas?
Cur mea (namque emi) MARS, te monitore, requirit
Prædia? cur PERSEUS, CACUSq;, atq; ignipotens VOL,
Cur MIRA hæc eadem? cur addis ſpemque animumque
Furibus, & rabidæ ſagæ pus atque venenum,
Ipſe idem hortator litis, judexque futurus?
Aſperius nihil eſt humili. *De plebe ſenator*
Si quis erit; ſi quis miſeris ſutoribus ortus
Incedat judex, tendatque urbanus haberi,
Et generoſum mentiri; tamen uſque recurrent
Barbariesque domus, moresque animique paterni.

Quin

Quin ſaveant proceres; nos cætera turba Poetæ
Donandum phaleris tumidum ridemus aſellum,
Qui Baldos *ſimulat,* doctoratu*que ſuperbit.*
Horum alios ſimiles, qui verbis bella laceſſunt,
Semiviro quos una facit mala cauſa ſodales,
Prætereo; ſed quos olim memorare licebit.
Nam neque THRASONEM *ſemper patiemur inulti,*
Nec fraudes, OLLARDE, *tuas, nec fœdera* FUNGI.
Garrulus ipſe etiam cirratus Homuncio totâ,
Dum me rodit inops mentis, cantabitur urbe.
Hic quoque, qui ſævo MARTI *ſua crimina ſuaſit,*
Semivirumque malas docuit qui jure tueri
Jurando lites, perjuria callida dictans,
ONDILLUS noſtro jam carmine nomen habebit.
Et tu, qui MIRÆ *vocemque artemque locâſti,*
Effundis rapido qui dimidiata palato
Inter verba ſecans, tituloque togâque ſuperbus,
O MELESINE, *meas nunc experière Camœnas.*
Et ſatyrâ tu dignus, & hic; & quiſquis iniquè
Vellicet ignotos, aut vati ſuſcitet hoſtes.
Nec ſtrepitus, neque nos ingentia nomina terrent.
Acrior opprobriis inſenſos Muſa notabit
MIRACIDAS: *ſint qui legionibus imperitârint;*
Sive quis ex procerum numero; ſit Epiſcopus idem;
Aut cui cæruleus titulus per colla pependit.
Eſt tener & mollis, ſed & arcum tendit Apollo;

Et

Et ſcelera ulſciſci Dî conceſſêre Poetis.
Quod lex non potuit, verſus facit. Adfuit ultro
Calliope: Si, jam rapuit quas ſemivir atrox,
Haud revocavit opes, at cæcos reppulit ictus,
Ingenioque rudi ſcelerata redarguit arma.
Ecce meo, nequicquam alios ſpoliare parata,
Mœchari juvenes, caſtas violare puellas,
Carmine victa cadit, telluris peſtis Iernæ,
Androgyne furibunda, & crimine turpior omni.
Quæ ſi ſpem contra noſtram, ſtudiumque reſurgat,
Suggerat & vires, MIRÆQUE Megæra petenti
Se inſinuet; ſua ſi revocet perjuria, lites,
Et percuſſores mœchos; ſi toxica mittat,
Tres quibus extulerat miſeros mala ſaga maritos;
Tunc adſis, CADENE, favens! ac veſtra meas res
(Gratior haud ulla eſt) commendet epiſtola Phœbo:
Ille ſuum vatem, ille tuum ſervabit amicum.
Nec petulans uxor TRAULI impunitior exit
Poſticâ toties conata laceſſere ſannâ
Nos, &, quà potuit, tetro noſtra ore venenans.
Namque invita meos, nè ſit perfecta voluptas,
Verſiculos memorat, vetitos dum ſuccuba tentat
Concubitûs, corpuſque novos effingit in uſus:
Inque dies perculſa vovet, ſemperque vovebit
SCHEFFERIDAS Muſas, jam jam majora moventes;
Et ſatyræ fruſtra cupiat prænoſcere finem.

Res quoque qui primum potuit confundere noſtras,
Et verſare dolos, blandum mentitus amicum,
Palleret; ſi ullâ poſſet palleſcere culpâ;
Cum VOL, VOL toties digito monſtretur euntis,
Ludibriumque Eblanæ, *& latè fabula fiat.*
Nec ſine nomine eris, nè me aſpernere canentem,
PAMME, tuum vatem: parvo ſi tincta lepôre,
Tincta Lycambeo nimiùm mea ſanguine tela
Criminibus veſtris portendunt carmina pœnas.
Atque erit ille dies, cùm dictent plura Camœnæ,
Et nos vel meliùs doceant tua pandere facta;
Tunc cum grandævum te purpura tertia velet.
Forſan & ipſa ſuàm tollat Comœdia vocem,
Semivirique lupanar, & ALITIS antra recludat,
Veſtras, PAMME, domos; ac, qui nunc audis adulter,
HORTATOR ſcelerum, præcepta libidinis addes,
Et mœchos mœchis, & ſagis leno malignis
Miſcebis Tribades, & permiſceberis illis.
Tunc quoque, ſi Venerem peteret tua MIRA nefandam,
Æmula Paſiphaes; (quin eſt furioſior illâ,
Atque optat majora pati) tu Dædalus alter
En eris, & longos tandem ſatiabis amores.
Quam neque Lesbiades, nec multi militis ardor,
Non centum domuêre anni, non mille Priapi,

Tu

Tu poteris, ſollers facilem excogitare figuram,
Et vetulam immanem mœchis aſſueſcere tauris.
Non indigna cano. Debentur maxima MIRÆ;
Maxima monſtriferi, ſtudium quos cogere PAMMO,
Taurorum, & tribadum, furumque, Deûmque malorum
Me cœtus poſcunt: & me fecêre poetam.
Quin nullam ſatyræ ponam legemque modumque;
Per populos donec volitet mea fama Britannos,
Efficiamque, viris ut quis dignoſcere poſſit
MIRACIDAS; ut, quo me duxerat heu! malus error,
Tutus ab inſidiis jam ſpectet luſtra ferarum.
At non cuncta tamen voluit ſibi Muſa licere:
Nec fictis auſa eſt quenquam incuſare querelis,
Nec genus innocuum ſtrinxit, fruitura jocandi
Sævitiâ. Semper maneant ſua nomina caſtis,
Intactæque domus! Nec belli quærere cauſas,
Lædere nec fas ſit, qui non læsêre priores.

NOTÆ.

CUM Epiſtolam SCHEFFERI ex Latino ſermone in linguam vernaculam non ſatis dignè poteram vertere, eam tamen operi meo decrevi præfationem dare. Sic enim rebus meis agundis quod fœlix fauſtumque eſſet, me præfari cenſebam; ſiquid mihi ad gloriam ingenium SCHEFFERI valeat, ſiquid venerabile CADENI nomen. Adhibitis autem, quæ ſequuntur, explanationibus, certè de exteris benè meritus ſum, qui produxi in eorum proſpectum tum nobiles, tum obſcuriores hujus Satyræ perſonas; benè etiam de popularibus meis, quia nefariæ MIRACIDUM genti & ipſe inuſſi quaſdam ignominiæ notas.

P. O. D.

Ver. 1. *Semper culte mihi, ſemper, CADENE, colende, &c.*

CADENUS. J. SWIFT D. D. D. S. P. D. ſui ſæculi deliciæ, nec tam patriæ, quam humani generis decus. Si virtutes illius contemplemur, nemini ſecundus; ſi divinum mentis ingenium, omnibus major. Cujus humanitatem, eloquentiam & eruditionem merito colebat SCHEFFERUS noſter. Tales enim erant, quales ſub Auguſto principes viri, & ipſi in omni liberali doctrinâ politiſſimi, in ſuis literatis diligenter coluerant. Linguam Anglicanam uſque ad faſtigium venuſtatis provexit; & feliciſſimis numeris luſit poeta. Quippe CADENI ſpiritum, vim, & carminum ſuavitatem vel Flacci curioſa ambitio ſibi adoptaret. Sale facetiisque Attico lepôre tinctis facilè ſuperabat omnes. Sed & in ſcriptis ſuis utile dulci ſemper permiſcuit: nec placere magis inſtituit, quam patriæ prodeſſe. Hanc coloniam

loniam ſemel iterúmque in libertatem vindicavit, in æternum vindicaturus, bona ſi ſua nôrint coloni.

Ver. 17. *Sic mea proſcripſit, fuerit ſeu* VOLLUS *iniquus.*

VOLLUS, VOLCANUS, ſive VOL DUBLINENSIS, legirupa & improbus veterator. Peculatûs olim damnatus erat. Nunc autem peregrinis & advenis inſidias collocat. Quin etiam & ſuis obvertit cornua, & erga amicos malus eſt; ſi ingentis ſceleris exequendi occaſionem capiat. Leno impurus eſt, & libidinoſus ſenex, qui fornices & unctas popinas habitat ſcorto diobolari contentus. Ex mœchis & miniſtris MIRÆ nequiſſimus; qui primus omnium vati noſtro dolos molitus eſt; & ne quid ſuſpectum foret, amicitiam ſimulavit. Nullos in orbe Deos eſſe credidit; quare & artifex & inſtinctor omnium flagitiorum vel Stygias undas de aſſe pejeraret. Celebrem ignominiæ locum obtinuit in SCHEFFERI ſatyrico, quem & poſt mortem haud dubitandum eſt quin diu poſſideat.

Ver. 18. *Seu MIRA infamis, &c.*

Turpiſſima anus & venefica, quæ nobilem familiam, ex quâ orta eſt in Angliâ, vitiis ſuis inquinavit. A primâ adoleſcentiâ proſtratæ erat pudicitiæ, neque unquam corpori aut famæ pepercit. Tres illi fuerant viri, ſed iſtorum impotentia aut ſua ſalacitas mille adulteros in auxilium vocavit. MARTI SCHEFFEREO noviſſimè nupſit: & tunc cum cornicis vetulæ habuit annos, habuit & ingenium & ſalacitatem capræ. Peregrinis & extraneis omnibus ſeſe ultro obtulit: peregrinâ enim libidine uſque ad furorem flagrabat, & jam flagrat. In extremâ etiam plebe ſæpius quærebat, quod amaret, hiſtrionibus, lecticariis, gregariis militibus & ſervis ſuccumbens. SCHEFFERUM, ut aiunt, olim deperibat; ſed amplexus petenti copiam ſui corporis denegavit caſtiſſimus poeta. Et quis vel minus caſtus ſordibus caleret, aut voluptatem quæreret in * cloacâ? Jam verò ſpretæ injuriâ formæ vehementer excanduit; & nihil reliquit intentatum, quo vel famæ vel fortunis SCHEFFERI noceret. Neque caruit ſucceſſu. Adhibitis enim mercenariis teſtibus, & ipsâ & mœchorum turbâ ampliter pejerante, opibus ac terris poetam noſtrum ſpoliavit. Ferrum autem & venenum jam ultrà minitata in hanc ſatyram cum ſociis ſuis conjicitur, & mediocres perſolvit ſceleris pœnas.

Hæc eſt illa MIRA, quam G. GRANVILLE vir nobilis olim celebravit elegantiori quidem carmine, quam probo & liberali ingenio neceſſe erat, tali fœminæ certè parum idoneo. Verum excuſationem quandam habeant amatoria culti illius poetæ elegidia: quippe iſtis temporibus vixit, cùm probi & ingenui viri vel inter philoſophandum meretriciis artibus captari ſolebant.

* Ventrem anûs bibacis & libidinoſæ Plautus dixit *cloacam*.

Ver. 22. *PERSEUS iſte Faber, cui mens & craſſa Minerva,* &c.

Eques auratus, qui & architectus regius: architectus, ſi ad ædes, quas extruxerat, ſpectes, imperitus; ſi ad ſcelera, peritiſſimus. Miles etiam, & *Capitanei* titulo inſignitus eſt: ſed & rei militaris & virtutis omnis expers. Mœchus autem

fuit

fuit ſtrenuus; & ſtipendia in eo bello meruit, nequaquam laborans de ætate contubernalis. TRAULI uxorculæ diu ſervivit, ita & ſuis commodis. Siquid enim peteret, nihil ab iſtâ negatum fuit; auro, argento, fundis quoque donatus; quibus omnibus anicula emunxerat virum ſuum. Porro autem in veneficæ MIRÆ militavit legione, & non ſine gloriâ; etiam geminatâ mercede. Alieni appetens & profuſus mutuum argentum rogavit undique; nec ſolvendo erat. Cùm nuſquam inveniret mutuum, vim armorum adhibuit, & de bonis extraneorum prædatus eſt. Fuit SCHEFFERO inimiciſſimus; ac perſonam & MAVORTIS partes poſt obitum bellatoris ſuſtinuit. Leges regni perrumpens irruit temerè in poetæ noſtri poſſeſſiones; cujus domos ac terras ſpoliavit. In jus vocatus nec ipſe pejerare erubuit, nec perjuria ſua confirmare alios falſos teſtes adornando. Et jam novas inſidias, malas lites, & pejeratiunculas meditantem corripuit PERSEUM morbus immedicabilis, & ſe ac bella ſua ad MARTEM tranſtulit.

Ver. 29. *Pauperis heu CASTELLI, &c.*

CASTELLUS ſive CASTLES fuit architecton, cujus conſilio, ſtudio & labore nixus PERSEUS ædificavit Senaculum *Dublinenſe*. Poſtea verò, cùm ampliſſimis & indebitis præmiis a Senatu donatus ſit, pactam mercedem CASTELLO denegavit.

Ver. 36. *Nomine vix MARTI notus nunc ſcribitur Hæres.*

Quidam erat miles, & *Baronettus*, quem ſub MARTIS nomine diſſimulavit poeta & per totum ſuum ſatyricon luſit. Cùm MARTI firmior eſſet ætas, a MIRA vocatus eſt ad cœnam: ubi epoto amoris poculo veneficam cœpit ardere; quæ poſteà ita callidè eum omnibus ſervavit modis, ut haud alibi mœchiſſaret. Quin etiam, cùm languidus eſſet & infirmus ſenex, ita illum blandimentis meretriciis peſſum dedit, ut putidiſſimæ vetulæ nupſerit, veteris adulterii jam inde luiturus pœnas. Quid enim improbo & infortunato viro erant hæ nuptiæ, niſi in Barathrum navigatio? ubi famam perdidit, & aliena, quæ rapuit bona, & ſua omnia. Inde rixæ, lites, pugnæ; pax rursùm; quæ poetæ noſtro præbuêre occaſionem jocandi, & ſatyrici ſui argumenta haud injucunda.

Fuit MARS iſte SCHEFFERO noſtro quâdam cognatione junctus. Nequiorem verò hominem & magis ingratum nunquam vidi. Quippe cùm res familiaris vel ad neceſſaria deeſſet, & illi SCHEFFER mutuo appendiſſet mille & quingentas libras, ſyngrapham ſuam, per quam æs creditum erat, MARS abjuravit. Dein moriens delirus ſenex, aut in ipsâ morte maleficus omnia ſua bona, quæ rapax venefica indigenti permiſerat, ſimul ac prædia, quæ poetæ noſtro quàm optimè olim vendiderat, MIRÆ (nunc iterum redintegratâ pace) PERSEO & CACO Volcani filiis legavit. Ni, quod veriſimillimum mihi videtur, falſum teſtamentum eſſet ſuppoſitum MIRÆ incantamentis, & PERSEI CACIQUE fraudibus. Hoc enim mali ſuſpicatus eſt SCHEFFERUS, qui MIRACIDUM ſtudia penitùs cognovit.

Ver. 41. —— *KEVANNO milite cinctus.*

KEVANNI, ſuburbanum vulgus. Vide Not. ad V. 281. L. 1.

Ver. 56. —— *totumque vorare cohortem.*

MSS. *Tir--oen. Totumque vorare* PRIAPUM] quod & alii magis probant; quippe MIRÆ cubiculum ornabant *Priapi* ſimulachrum ingentis ſpeciei, necnon picturæ ab *Aretino* quodam inventæ, quæ parieti affixæ erant, & ita diſpoſitæ, ut, ſiquando cunctatio eſſet aut inopia mœchorum Tribadumve, ſaltem oculos ſuos venefica libidine ſatiaret. Hic PAMMUS (de quo infra) divina ſua quotidiè faciebat. Adjuncta cubiculo erat cellula (ubi concumbi ſolebat) ſpeculata, ut quocunque inter coitus MIRA reſpiceret, grati operis imago ſibi referretur, atque ut hoc artificio (quod ſe primam omnium excogitâſſe jactabat) voluptates conduplicarentur. Haud abſurdè poeta dixit [*Vorare*] qui MIRAM in lib. 3. *Charybdin* vocat, i. e. meretricem voraciſſimam. Talis enim fuerat *Charybdis*; ſed nec voracior noſtrâ MIRA, quæ inter tot adulteros ne unum quidem invenit, qui longo & repetito certamine ipſam fatigaret, etiam tunc cùm centum-viros ipſa fatigâſſet.

Ver. 57. *Quin TRAULI quaſſans lectum.*

TRAULUS fuit maritus ALITIS.

Ver. 59. *ALITIS extortum reſupinæ corpore corpus, &c.*

ALE'S, ALI, AL, ALENISSA, diverſa nomina, quibus poeta dixit uxorem TRAULI; aniculam, cui deforme corpus, & facies rugoſior ficu aridâ. Fucatus autem ejus nitor & incruſtatio lippos & meretriciæ artis ignaros multum fefellit. Adultera erat inextinctæ libidinis & in horas creſcentis, cujus ſalacitas varietate figurarum vel MIRÆ inventa ſuperare poſſet.

ALES infenſa erat & inimiciſſima SCHEFFERO, quem proſcindebat quotidianis mendaciis & fœdiſſimis convitiis. Fictis etiam probris amariſſimè accuſavit per literas in *Britanniam* miſſas.

Ver. 61. *Rivalique ſuo lenonia dextera ſervit.*

PERSEUS hic appellatur *Rivalis* MIRÆ; quia ALES erat & adultera PERSEI, & baſiballum MIRÆ, tribas ſcilicet famoſa; quam, cùm mœchorum copia abeſſet, venefica ſolebat permolere more Lesbiadum, ut utraque hujuſcemodi colluctationibus incenſa ad virorum coitus & ſolidam voluptatem fortiùs reverteretur.

Ver. 63. ——— *dat anus monilia, gemmas,*
Inſuper & nummos.

Anus, i. e. MIRA quæ argentum quoquo modo mutuata eſt, rogavit, corraſit, rapuit; ut haberet unde mœchos, tribades, cauſidicos, lenones, ſicarios, *Pammos Vollos, Cacos,* & iſtiuſmodi generis homines ad ſua commoda compararet.

Ver. 65. *Callidaque affatu palpat Judæa maritum.*

TRAULI ſcilicet uxor, quæ *Judæa* erat gente. Blandimentis, & quotidianis, quos commenta eſt, dolis, MIRÆ inſuper veneficiis adjuta, ſuo arbitratu ludificata eſt TRAULUM, ita callidè, ut nunquam ſe ludos fieri ſentiret. Quàm maleficè autem & ſycophantiosè agit, dum conquiſitos undique mœchos, & viri ſui emptos peculio, mensâ, tecto, thalamo recipit, vel tonſoribus omnibus, cœnopolis, & olitoribus notum eſt.

Ver. 66. *Jamque domum & mœcho* S*organa *præbet agellum.*

S*ORGANA eſt villa TRAULI, ubi contiguas ædes & modum agri PERSEUS habuit, quæ jam pridem munera TRAULUS donaverat, gratiam & voluntatem mariti conciliante adulterâ.

Ver. 71. ——— *nec uni*
Si magici cantus valeant, dictaberis hæres.

Alludit poeta ad teſtamentum MARTIS.

Ver. 74. *Nos inſectatur CACUS, blateratque furitque.*

PERSEO & PERSEI malitiæ fuit ſucceſſor CACUS (hoc enim nomen illi inditum erat ad opprobrium vitæ) quem nominis causâ VOL pro filio ſibi adoptavit, & ſuas fallacias docuit. Miniſterium MIRÆ ſubiit infandum, ac fraudes & maleficia veneficæ multùm juvit. Dives erat nummis & agris, verùm inops & inſtabilis animi, de ſuis identidem ac ſociorum ſceleribus paulò infirmiùs dubitantis. Belli igitur judicium blanditiis ſagæ & præceptis VOLCANI facilè permiſit, adductus ſpe prædæ, ad quam MIRA propoſuit bona & fortunas poetæ noſtri.

Ver. 79. ——— *& quæ olim damnaverat ipſe.*

Veneficia MIRÆ & falſas lites, quas rapax ſaga & ſuus PERSEUS in SCHEFFERUM intendebant, olim improbâſſe CACUS traditur, neque ante obitum PERSEI peccâſſe vel aperto ſcelere vel nimiâ ineptiâ.

Ver. 83. *Omniaque involvat fumo & caligine cæcâ, Herculeæque manus deſint.*

Vide fabulam CACI Æneid. lib. 3. qui ab Hercule occiſus erat. Metaphoricè hic poeta dixit *fumo & caligine cæca*, i. e. fraudibus, inſidiis aut artificiis, quibus diu culpam ſuam prætexuerat *Hibernicus* CACUS.

Ver. 86.——*& noſtri ſi quid Iambi.*

Hæc intelligas de SCHEFFERI comœdiâ, ubi CACI flagitia & officia apertiſſimè planiſſimèque dilatantur, & explicantur.

Ver. 88. *Me quoque tu cornu petis, O inſulſe Sacerdos,* &c.

Antiſtitem hic aggreditur poeta famoſum, qui PAMMUS vulgo appellatus eſt, & ſtuprorum ſacerdos. Fuit gigantûm filius, aut ſi mavis, terræ tuber; qui in hanc coloniam venit adulter venalis, & leno callidus. Propter artificium ſuum in MIRÆ, amicitiam receptus eſt. Mox uxorem TRAULI cœpit amare, & dedit operam, ut aniculæ ſatisfaceret: cujus auxilio adjutus, ambito a principe *e**patu*, nactus eſt prædam. Ex plumbeo homine fit aureus flamen; neque diis gratias agit. Enim vero ut à literis alienus, ſic & ab omni virtute; qui cuncta, quæ didicit, neſcire debet, cuncta, quæ neſcit, debet diſcere. Morbo Venereo diù multùmque laboravit (neque tunc lotium ſuum valuit) & naſo jam periclitante, & ſuffocatâ voce profectus eſt in Galliam, ubi medicamentis novis & Borbonii fontis aquis, aſſiduis etiam Solibus aſſuetus, corpus & infamiam ſarſit. In patriam reverſus, vel aſſentiente ALITE, uxorem duxit, & in novas tranſlatus eſt dignitates.

Ruſticis convitiis a PAMMO ſæpiſſimè laceſſitus poeta liberrimam tandem effudit indignationem, & incultum & improbum virum acriter notavit.

Ver. 97. *Pumila dum ſibi te FROKINA inàmabilis ALES* &c.

Eadem FROKINA ac VROW puſilla, quo nomine donatur ALES, Ver. 154. l. 2. VROW & FROKINA paſſim appellatur, quippe ex Batavis Judæis orta eſt. Breviſſimâ porro fuit ſtaturâ, vel bipedali.

Ver. 100. *Nec caſtum ſimulat.*

Nulla fuit PAMMO pietatis cura, aut Deorum reverentia. Neque modeſtè peccavit, neque flagitia ſua defendit aliquâ excuſatione; ſed in fana & aras ruit vino madens, aut libidine fatigatus. Sæpius etiam nondum peractis Divinis, ut apertè Divos contemnere videretur, aſſurrexit; & indignante populo e templo exiit rectà currens ad quæſtum lenonium.

Ver. 110. *At mihi quid tecum eſt? aut cur indocte Magiſter OTTOR aves* &c.

OTTOR (ni ipſe fallor) vox eſt *Punica*, tituluſque, quo gaudent doctores Mauri. Noſter *Hibernicus* OTTOR fuit aut ſutoris aut fabri lignarii filius (non matre ignotâ, quippe xythopolâ) qui malè quæſitis opibus doctoratum emit, & in antiſtitis cujuſdam vicariatum electus eſt. Inverecundum illi erat animi ingenium, & adulatione exercitum; qui judex lites concire ſolitus eſt, & in rem ſuam vertere. Neque convitiis provocatus, neque ullâ ſubactus injuriâ, SCHEFFERO noſtro, quem tantùm OTTOR viderat, ſe profeſſus eſt adverſarium, & MIRACIDUM ſcelera labore & authoritate ſuâ ultro auxit.

Ver. 124. *Qui* Baldos *ſimulat.*

Petrus Baldus clariſſimus juriſconſultus & philoſophus, Perugiâ natus, floruit circiter annum 1380.

Ver. 128. *Nam neque THRASONEM ſemper patiemur inulti.*

THRASO, i. e. Miles glorioſus. Deſignat SCHEFFERUS hâc probrosâ appellatione ſongurionem quendam ex ſatellitum numero, virum mali ingenii & procaciſſimi oris; qui in conviviis & aulæ circulis poetam vellicare ſolebat ita malignè & inſcitè, ut per deridiculum ſemper audiretur.

Ver. 129. *Nec fraudes, OLLARDE, tuas.*

Rogavit OLLARDUS, ut SCHEFFERO amicus adſcriberetur, quem & hoſpitio invitavit. Sed de recenti hujuſce hominis ſcelere & violatæ fidei crimine queritur poeta. Quadringentas enim libras SCHEFFERI nummos fraude intercepit. In alios etiam ſocios amicoſque vel graviora facinora edidit OLLARDUS per fœdam avaritiam. Crevit tanquam ſalix; & quocunque modo crevit. De quo, lector, plura audias, ni reconciliatio & reparatio damnorum ejus crimen & poetæ iracundiam extinxerint.

Ver. Id. ——*nec fœdera FUNGI.*

FUNGUS, qui & MACCAR appellatus, fuit mancipium & pocillator MIRÆ, fur ſacrilegus, ſicarius, & ad omnia ſcelera promptus. Cùm flagrantiori libidine æſtuent hæc & altera ſaga, novos adulteros FUNGUS parat; cùm iniquas inſtruant lites, falſos teſtes adornat; cùm cædes & parricidia decernant, ſicarios & percuſſores convenit, quin & ipſe inſtruendis inſidiis intentior, & dux facti. In SCHEFFERI comœdiâ proprio munere perfungitur hic nequiſſimus verbero: in toto autem Hermaphrodito ſemel unquam memoratur, ne ingenuam ſatyram poeta ſervili nomine inquinaret.

Ver. 130.

Ver. 130. *Garrulus ipſe etiam* CIRRATUS HOMUNCIO &c.

Quem poeta alibi CURCULIONEM vocat. Sub hoc nomine paraſitum deſignat, militem Pigmæum, & *Demi-Capitaneum*, ſed Patriciis ſcortillis maximè idoneum; quippe qui percunctator, & garrulus, & paſtillos ſemper olebat. Ad arbitrium MIRÆ tribadumque ſe totum accommodabat CURCULIO, ac SCHEFFERUM apertiùs & liberiùs maledicebat. Nam propter maledicta, & quas garriit nugas, vivebat facilius, ſemper etiam alienâ quadrâ. De paraſitante iſto CURCULIONE dixit aliquis;

Græculus eſuriens in cœlum juſſeris, ibit: Juvenal.
CURCULIO eſuriens, ſi juſſeris, ibit in Orcum.

Ver. 135. *ONDILLUS noſtro* &c.

ONDILLUS, ſive DILLUS cauſidicus a ſecretis & perjeratiunculis MIRACIDUM; de quo vide plura ad not. Ver. 49. Lib. 4.

Ver. 139. *O MELESINE, meas nunc experiêre Camœnas.*

MELESINUS, qui in Hermaphrodito Iocco appellatur (quæ nomina fecit poeta juris conſulto cuidam MIRÆ fautori) fuit vir inſulſus & maledicus, cujus oculi, aures & vox venditaria ad ſagas transfugêre. In comœdiâ SCHEFFEREA ſuas ipſe ineptias ſceleraque loquitur MELESINUS. Tunc in orcheſtrâ ſtetis, O populares, & MELESINI colorem atque geſtûs pleniùs intuemini. Tunc & verum hominis nomen & patriam vos docebo.

Ver. 145. *Sive quis ex Procerum numero.*

Veneficia MIRÆ in SCHEFFERUM armavêrunt magnatum quorundam potentiam. Ex illis unum ingentis tituli invenias virum, vel regibus propiorem; ſed ingenii parvi, ac paternis virtutibus illuſtriorem, quàm ſuis. Quin tecum cogita, mi lector, an tali liceat SCHEFFERI mores criminari, cùm nec veneficæ recuſet comes ire, nec mœchus ALENISSÆ? an tali liceat SCHEFFEREA carmina culpare, cui ignoratam latinitatem facilè exprobraret poeta?

Ver. 145. ——*at cæcos reppulit ictus.*

Cùm MIRACIDÆ poetam noſtrum ex inſidiis occidere ſtatuiſſent (& quinam ſint illis animi, vel ex hoc colligere poſſis) unus ex ſicariis immane ſcelus patefecit. Dein alias proſcriptiones & nefanda omnia MIRACIDUM aperuit conſilia. Evulgatio tam fœdi facinoris, Muſis etiam inimicorum furias excipientibus, ſcrupulum corruptiſſi-

mis animis injecit, ut ne quid ultra ferro auderent tentare. Quin dic quæſo, lector, annon cruentum hoc homicidium in poetam a MIRACIDIS cogitatum & inſtructum ſtyli atrocitatem & totam carminis indignationem excuſet? Aut quos reos eſſe cenſeas & ultionem mereri, ſi nocturnæ cædis authores abſolvas?

Ver. 147. *Ecce meo, nequicquam alios ſpoliare parata*, &c.

Cùm primum poeta ſales ſuos publico donâſſet, omnes matronæ puellæque nobiles, quot quot rei familiari aut famæ conſulebant, colloquium & domicilium MIRÆ effugêre. Advenas etiam & peregrinos viros SCHEFFERI mala fecêrunt cautos: & fruſtrà nunc in hoſpites venefica inſidias cogitat, aut quos ad adulteria allicit niſi ex miſerabili vulgo, majori etiam pretio ac mercede. Siquis vero haud dextro ſydere editus poetam audire noluerit, & ſatyricæ libertatis monita aſpernatus veneficiis MIRÆ aut ſolicitæ MIRACIDUM adulationi cedat, iſtum cum ratione dicas inſanire, qui dum ſomniat cælum Deoſque, de Hecates cœnâ guſtet, & Furiis permiſceatur.

Ver. 150 *Androgyne furibunda, & crimine turpior omni.*

Quicquid SCHEFFER jocosè fabulatus eſt in l. 4. de jurgiis & imperio Veneris, quæ MIRAM ibi dicitur in marem mutâſſe, nullus dubitet, quin venefica & hermaphroditus eſſet, & immanis ſpeciei monſtrum ab umbilico uſque. Ipſe ædepol ſæpiſſimè notavi hirſutam MIRÆ barbam, viriles geſtus, & vocem Stentoream. Cætera avent memorare tribades, quot quot incubonem ſunt paſſæ, & quæ nunquam aſſurrexêrunt de toro ejus ſine robuſtâ voluptate.

Crimine turpior omni. Siquidem MIRA fœdiſſima facta augebat obſcœnitate verborum vel in aulæ circulis & coram principe. Porro pudicitiam ſuam uſque adeò proſtituit, ut omnia membra contaminarentur. Neque vos miremini, populares, ſi paucorum verſiculorum ſatyra haud milleſimam partem flagitiorum, quæ perpetravit iſta androgyne, jam evulgaverit; cùm omnes ſuas impuritias, omnes ſcelerum formas vel ducentis voluminibus nemo eloqui poſſit. Si autem quis poſſet, an perlegi audirive fas ſit, nedum credi?

Ver. 159. *Nec petulans uxor TRAULI impunitior exit.*

Ut MIRAM, ita mellillam MIRÆ libidinoſam TRAULI uxorem, quaſi in tabulâ, produxit poeta ignominioſis certe coloribus, ſed ſuis. Neque nunc invenitur inter IERNAS nurus puellaſque, quæ amicitiam ALITIS colit; ſi paucas excipias, quæ in collegium tribadum, & novi ſtupri ſodalitium ſe cooptari cupiunt.

Ver. 165. *Inque dies perculſa vovet, ſemperque vovebit SCHEFFERIDAS Muſas*, &c.

Furit ALES, & palleſcit, ſiquando SCHEFFERI ſatyricon memoretur. Quippe quæ de ſeipsâ nunquam non magnificè cogitabat, & immania ſcelera & fucatam formam credebat

credebat neſciri a populo, corporis animique deformitatem nunc fateri cogitur. Haud igitur mirêre, mi lector, ſi poetæ indiciis irata novas injurias liteſque, ſi vulnera & mortem ipſam comminetur. Quin tuo more excandeſcas, O infamis ſaga; SCHEFFERUM noſtrum contumeliis laceſſas, laceres mendaciis, iterum iterumque inſidias, ferrum, venenum moliare; attamen & te bellantem decipiant arma, & mox vel tuæ canes in te latrent; dum nova ſatyræ argumenta, & idoneam jocandi materiem ipſa ſuggeras.

Ver. 172. *Ludibriumque* Eblanæ, *& latè fabula fiat.*

EBLANA, ſeu EBLANA PORTUS nempè DUBLINUM. Jam pridem iſte SCHEFFEREUS VOL totâ notus eſt KEVANNORUM Suburrâ; quem & ſcurræ omnes & cauponii pueri nunc ludificatui habent.

Ver. 179. *Tunc cum grandævum te purpura tertia velet.*

Ambit PAMMUS ditiſſimum ſacerdotium in ſeptentrionali regione ſitum; & hoc a veneficiis MIRÆ & ALITIS aſſutiâ exoptare auſus eſt, quod Divûm nemo promittere auderet; niſi inter Divos reperiantur, qui literas humaniores ac divinas flocci faciunt, qui lenones colunt, qui ſcelera mercantur.

Ver. 180. *Forſan & ipſa ſuam tollat Comœdia vocem* &c.

Poeta latinè ſcripſit comœdiam, quæ vocatur VENEFICA, ſive TESTAMENTUM MARTIS. Ecce autem tibi, lector,

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

VOLCANUS, *vulgo* VOL,	*Malus Deus.*
PERSEUS,	*Eques & faber Adoptatitius Volcani.*
CACUS,	*Eques Perſei frater.*
PAMMUS,	*Flamen Priapi.*
MELESINUS, *ſive* IOCCO,	*Cauſidicus.*
FUNGUS, *ſive* MACCAR,	*Pocillator Miræ & ſicarius.*
MIRA,	*Saga & Androgyne.*
ALES,	*Altera ſaga, tribas & Miræ contubernalis.*
PSEUDOLA,	*Ancilla Miræ.*

ACTUS

ACTUS I: SCENA I.

MIRA. MACCAR.

MIRA.

PROBE ædepol desudâsti, neque sudorem perdes tuum:
Jam enim digna, Maccar, labore tuo persolvam præmia,
Atque ex pedisequo mihi fies pocillator misero.
Quin deponas vestimenta servilis notæ, & induas
Coccinea; & frons cirrata siet, sericatum occiput:
Machæram insuper geras, ut generosiores cuncti solent.

MACCAR.

Benignitati vestræ, Domina, gratias ago quam maximas:
Eccum gratissimum repperisti virum, & ad omnes tuos
Nutus paratum! Quinetiam & omnis nostræ familiæ
Servitus tibi nunc debetur: mihi fratres duo sunt domi,
Et cognati quatuor nasutiores, quos tu fortissimos
Athletas dixeris; nec unquam experti sunt malam Venerem.
Robustam ex illis, Domina, voluptatem queas capere:
Proporrò me lenocinante parvi venditant bona sua.

MIRA.

Lepidè dictum per concham Veneris! Cras ad cellulam meam
Adducas omnes, ut lautas prælibem, quas mihi offers, dapes;
Atque ut juvenes arrhabonem accipiant: siquis vero erit
Nuptus, tu manda illi, ut sine uxore hâc nocte cubet.
Nunc ad penarium descendas, & temet ipsum accures benè;
Atque vinum ad reficiendas vires usque affatim ebibas:
Quippe enim post prandium nervis iterum utendum'st tuis.

[*Exit* MACCAR.

ACTUS I. SCENA II.

MIRA. PSEUDOLA.

MIRA.

PSeudola! PSEUD. *Num quid vis Domina?* MIR. *Dic planè de nostro Maccare*
Quid censeas? Num morigerus est nebulo, & moratus benè?
Speciem corporis satis perspexi, animum vero parum.

PSEU-

PSEUDOLA.

Benè mōratus eſt, & tuis rebus maximè idoneus.
Uti in lecto, ſic tibi in foro operam navabit ſtrenuam :
Nam magis ſcelerum caput, & perjurius nuſquam eſt gentium.

MIRA.

Rem acu tetigiſti ! Sic enim liceat ulciſcier injurias,
Quas obtulit maledicus poeta, cui forma deſpecta 'ſt mea.
Nam ſi iſtum hominem non aliquâ perdam, pol ipſa perii.
At at ubi eſt Bombardomachides, quo nunc tota caleo.

PSEUDOLA.

Jam hic aderit : dudum arceſſi e caſulâ, ubi mane potat.

MIRA.

Ut perdoctè omnia calles, Pſeudola, & mihi es commoda !
Dabo tibi hanc pallam, & aliquid peculi, ut ſis ornatior.
Nunc autem in cubiculo Bombardomachidem opperiar.
Quin tu lectum ſternas, modò quem Maccar concuſſit fortitèr ;
Ne nimis longa ſiet nobis mora, quum miles advenerit.

[*Exit* PSEUDOLA.

MIRA *cantat.*

Huc ades, ne ilia rumpantur, mi BOM !
Tu ſis meæ capſæ
Poſſeſſor reâpſe,
Vel PERSEO *prælatus, qui ſtruxit Dom. Com.*
Huc ades, ne ilia rumpantur, mi BOM !

II.

Si ipſe non PAMMUS *tam homo, tu quam,*
Me fruſtra petiſſet,
Nec hodiè mœchiſſet :
At noſtram tu ſolus habeto con---cham ;
Si ipſe non PAMMUS *tam homo, tu quam.*

III.

Haud tuam ſapivi, cum CACI *rem ſat,*
Ignaviam pertæſa,
Quòd membra obeſa
Et nimio ſopori, & vino ſe dat.
Haud tuam ſapivi, cùm CACI *rem ſat.*

IV.

Nec tibi hircoſus ſe comparet VOL.
Qui olim po-tuit,
Sed dudum ſe-nuit;
Dum calet, dum init nos, annus eſt pol.
Nec tibi hircoſus ſe comparet VOL!

V.

Sin autem deficias, en MACCAR *ſtat pro---!*
Nam aptè moechatur,
Et lenocinatur,
Et alios invenit ex plebe *MAC. O.
Sin autem deficias, en MACCAR *ſtat pro---!*

VI.

At quis Deus fecit me Androgy-num?
Quam criſpus pecten is!
Fons, ignis perennis!
Remotum utrinque, utrumque, neu-trum,
At quis Deus fecit me Androgy-num?

VII.

Poteſſum, nam mea columna eſt ſal,
Amplexus viriles,
Vel dare ſi-miles,
Noctesque dieſque permolere AL.
Poteſſiem: Nam mea columna eſt ſal. [*Exit* MIRA.

Scenas haſce ab authoris MS. deſcripſi, ut tibi, lector, impertirem; unde inceſta veneficæ flagitia propiùs conſideres, & novum ſcenicæ ſuæ procacitatis ac impudentiæ ſpecimen habeas.

Ver. 183. *HORTATOR ſcelerum.*

Probroſum & fictum PAMMI nomen, ſive titulus, ſed vera hominis deſignatio; & ex quâ, qui artem *anagrammaticam* mediocriter callet, verum PAMMI nomen facilè eliciat.

Ver. 184. *Et mœchos mœchis, & ſagis* leno *malignis* &c.

In SCHEFFERI comœdiâ PAMMUS impuriſſimi LENONIS agit partes; nec non artificia nova lenocinandi excogitat, tribadum turmæ libidinem, vires viruſque anguibus adjiciens. Ver. 186.

* Illos innuit poeta, quorum nominibus *Mac*, vel *O* præfigitur, ut *Mac-Carty*, *Mac-Mahon*, *O Sulivan*, *O Brien*, &c.

Ver. 186. *Tunc quoque ſi peteret Venerem tua MIRA nefandam Æmula Paſiphaes* &c.

Paſiphae *fuit filia ſolis, & uxor Minois regis Cretæ, quæ tauri amore capta, & Dædali artificis ope vaccæ ligneæ incluſa, Minotaurum e tauro peperit ſemihominem & ſemibovem.* Ruæus. Tale, ut aiunt, adulterium ſibi jam molitur MIRA, tale etiam cogere ſperat ſtudio & opere PAMMI. Vulgare eſt hoc canticum a *Guilielmo Neubrigenſe* compoſitum, & PAMMO inſcriptum.

* O PAMME, *en* MIRA *pru-rit!*
Nec tu, neque tui ſufficiant.
Adulter Paſiphaes adſit!
Nil vetulam vaccæ ſuſpiciant.

Sic belluam liceat domare:
Dum magis & magis caleſcit,
Centum viri haud ſatiare;
At forſitan taurus poteſſit.

* O PAM, is thy MIRA in want?
Ne'er offer thy ſelf or thy Fellows:
But give her Paſiphae's Gallant;
Nor fear, that his Wives will be jealous.

'Tis only this way thou canſt pleaſe her:
For when the old Witch is brim full,
An hundred ſtout Men would but teize her:
To eaſe her ſhe muſt have a Bull.

* Ad modulos ac diaſtemata veteris iſtius cantici (*An old Woman clothed in Grey*, &c.) hoc, & hoc alterum canas.

Ver. 190. *Quam neque* Lesbiades.

Deſignat tribades & concubinas MIRÆ. Nonnullas enim, præter uxorem TRAULI, venefica impudicè amavit, & ad libidinem uſa eſt more Sapphûs Lesbiæ.

Ver. 191. *Non* centum *domuere anni.*

Tir-oen. M. S. Non *ſeri.*] Si *(centum)* mavis, pro indefinito numero accipiatur; quippe venefica tantum ſeptuaginta habuit annos, cum ab *Eblanâ* SCHEFFERUS diſceſſit.

Ver. 202. *Tutus ab inſidiis jam ſpectet* luſtra ferarum.

I. E. Luſtra ſagarum, moecharum & tribadum; ſcilicet MIRÆ & ALITIS. *Luſtra*, ut ait *Ruæus*, *metaphoricè dicuntur* popinæ, & lupanaria. Vid. Not. ad Ver. 471. Georg. L. 2. ad uſum Delphini.

Ver. 203. *At non cuncta tamen voluit ſibi Muſa licere* &c.

Brevis hæc eſt poetæ pro ſe apologia. Satyræ libertatem ſibi indulſit SCHEFFERUS, ſuis verò injuriis prorſus dignam. Haud quid acerbi in aliquem ſibi permiſit, niſi qui illi grave aliquod mali confecerit. Nec quid falſi de inimiciſſimis viris auſus eſt dicere. Sicuti enim, lector, nuſquam reperies fictas poetæ exprobrationes, ita nec ementita MIRACIDUM ſcelera; quæ vel iraſcendo ipſi confitentur. Sed nec ſuas poeta ſtudioſior eſt ulſciſcendi injurias, quàm incautos homines dehortandi ab inſidiis & ſodalitio veneficæ. Et forſitan plura ſcripſit in ſpem propriæ laudis, quam MIRACIDUM infamiæ. Etiam tota SCHEFFEREI ſatyrici indignatio perurbana eſt, & multâ comitate temperata. Inter jocos & riſus naſcitur, & in jocos & riſus exit.

THE

THE TRANSLATOR's PREFACE.

MR. FREDERICK SCHEFFER the Author of the following Poem is a *Swede*, or, as ſome ſay, a Native of *Lapland*. In the Beginning of Queen *Ann*'s Reign, when he was ſcarce ſixteen Years of Age, he was ſent by his Parents to *Oxford*, at which time many of his Countrymen were Students in that Univerſity. He continued there till 1710, when he married an *Engliſh* Woman; but his Wife dying ſoon after, he returned to *Sweden*. We hear nothing of him again till the Year 1723, when he came into *Ireland* to recover a Sum of Money due to him for a Freight of Copper. But as this happened unluckily for him, ſays one of his Commentators, at a Time, when our People had conceived ſuch an Averſion to that Metal, that they could not be perſuaded to revere even the Image and Superſcription of *Cæſar*, if impreſſed upon Copper, Mr. SCHEFFER found himſelf engaged in great Difficulties, and was obliged to proſecute a long expenſive Law-Suit, before he could recover any Part of his Mo-

ney. And what he did get at laſt, was but a ſmall Part of his Debt; as appears from his own Account of this Matter in a Letter to his learned Countryman Mr. *Serenius*, the Miniſter of the Lutheran Church in *London*. For he tells that Gentleman, *That after ſeven Years Sollicitation he had not recovered as much, as was ſufficient to reimburſe him the Expences of his Voyage, and defray the Coſts of his Law Suits. And that he had been defrauded in the whole of* 16000 * *Rix-Dollars.* But he does not any where aſcribe his Loſſes to that particular Juncture of Time, or the Prejudices of the *Iriſh* Nation, but to the Iniquity of his Contractors, eſpecially of the Perſon, to whom he had conſigned his Effects. The Wife of this Man was an old Sorcereſs, the lewdeſt and the moſt vicious Woman of the Age in which ſhe lived, or perhaps of any other Age ſince the Creation of the World. It was by her Influence and Direction, that the War was begun, and carried on againſt our Author. A War indeed I may properly call it: For the firſt Attempt was upon his Life; a ſet of Villains having been hired to aſſaſſinate him in the Streets of *Dublin*. But this Deſign being providentially diſappointed, they reſolved to attack him in another Manner. They filed at one Time no leſs than four long Chancery Bills againſt him, in which they charged him with all the

* A *Rix-Dollar* is a *German* Coin worth about 4 *s.* 6 *d. Sterling.*

Frauds themſelves had been guilty of, and called him to an Account for his own Money. They endeavoured to make void the Securities they had given him upon his Arrival in *Ireland*, pretending the Deeds had been made in Truſt for themſelves. Even the Land, which he had purchaſed from them at a very high Price, and of which he was in Poſſeſſion, they took from him again by force of Arms, attempting to murder his Servants, who oppoſed them, and outrageouſly inſulting the Royal Authority. They had Evidence always ready to ſupport their Proceedings, nor did they want a * *Wreathock* to marſhal the Witneſſes, and methodize their Depoſitions. They imagined, that ſuch continued Aſſaults would drive a Stranger out of his Senſes, or out of the Kingdom. But Mr. SCHEFFER bore up againſt all this Violence with great Reſolution. He took Pains to detect the Impoſtures and Perjuries of his Antagoniſts: And he ſucceeded ſo well, that their principal Depoſitions were ſet aſide with Marks of Infamy; and the *Iriſh* Chancery was at length obliged to pronounce a Decree in his Favour. However he did not reap the Benefit which he expected, and which indeed was deſigned him by the Judgment of that Court. For * one of his Adverſaries, who was the Subſtitute and chief

* An infamous Attorney in *London*, who acquired an Eſtate by Subornation and Perjury. He was at laſt capitally convicted for robbing on the High-Way.

* The ſame whom our Author calls CACUS.

Agent

Agent of the Sorceresſ, prevented the Execution of the Decree by inſiſting on his Privilege, as a Member of the * Houſe of Commons: And Parliament Privilege, which is circumſcribed by no bounds, is a terrible thing in this Country. Our Author being thus diſappointed, began now to be tired by the Length of his Suit, and the great Expence which attended it. He was beſides grown very infirm. The Moiſture of our Climate, which had damp'd his Wit, had alſo greatly impaired his Conſtitution. Being therefore determined to leave *Ireland*, he was prevailed upon to accept of a Compoſition, and to relinquiſh one half of his Debt to ſecure the other. But * to preſerve the Memory of this Affair, and tranſmit the Names of his Adverſaries to Poſterity, he wrote this Poem in *Latin* (the Language which was moſt familiar to him) and for the ſame Reaſons I have turned it into *Engliſh*. If I have not performed my Part with tolerable Skill, I deſerve no Favour. For I can affirm, without any kind of Oſtentation, that I underſtand the Author I have tranſlated as well as any Man in the *Britiſh* Dominions. I have not only made myſelf perfectly acquainted with his Style and Diction; but I have conſidered his Character, and

* I would not be underſtood to mean any other than the IRISH Houſe of Commons: For in ENGLAND ſuch a Claim of Privilege would not have been allowed.

* *Tir-oen* ſays, he wrote this Poem, to divert himſelf, in his Sickneſs: *Poema hoc feſtivum fecit ad elevandam ægritudinem, cùm tertianâ laborabat.*

I have

I have ſtudied his manner with great Application. I have gone yet further. I have intereſted myſelf in all his Concernments: I have been affected by his Complaints: I have reſented his Injuries: I have felt his Misfortunes. So that, it muſt needs be, my Spirit is congenial, or ſome way very nearly related to my Author's. For this Reaſon, I am certainly obliged to vindicate him, if I think it of any conſequence to juſtify myſelf: Since there are but few Objections, which lie either againſt his Writings or his moral Character, but may with equal Truth and Juſtice be urged againſt mine. I have not therefore been unattentive to the Voice of the Publick. I have diligently collected the various Cenſures, which in Writing or Converſation have been paſſed upon Mr. SCHEFFER's Poem; and it ſhall be my Buſineſs in this Prefatory Diſcourſe to take Notice of ſuch of them, as deſerve a ſerious Anſwer.

I. It hath been objected, That Mr. SCHEFFER hath made Choice of unfit Subjects; that his Characters are too low and too little intereſting, beneath the Dignity of an Epic Poem, and altogether unworthy the Labour he hath beſtowed on them. To this I anſwer, That it is in Poetry, as in Painting: The Skill of the Artiſt, and the Execution of his Deſign muſt recommend the Piece, and determine its Value. I have ſeen a *Dutch*

Droll, that was rated higher than the whole Court of a great King; and I have juſtly preferred a Group of *Æſop*'s Family to a Senate of Nobles. The Harlot's Progreſs by *Hogarth* would purchaſe an hundred Saints; and his * Biſhops make a better Figure in their Sculls, than they would do in any other Attitude, in which they might be placed by a leſs skilful Hand. Some of the beſt Poems, which the Moderns have produced, are of the Burleſque Kind, and are formed upon ſuch trifling Incidents, as could not poſſibly have entertained the Publick, if they had not been wrought up with excellent Wit and Judgment. Such are the *Secchia Rapita*, the *Lutrin*, the *Diſpenſary*, and the *Rape of the Lock*. In each of which the Pomp of Verſe, the Smoothneſs of the Numbers, the Clearneſs and Elegancy of the Expreſſion, and the happy Turns of the Words and Thoughts have made the Ridicule moſt agreeable. To ſpeak properly, there is no ſuch thing in Poetry or Painting, as a good or bad Subject. And the Workman, who pretends to derive any Advantage from the Excellency of his Characters, or from the Quality of the Perſons, whom he hath introduced, will find himſelf greatly miſtaken. A King's Head upon a Sign-poſt does not give any Pre-eminence to the Houſe where it hangs, nor any Reputation to the Painter. Neither will our Loy-

* A DROLL-PIECE of three Biſhops rowing to *Lambeth*.

alty

alty be called in queſtion, if we find Fault with the Dawbing. Shall we allow that Man to have any Taſte, who doth not prefer *Mother Hubbard*'s *Tale* to *Davenant*'s *Gondibert*, or any one Page in *Hudibras* to *Blackmore's Arthurs*? To bring this Matter home, I perſuade myſelf, that I ſhall neither offend my Superiors, or be thought to flatter my Author, if I ſay, that SCHEFFER'S HERMAPHRODITE will be read, when the Holiday Works of the preſent *Engliſh* Laureat ſhall be forgot: And yet Mr. *C——ber*'s Characters are ſublime beyond all Degrees of Compariſon.

II. A ſecond Objection is founded on what my Author values himſelf moſt, the ſcrupulous Exactneſs, with which he hath adhered to the real Hiſtory of his Heroes. For excepting where in the fourth Book he hath called a Synod of the Gods, he hath not aided his Story with Fiction. Even the Battle of Sir MARS, and the HERMAPHRODITE, which is the chief Action and Cataſtrophe of the Poem, is related ſimply without any poetical Ornaments to embelliſh the Narration. From hence ſome learned Criticks have too haſtily concluded, that Mr. SCHEFFER rather aimed to be thought an Hiſtorian, than a Poet. Thus my Countryman *Tir-Oen* *

* SCHEFFERUS *noſter* MAVORTIS *ac* MIRÆ *monomachiam cantando ne quidem aliquid affinxit, neque vera falſis remiſcuit; ſed res geſtas perſonaſque tales exhibuit, quales ante* SCHEFFERI *carmen nobis innotuêre. Veretur profecto vir bonus, nè nimis Poeta eſſe videatur.* Tir-Oeni Com. in Procemio.

Mr. SCHEFFER *in his Deſcription of the Combat between* MARS *and* MYRA *hath added nothing of his own, nor mingled Fiction with the true Hiſtory; but hath drawn the Combatants ſuch as they really were, and has related the Particulars of the Fight exactly as they happened, and which were well known to us, before he publiſhed his Poem. This honeſt Gentleman ſeems afraid of being thought too much a Poet.* And *Wetſtein* in his Preface to the *Amſterdam* Edition of our Author's Works gives in to the ſame Opinion. * Mr. SCHEFFER *hath related the Duel of* MARS *and the* HERMAPHRODITE *happily enough; but he hath not invented any Circumſtances to adorn and give a Weight to his Song. He is a faithful Hiſtorian, but a timorous Poet.* But with all due Deference to the Judgment of theſe learned Criticks I do not conceive, that a faithful Hiſtorian and a good Poet are incompatible Characters; or that a mighty Warrior needs any adventitious Blazonry, when the true Hiſtory of his Life and Actions is ſufficient to create Surprize and Delight in the Reader. If I were diſpoſed to celebrate King *Arthur* and the Knights of his Round Table, or to exalt ſome other Worthies among his Royal Succeſſors, I ſhould certainly have recourſe to the Invention of my Muſe both to form the Hero, and to furniſh

* HERMAPHRODITI *et* MARTIS *duellum ſatis dignè ſcripſit* SCHEFFERUS. *Haud quid autem commentus eſt de ſuâ ſententiâ, nec carmini addidit pondus. Fidus hiſtoriolæ ſcriptor; timidus Poeta.* WETSTEIN. Diſſertat.

niſh the Adventures. But if I were to deſcribe *Alexander* at *Tyre*, *Cæſar* at *Alexia*, or the late King of *Sweden* at *Bender*, I ſhould ſcarce think I did any Honour to the Heroes or to myſelf by involving the greateſt Deeds, that ever were performed, in Fiction and Fable.

III. But there is another Objection founded on this Impartiality and Exactneſs of my Author, which I am more concerned to anſwer; ſince it wholly ariſes from the great Humanity of the Perſons, who make it. Theſe Gentlemen do not condemn Mr. SCHEFFER for want of Invention, or any fabulous Embelliſhments. On the contrary, they would rather he had ſuppreſſed the greateſt Part of the true Hiſtory: At leaſt they think it inexcuſable to publiſh ſuch Truths, as caſt a Blemiſh on human Nature. MYRA the principal Hero or Heroine (for ſhe was both a Man and a Woman) from whom the Poet has denominated his Work, is repreſented as a deformed old Hag, a Monſter of Wickedneſs, and the Sink of all Pollutions. The Picture of the Witch *Dueſſa* in *Spencer* is not ſo ſhocking, as the Deſcription of SCHEFFER's HERMAPHRODITE. 'Tis true, the Characters of MARS and VOL are not leſs infamous and deformed, than the Images of MYRA and her IMP; but they are better diſguiſed, as they are introduced under the Mask of Gods. And Men are ſeldom diſpleaſed to ſee the Gods appear

as wicked as themſelves. Our Author ſeems to have been ſenſible of the Force of this Objection, and that the Invective in his third Book is a little too ſtrong, ſince he ſings a Kind of a Palinody in the fourth, in that Speech which he aſcribes to *Venus*. He there beſtows upon the HERMAPHRODITE the ſame Quality, with which he had honoured his other Heroes, and borrows a Title for her from among the Gods. But for my part, tho' his Satire were not tempered with any Compliments, yet I could not agree with theſe Criticks, who are of opinion, that the Characters of MYRA and her IMP are an Injury or Offence to human Nature. For I think, it may be fairly concluded, that the Spirit of the HERMAPHRODITE was changed, and adapted to her ſeveral Occupations long before the Transformation of her Perſon. In the firſt Stages of her Life ſhe is repreſented as a Sorcereſs; and the ſame Character remains with her to the laſt. The Vices, which ſhe practiſed, were not the Vices of Men; and ſhe ſeldom acted out of Character, unleſs when ſhe attempted a ſtubborn Chaſtity, which reſiſting all open Sollicitations could only be betrayed by an Appearance of Virtue. So that in truth ſuch a Creature cannot be ſaid to bring a Reproach upon Mankind, who had nothing in her whole Compoſition that was human. As to the IMP, it may be ſufficiently proved from the Text,

that

that ſhe was not born of a Woman; but only had the Liberty of aſſuming an human Shape in common with other *Dæmons*. Our Author needs no Excuſe for this Character; but rather demands our Acknowledgments for his Care and Sagacity in tracing the Origin of this little black Creature, and detecting the Counterfeit under all her Paint and Embroidery. I ſhould wiſh indeed, that Mr. SCHEFFER had purſued the Irony, with which he begun, provided the Objects of his Satire could have been touched by Ridicule But although little Vices may be laughed at, yet enormous Crimes demand a Scourge. And let their Chaſtiſement be the ſevereſt, yet great Criminals are apt to forget the Occaſion of it, as ſoon as the Smart is over; though they are ſure to remember the Hand, that dealt the Laſhes. But after all I will not abſolutely juſtify my Author on this Head; nor affirm, that I am myſelf entirely ſatiſfied with the Picture he has drawn for MYRA, notwithſtanding the Likeneſs of the Features and the Livelineſs of the Colours. If he had conſulted me, it ſhould not have exceeded an Half-Length. Inſtead of expoſing a common Nuiſance, one would endeavour to get it removed. If that were impracticable, we ſhould then content ourſelves with warning Strangers not to approach it too near. But who would rake into an Heap of Filth, that he might be able to deſcribe the various Matter, of which it conſiſted? IV. There

IV. There is ſtill another Charge brought againſt my Author by the ſame Criticks, and proceeding from the ſame Principle of Humanity. It ſeems, one or two of the Perſons, whom Mr. SCHEFFER hath characteriſed, were dead before he publiſhed his Poem, and 'tis ſaid he ſhould therefore have ſpared their Memories according to that old Adage, *De mortuis nil niſi bonum.* But this Saying, in which by the way there is more good Nature than good Senſe, can only be applied to reſtrain the malicious Tattle of common Slanderers. It can never be urged as a Rule fit to be obſerved by a judicious Writer. At that rate all Hiſtory would be confounded. *Nero* and our *Harry* the VIIIth muſt be repreſented as merciful Princes, and *Eroſtratus* and *Chartres* as honeſt Men. What Method can we take to do ourſelves Juſtice upon a Tyrant, or any great Man, who oppreſſed us, when he was living, and who was then out of our reach, unleſs we are allowed to attack his Memory? I would not indeed have him charged with any Crimes, but what are built upon Truth. And is not that Vengeance juſt, which hath ſuch a Foundation? Is it not moſt reaſonable, when it ſerves for an Information to Poſterity, and a Monitory to ſucceeding Princes? It may perhaps be here objected, that a wide Difference is to be made between publick and private

private Perſons: That the latter, ſuch eſpecially as are Subjects of the *Britiſh* Iſlands, are under the Protection of certain Laws; and if they ſuffer any Injury in their Goods or Perſons, there is a proper Judicature, to which they may apply for Redreſs; but they are not to be Judges in their own Cauſe, or to execute the Sentence, which themſelves have pronounced. I acknowledge this Reaſoning to be right in all Caſes, where the Laws will afford us a ſufficient Reparation. But there are Crimes of a very high Nature, which are not cogniſable in the ordinary Courts of Juſtice, ſuch as Ingratitude, the denying a Depoſit, the betraying a Friend's Secrets; and among theſe I may reckon ſuch Frauds, as for want of legal Evidence eſcape with Impunity. Theſe and all other Evils, which are not puniſhable by the Civil Magiſtrate, are ſurely the proper Objects of Satire; nor is the Satiriſt obliged to ſtop ſhort, becauſe the Criminal may happen to die, while he is telling his Story. Well! But are we not by our Religion required to forgive thoſe who offend us, whatever the Offences are, or from whomſoever they come? To ſpeak ſtrictly as Chriſtians, we ought to forgive all perſonal Injuries, that is, all Inſults and Affronts, which are offered to ourſelves. But I doubt, whether our religious Duty lays us under any Obligation of forgiving the Injuries, which are done to another; to our Friends,

our Family, and our Country. If I am deprived of my Eſtate by the Subornation of Witneſſes, the Corruption of a Judge, or the Power of a Tyrant, my Poſterity muſt be hurt as much as I am. And is it not fitting, they ſhould be made acquainted with the Names and Characters of the Perſons, who have done them ſo great a Wrong? Is it not juſt, that the Infamy of theſe Miſcreants ſhould laſt as long as we ſuffer by their Crimes? Is not this neceſſary in order to exculpate myſelf, and prevent the Imputation of having waſted my Patrimony by my own Folly and Extravagance, which was wreſted from me by Violence and Fraud?

V. Some *Engliſh* Gentlemen, who for their extraordinary Merit are well penſioned in this Country, have been pleaſed to railly my Author for his Demonology and Belief in Witches. It would be eaſy to clear up this Objection by demonſtrating, that Evil Spirits and Witches are abſolutely neceſſary to the Action of an Epic Poem. But not to inſiſt on this Particular, I will acknowledge, that Mr. SCHEFFER really believed old MYRA to be a Sorcereſs, and to poſſeſs the Power of transforming herſelf into a Cat, a Wolf, an Ape, or any other Animal, whenever ſhe pleaſed, and in as little Time as was required to put off her Clothes. *Wetſtein* the

Dutch Commentator * aſſents to Mr. SCHEFFER's Opinion; and *Tir-Oen* † ſpeaks of MYRA's Witchcrafts with the ſame Aſſurance, with which the learned § Sir *Thomas Brown* delivers himſelf concerning Witches in general. As to my Author, his Faith is ſufficiently juſtified not only by his perſonal Knowledge of the HERMAPHRODITE, but by the Experience he muſt needs have had in his own Country, where two thirds at leaſt of the female Inhabitants are profeſſed Witches, and deal in ſuch ‡ Commodities, as ſerve to evince their Power, and ſupport their Character. However, in decent Conformity to the Sentiments of the *Britiſh* Senate, I ſhall not enter here into a Diſcuſſion of this Point, or aſſert a Demonocracy in the *Britiſh* Iſlands. Permit me only to ſay, that the Ambition of the *Engliſh* Witches and the Neglect of their Domeſtick Affairs firſt raiſed a Doubt concerning their Exiſtence. If inſtead of mixing in the Councils of Princes, bewitching Miniſters of State, and confounding Treaties, a Troop of them had ſometimes appeared to the good People of *London* riding in the Air upon Broomſticks, or croſſing

* *De Veneficiis* MIRÆ *in eâ opinione ſemper fui, quâ* SCHEFFERUS *noſter.* Wetſtein. Diſſert.

† *Scio* MIRAM *Verſipellem eſſe.* Tir-Oen. Com. in Procem.

§ Sir *Thomas Brown* the Author of *Religio Medici* hath this remarkable Expreſſion, *For my Part, I have ever believed, and do now know, that there are Witches.* Rel. Med. Part I. Sect. 30.

‡ The Witches in *Lapland* ſell Winds.

the *Thames* in an Egg Shell, they had prevented the Infidelity of our Legiſlators, and maintained that Figure and Credit they acquired in the Reign of King *James* the Firſt.

VI. I come now in the laſt Place to conſider the Exceptions, which the Criticks have taken againſt this Work on account of the Verſification, and for the want of Delicacy and Politeneſs in Mr. SCHEFFER's Style and Manner. It is no Wonder, if the Jingle of his Verſe offend many Perſons, who have a juſt Eſteem for the old Claſſicks, and are skilled in the Writings of thoſe great Authors. For Rhyme, however it may be uſed to embelliſh other Languages, is certainly the worſt Part of *Latin* Poetry. What Reaſons determined my Author to the choice of Rhyme, I do not know. In his Preface he ſeems to condemn it; and yet in the Beginning of the Firſt Book he applauds himſelf, that he had been able to fit the Metre to his Subject, and adorn the Figures, which he preſented to the View of the Publick with a proper Drapery. I incline to think, that in this reſpect he was willing to humour the Taſte of his own Country, where no Poems are in any Reputation, if Rhyme is wanting; and a *Laplander* would ſcarce find any Harmony even in the Numbers of *Virgil*. As to Mr. SCHEFFER's Style, I muſt own, it

wants

wants a good deal of poliſhing. His Epithets and Metaphors are in many Places courſe and boiſterous. He frequently breaks out into unreaſonable Apoſtrophes, and injudiciouſly mingles trivial Things and low Conceits with Matters of Moment. I ſhall remark in my Notes on thoſe unpolite or indecent Terms, which he hath uſed in his Perſonal Characters: And as to his Quirks and Quibbles, his Apoſtrophes, Soliloquies &c. they can give no great Offence. The Reader, who has too delicate a Taſte to be amuſed by them, may paſs them over, as I have generally done in my Tranſlation; for they are no Ways eſſential to the main Deſign of the Poem. I ſhould not here take Notice, that there are in this Work ſome Words of my Author's own coining, if I had not heard him cenſured on that Account; as likewiſe for mixing other Languages with the *Latin*: Tho' in both he hath followed the Examples of all the Comic and Burleſque Writers, whether ancient or modern. In *Ariſtophanes* and *Plautus* we meet with many long Decompoſites and fantaſtick Terms. And the latter in one of his Plays hath mingled old *Punic* with the *Latin*. In *Petronius* we have many Words of his own Invention; at leaſt they are not to be found in any other *Roman* Author. The modern *Italians*, who have written more in Burleſque Poetry, than all

the Nations of *Europe* beſides, affect a mixture of Languages, and the Uſe of odd Terms. They have many Words peculiar to their Poetry, and which are never introduced into their Proſe-Writings: And their Burleſque Poetry is a Language different from both the other. However, to return to my Author, he hath but ſeldom made Uſe of theſe Poetical Liberties; never once, but when he wanted * proper Terms to fix an Impreſſion on the Reader's Mind, and to convey a juſt Idea of the Thing he intended to deſcribe.

Having thus mentioned all the Imperfections, which have been charged upon this *Gothic* Performance, it will be but Juſtice to remark our Author's Excellencies. His Subject is entirely new: and whatever Faults are to be found in the Work, it can never be diſputed to be an Original. His Deſign is regular, juſt and uniform. He has obſerved a reaſonable Compaſs of Time, having limited the Action of his Poem to the ſpace of forty eight Hours; ſo that the Mind of an ordinary Reader, without ſuffering any Diſtraction, will be able to comprehend the various Incidents and Tranſitions of the

* He calls the *Lilliputians*, PIGMÆULUM *Popellum*. L. 2. V. 289. And the *Brobdignaggians*, GIGANTISSIMOS *Gigantes*. Ibid. In the 3d Book MYRA's Imp, who was a *Dutch* Jeweſs, is called FROKINA, and SHYLOCKISSA, and at the End of the 4th Book, the old Hermaphrodite is called, ANDRO-ANUS. Theſe, as well as I remember, are all the Words of our Author's own coining.

whole

whole Piece. None of his Adventures are out of Nature or Probability. The Metamorphoſis of MYRA is indeed a wonderful Event; but the Poet has called in a Goddeſs to perform the Operation. And yet if Credit may be given to the Relations of many learned Philoſophers, Anatomiſts, and Hiſtorians, even ſuch a Change may be wrought without the Interpoſition of a Deity, and is not uncommonly the Effect of a natural Cauſe; of which I ſhall produce ſome Examples, when I come to explain that Paſſage, where the old Matron's Transformation is particularly reported. The other Heavenly Machines, which the Poet has uſed, are no more, than were neceſſary to accompliſh his Action: And they are but few, if we conſider that moſt of his Characters are Gods, Dæmons, Imps and Inchanters. But what chiefly pleaſes me, who have certainly entered farther than any other into the Spirit of this Author, is to obſerve, that Mr. SCHEFFER has judiciouſly repreſented many of his private Enemies in the Perſons of his Heroes; as *Virgil* has drawn an handſome likeneſs for his Friends and Patrons at the Court of *Auguſtus* in the Characters of his *Æneid*; with this difference, that the Compliments in the *Roman* Poet are an ingenious Piece of Flattery, whereas Mr. SCHEFFER's Deſcriptions are a ſincere and juſt Recrimination.

Thus

Thus much I have thought proper to ſay in behalf of my Author. On my own Account I ſhall only add, that I have endeavoured to render the exact Senſe and Meaning of this famous *Gothic* Poem. For whole Pages together I have followed him Step by Step; and there my Verſion is almoſt literal, as may be diſcerned by comparing it with the Original. In other Places indeed I have been obliged to uſe greater Liberties, that I might give a Grace to my Numbers, and make my Author well underſtood. I have left out (as I ſaid before) all his ruſtick Epithets and Expreſſions, Quirks of Epigram and other Puerilities, which are ill ſorted with his better Thoughts, and however they might pleaſe a Northern Ear, would certainly offend an *Engliſh* Reader. I have likewiſe changed the * Title of the Poem, becauſe I thought it too long to be adapted to the Voice of the *Dublin* Hawkers, on whoſe Addreſs I muſt in ſome Meaſure depend for the Sale of my Book. In ſhort, I have ſtudied to make my Author ſpeak *Engliſh*, and that Sort of *Engliſh*, in which I imagine he would have expreſſed himſelf, if he had accommodated his Work to the Taſte and Manners of the *Britiſh* Nation. I once reſolved to have imitated

* The Original is intitled, PHŒBUS NOCTIVAGATOR, *ſeu* HERMAPHRODITUS.

him

him in his Numbers, and preſented my Tranſlation to the Publick in *Hudibraſtick* Metre. But after two or three Eſſays I dropt that Deſign. I found my ſelf too much confined by the ſhortneſs of the Verſe; which would neither allow me to expreſs Mr. SCHEFFER's Raillery with a tolerable Grace, nor his more ſerious Satire with any Dignity. And indeed, to enable one to turn in ſuch a narrow Compaſs, requires a Genius and Imagination, ſuch as the Author of *Hudibras* poſſeſſed, that can furniſh Wit for every Line. I have therefore choſe the Verſe of twelve Syllables in Deference to the Judgment and Authority of * one of our own Kings, who in his Art of Poetry (which perhaps he underſtood as well as the Art of Government) calls it *Rouncefallis* or *Tumbling* Verſe, and which he aſſures us is the only proper Meaſure for Poems of this Kind. As by this means I pretend to ſhew the profound Reſpect I bear unto Crowned Heads, eſpecially to thoſe among them, who are Wits and Poets, ſo I perſuade my ſelf, that this ſingle Circumſtance will entitle me to the Favour of the *Britiſh* Court, and to the Patronage of all thoſe Miniſters, who are Perſons of a refined Taſte and Monarchical Principles.

* K. JAMES I. He publiſhed a Work, intitled, *Ane Schort Treatiſe conteining ſome Reulis and Cautelis to be obſervit and eſchewit in Scottis Poeſie.* Imprinted at *Edinbrugh* in 1584.

As I do not desire to derive any Reputation from the Merit of others, I think my self obliged to acknowledge, before I conclude my Preface, that the explanatory Notes and Observations, which I have subjoined to my Version of this Poem, are partly extracted from the Comment of my Countryman *Tir-Oen*, and the critical Dissertations of Messieurs *Cuper* and *Wetstein*, and partly compiled from the private Memoirs and Informations I have received from some intelligent Friends, touching the Lives and Adventures of Mr. SCHEFFER's Heroes, the surprizing Actions of the great HERMAPHRODITE, and the Progress of *Tribadism* in this Kingdom.

THE

THE

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

[a]I Did not compoſe the following Poem to acquire a Reputation in Poetry, nor have I now made it publick at the Requeſt of my Friends. But the only Reaſon, that hath induced me to commence an Author, is to teſtify my Gratitude to ſome Honourable Perſonages, from whom I have received many, and ſome very extraordinary Favours during my Reſidence in

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

[a] *I did not compoſe*, &c.

Verſiculos hoſce neque pro famâ feci, ut repentè ſic Poeta prodirem, neque amicorum rogatu jam typis mandavi. Cum autem innumera maximaque in me beneficia contuliſſent COMITISSA quædam perhonorabilis, SOCIIQUE ejus maxime colendi, ne ingratum dicerent, *&c.*

Our Author here alledges a very juſtifiable Reaſon for the Publication of his Work, however he may have ſucceeded in the Opinion of the *Beaux Eſprits*. There are Benefits which demand a publick Acknowledgment, and which cannot properly be returned in any other Manner. As there are Crimes which the Hand of Juſtice cannot reach, and are not otherwiſe to be puniſhed, than by being expoſed; and which ought to be expoſed in Order to prevent honeſt Men from being deceived by Appearances, and circumvented under the Colour and Maſque of Friendſhip. This in my Opinion is the beſt Apology for Perſonal Satire.

Dublin. Though the *Gothic* Muſe may have failed to make her Compliments with a juſt Delicacy, or in a Manner ſuitable to the elegant Taſte of this Country, yet I flatter my ſelf that my Endeavours will be thought laudable; and I hope the Dignity of my Subjects may excite ſome abler Bard to treat them with a greater Propriety, to illuſtrate the Characters, and do Juſtice to the Merit of my noble Patrons and Benefactors. I may perhaps incur the Diſpleaſure of the Learned for reviving a Species of Poetry, which hath been in Diſuſe for more than two hundred Years paſt. I ſhall liſten with Reſpect and Deference to their Animadverſions. But I here declare once for all, that I defy malevolent Criticks of all Denominations; thoſe only excepted [b] who, when they fail to blaſt a Man's Reputation,

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

[b] *Who when they fail to blaſt*, &c. Hominem, cujus fama lædi non poſſit, ex inſidiis occidere meditantur. Si forſitan Sicarios iſtos, *&c.* I have remarked before, that during Mr. SCHEFFER's Reſidence in *Dublin* he narrowly eſcaped being aſſaſſinated. One of the Ruffians, who was hired for that Purpoſe, either out of a Remorſe of Conſcience, or in Hopes of a greater Reward, came privately to our Author, and diſcovered the Villany; but not till they had lain in wait for him a Week or ten Days without finding a convenient Opportunity to execute their Deſign. It will not be amiſs to mention here the Opinion of *Wetſtein*, the learned *Dutch* Commentator. His Words are theſe, *Patroni maximè colendi, ſimul & ſicarii nequiſſimi, quos memorat Schefferus in proœmio, nec non delecti heroes, quos cecinit poeta,* Αὐτόταται, i. e. *ipſiſſimi ſunto.* Mr. SCHEFFER's *moſt honoured Patrons, and the wicked Aſſaſſins, whom he mentions in his Preface, as likewiſe the Heroes of his Poem, are the ſelf ſame Perſons. Wetſtein* was pretty well informed. *Mars* and *Myra* projected

Reputation, do not ſcruple to aſſaſſinate his Perſon. Such I know there are; and therefore, as often as I ſhall be obliged to approach the Habitation of theſe Savages I will put my ſelf into as good a Poſture of Defence, as I am able. [c] In the mean time I derive much Satisfaction from a Conſciouſneſs of my Intentions, and the Approbation of thoſe ingenious and worthy Gentlemen, to whoſe Judgment I ſubmitted this Poem, before I would venture to ſend it abroad. Let it not be thought any Vanity in me, that I have here prefixed their Teſtimonies; ſince in this I am abundantly juſtified by the Practice of many ancient and modern Bards, my great Predeceſſors and Contemporaries.

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

jected the Aſſaſſination, and hired the Villains that undertook it. Some others of our Author's Heroes were privy to the Deſign, particularly *Vol* and *Myra*'s Imp. The Reader, who conceives, that the Proſecution of a Street-Robber, or the Execution of a Murderer, is a piece of Juſtice we owe the Publick, will excuſe the ſevereſt Strokes of Mr. SCHEFFER's Satire. In my Preface I have anſwered an Objection, *that ſome of my Author's Heroes were dead, before he publiſhed his Poem*; that is, before he publiſhed the Second Volume: for all were alive, when the two firſt Books were publiſhed; and Mr. SCHEFFER was after that ſeen in the midſt of them. In truth, whoſoever is pleaſed to charge him with Injuſtice or Inhumanity for expoſing thoſe Perſons, who happened to die while he was printing or writing this Work, may as properly arraign the Wiſdom of that Judicature, which condemns an Aſſaſſin to be hung in Chains.

[c] *In the mean Time I derive*, &c.

Haud quid autem mihi eripiet operum meorum & laudis conſcientiam, quam amiciſſimi clariſſimique viri mihi aſſentiuntur, *&c.*

Mr. SCHEFFER hath taken all Occaſions to apologize for his Satire; and particularly in this place he urges the Approbation of his learned Friends. But does not this Part of his Preface ſeem to contradict what he ſays above, *that he did not publiſh his Poem* (Amicorum rogatu) *at the Requeſt of his Friends?* 'Tis poſſible indeed, that ſome of the diſcreeteſt among them might commend his Work, and yet neither deſire nor adviſe him to publiſh it. But I am ſure the Authors of the following Commendatory Verſes were not of that Number.

ILLUSTRISSIMO VIRO

FREDERICO SCHEFFER,

TIR-OEN, Corcagienſis,

S. P. D.

QUIS genus, quis *Semivirorum* amores
Neſciat, riſum teneatve, ſeu *Craticulam* fumis celebrare, SCHEFFER,
ſeu *Caliendrum?*
Aptior ludo nova forma MIRAE
Virgines urit; Veneremque matrona
Omnis explorans ſtudet æmulari
Prodigioſam.
Æmulantur Dîque Deæque, quot ſunt,
Te canentem MULCIBERUMQUE MARTEMQUE;
Et rogant, ut tu ſimili Camænâ
Se quoque laudes.

To

To the Moſt Illuſtrious

FREDERICK SCHEFFER;

TIR-OEN, of the County of *Cork*;

Sendeth Greeting.

SCHEFFER, *'tis to thee we owe*
All of HERMAPHRODITES *we know.*
Thy jocund Muſe will never tire one,
Pleas'd with thy PERUKE *and* GRIDIRON.
Is there on earth a wanton dame,
Who does not envy MYRA's *frame?*
Is there a God, that wou'd not be
VOL, *or the* WARRIOUR, *ſung by thee?*

CLA-

CLARISSIMO VIRO

FREDERICO SCHEFFER,

Vandalorum Poetarum præglorioſiſſimo.

TALIA cùm referas plectro majore, Poeta,
Cinge caput. Phœbi laurea jure tua eſt.
Aut nulli heroes, aut nunc ſine honore fuiſſent;
Grandiloqui vatis ſi periiſſet opus.
Ante tuam Muſam quis PRACHTI detulit artes,
Impurumque SMYTHUM credidit eſſe Deum?
Nunc inter ſagas ſcriptus declamat Iocco:
Et genus, et magnos exhibet OTTOR avos.
Gratia quanta illi eſt! Infans ſe noverat ipſum:
Hic facit illuſtrem, Sole micante, domum.
Quàm benè conveniunt PERSEUS fur, atque SACERDOS!
Inſignes titulis, ingenioque pares.
En! paſſim retegis ſcelerati ſcrinia DILLI;
Atque antrum CACI, te præeunte, patet.
Te præeunte patent fœdiſſima luſtra ferarum,
* SEMICANIS vetulæ, † SEMIVIRIQUE canis.

* Uxoris TRAULI. † MIRÆ.

To the Illuſtrious

FREDERICK SCHEFFER,

The moſt Renowned of all the *Vandal* Poets.

WHile the Peruke *and* Gridir'n *the Muſes reſound,*
Let thy Temples, O Scheffer, *with Laurel be crown'd!*
Hadſt not thou, mighty Poet, ſuch Wonders reveal'd,
The Exploits of our Heroes had ſtill been conceal'd;
We ſhou'd ſtill have believ'd J—nn—y P——t *a mere Clod;*
And whoe'er had ſuſpected old Smyth *was a God?*
You inform us, for what Maſter Ottor *thus brags,*
Interlining Iocco —— *between the two* * Hags.
In the Pleader *what Grace! When an Infant, he knew it.*
How illuſtrious Ott's *Houſe! for the Sun could ſhine thro' it.*
Well beſeems you the †Thief, *and the* Pam-Prieſt *to dight,*
Now the one is a Lord, *and the other a* Knight.
You diſcloſe en paſſant *the* Concluſions *of* Dill,
The Attempts of Sir Cacus, *and eke the quaint* ‡ Will.
Nor unaptly you point out the Tribad's *Abodes,*
Their Employments, their Configurations, and Modes.

* Myra and her Imp. † Sir Piercy. ‡ The *Will* of Sir. Mars.

Other

Jam tepet omnis anus, mœchiſve tepebit Iernis:
At ſolum MIRAE eſt utraque nota Venus.
Fæmineâ indutus ſic veſte latebat Achilles;
Sic nymphas iniit, ſic et adulter erat.
Sic pueram fruſtrà mentito aſtutus Ulyſſes
Heroi impoſuit nomen & arma viri.
Eſſe puta MIRAM magni Chironis alumnum:
Hæc quoque Peliden ore, animoque refert.
Fervidus, æquè aptus Veneri, implacabilis irâ,
Succubuit fato victus uterque pari.
Haud aliter, quàm nunc MIRAE jaculatus ocellos
Pulvis, Achilleum perculit haſta pedem.

Ruſſini in Regno
Monaædæ. Kal.
Oct.

PHILIPPUS CHRISTIANUS.

BY

Other wrinkled old Matrons ſome Vigour may boaſt;
But the Virtue of Man *is affix'd to thy* Toast.
Thus in Petticoats clad was Achilles *unknown;*
Thus the Nymphs he deceiv'd—and all Wives were his own.
Till, like thee, cunning Uly *found out the Mock-dame,*
And reſtor'd to the Hero his Arms, and his Name.
One would think too, that Chiron *thy* Myra *had taught:*
As his Pupil ſo furious ſhe look'd—and ſhe fought:
Both impatient in Love——and relentleſs in Hate;
Nor unskilful their Foes——nor unequal their Fate:
Nor a Weapon more ſure, thrown alike by Surprize,
Was the Dart in his Heel, than the Duſt in her Eyes.

Philip Christian.

Caſtle Town *in the Kingdom of* Man.
1. Oct.

IN

FREDERICI SCHEFFERI HERMAPHRODITUM KNAPPUS CORCAGIENSIS

ÆNIGMA-ASTROLOGUS.

DUM cœli faciem meditor, dum ænigmata fingo,
Grandia doctiloquus dicit ſua carmina SCHEFFER:
Immanem memorat MIRAM, quæ, publica cura,
Cunctorumque uxor quondam famoſa virorum
Indomitâ rabie, facta eſt currentibus annis
(Sic Veneri placuit) cunctarum vir mulierum.
Sic quoque Tireſiam fertur mutâſſe jocoſus
(Quis fuit ille?) Deus; ſic maxima gaudia cepit
Alternis vicibus modo mas, modo fœmina vates.
Gothicus hæc——& jam paulo majora——
Exhibet Eblanæ formaſque arteſque Deorum,
Quales nec cecinit Naſo, nec Jupiter optat.
Callidus ecce ſenex VOL computat æs alienum
More novo. Mox idem Ætnæas evocat ignes,
Et tumidis buccis educit vitrea vaſa.
Hic quoque venator (neque nunc infamia terret
Gafnei fuſtis) caliendro corniger adſtat
Armatus MAVORS: cedit victricibus armis
Monſtrum horrendum, ingens, olim pulcherrima conjux.

By

BY

— KNAPP, Ænigmatical-Almanack Maker of the City of *Cork*,

Upon reading the

HERMAPHRODITE

OF

Mr. *FREDERICK SCHEFFER.*

QUAINT Riddles I compoſe, but SCHEFFER *brings*
A nobler Verſe—The Britiſh MYRA *ſings;*
The mighty Thing, which Lesbian *Loves began,*
Whilom the wanton Wife of every Man;
Now hap'ly form'd, in the decline of Life,
A vig'rous Gallant fit for ev'ry Wife.
Tireſias *thus ſome ſportful God employs,*
Changing the Sex, to try alternate Joys.
Then in ſublimer Strains he tells—
What Forms and Arts from Dublin *Gods have ſprung:*
Such Jove *ne'er practis'd, nor has* Ovid *ſung.*
How wily VOL *new Rules of Counting taught,*
And the Glaſs Bottle to Perfection brought:
How MARS *Beperriwig'd redeem'd his Fame,*
Subdu'd a Monſter, once his lovely Dame.

ΠΕΡΙΟΧΗ

SIVE

ARGUMENTA

LIBRORUM QUATUOR

FREDERICI SCHEFFERI HERMAPHRODITI.

THE

ARGUMENTS

TO THE

FOUR BOOKS

OF

The TOAST.

Argument to the Firſt Book.

The Night Ramble of the *Sun.*

THE Subject propoſed. The Invocation. The *Sun* ariſes at Night from the Atlantic Ocean in the Form of a Toupee-Beau. Comes to *Dublin.* Surveys the

the Lights in the Streets. Goes to Court. Admires the Splendor of the Place. A Deſcription of the Vice-Queen's Circle. *Cupid* in *Clara*'s Eyes. *Phœbus* retiring meets with *Vol* (or *Volcan*) and *Mars*, who had long before been baniſhed from Heaven. They invite him to ſup in *Vol*'s Hole. They enquire of the preſent State of Affairs, and cenſure the Conduct of the Gods. The artful Anſwer made by *Phœbus*. *Vol*'s Account of *Mars* and himſelf, and of their Manner of living on Earth. He fills a Bumper, and calls for a Toaſt.

The Scene is firſt in the Weſtern Ocean, afterwards changes to the Streets of *Dublin*, then to the Caſtle, and laſtly to a Tavern, called *Vol*'s Hole.

This Book and the next following take up the Space of one Night.

Argument to the Second Book.

The Marriage of *Mars* and *Myra*.

The Poet's Inſcription or Addreſs to *Ottor* and *Iocco*. The ſeveral Orders of Toaſts. The Rules of Toaſting. Why little *Ali* was rejected. *Phœbus* propoſes a Poetical Toaſt. The Out-cry thereupon. *Mars* relates the Hiſtory of his Marriage with *Myra*, her Amours, and Extravagance. His unfortunate Encounter with the

Squire

Squire of *Gafny*. How he was cheated by *Prometheus* in the Make of his Body. The Fortitude and Activity of his Spirit, atteſted by *Vol*; who wiſhes to become a Poet in Order to celebrate his Brother's Mental Exploits. The Advice which *Phœbus* gives him. *Mars* proceeds in his Narrative. Sells his Commiſſion by the Perſuaſion of *Myra*, who ſpends all the Money on her Paramours, and denies her Husband a Subſiſtence. *Mars*, reduced to great Straits, ſtudies Kynogeticks, and is appointed Chief Huntſman of *Ireland*. The Excellency and Praiſe of his Hounds. *Phœbus* recants his Poetical Toaſt. Promiſes *Mars* to puniſh *Prometheus*, and to engage the Viceroy and the Goddeſs of Hunters in his Intereſt. A new Round of Toaſts. *Mars* and *Vol* grow drunk, and talk Nonſenſe.

The ſame Night continues, and the Scene is ſtill in *Vol*'s Hole.

Argument to the Third Book.

The Acts of *Myra* and her *Imp*.

The Propoſition. The Poet's Addreſs to *Peircy* and Lord *Pam*. He invokes *Phœbus*, and begs his Protection. A comparative Deſcription of the Palace of the *Sun*. His Chariot, his Hand-Maids and Horſes. His

excellent Skill in driving. He ruminates by the Way on his laſt Night's Adventure. Doubts the Truth of *Mars*'s Relation, and reſolves to ſurvey the Perſon of *Myra*. Stops at *Uſhers* Quay, and peeps into *Myra*'s Bed-chamber, juſt as ſhe gets out of Bed. A Deſcription of her Figure, her Dreſs, and the Qualities of her Mind. Her Morning Oraiſons, and Morning Exerciſes. A Deſcription of *Myra*'s Imp. How ſhe was changed into a Woman. The Uſe which *Myra* makes of her. The Poet's Apology to *Clara*. The Exclamation of *Phœbus*. He haſtens to finiſh his Stage. Publiſhes an Edict, and interdicts old *Myra* all Commerce with Men.

The Epiſode of the *Gridiron*.

Mercury comes to viſit *Phœbus* in the Palace of *Thetis*. Their Diſcourſe concerning *Mars* and *Vol*. The Hiſtory of *Vol*'s Baniſhment. His Copper Countenance; and the excellent Materials, of which his Head was formed. His Requeſt to *Mercury*, who inſtructs him in the Art of Thieving. *Vol*'s Arrival in *Ireland*. He deceives the Viceroy, and is made Surintendant of the Royal Finances. He dines at *Sot's Hole*. A Deſcription of that Place. *Vol*'s Addreſs to the Maſter of the Houſe. He purchaſes a large Gridiron, and conveys it to the Treaſury Chamber. The Uſe he makes of

it

it in counting the public Money. *Vol*'s great Riches. His Ambition. How he was diſcovered by a Vice-King that underſtood *Greek*. *Vol*'s Art on that Occaſion, and how happily he compounded his Peculation. This Epiſode concludes with ſome general Reflections made by *Mercury* and *Thetis*.

The Scene is firſt in the Palace of the *Sun*, then changes to *Myra*'s Bed-Chamber, and from thence to the Palace of *Thetis*.

This Book takes up the Space of one Day, and about half the following Night.

Argument to the Fourth Book.

The Combat of *Mars* and the *Hermaphrodite*.

The Poet inſcribes his laſt Work to *Cacus*. He invokes *Fortune*; and propoſes to conſult the Sieur *Dill*. A Deſcription of the Morning. The Aſſembly of the Gods. *Jupiter* reviews his Vice-gerents. *Momus* drolls on the Abſence of *Vol* and *Mars*. *Juno* is angry and demands their Recall. Why *Jupiter* refuſes to comply with her Requeſt. The Matter compromiſed by the Mediation of *Momus*. *Venus* expoſtulates with the *Sun* about his Edict. Praiſes *Myra*, and changes her into an *Hermaphrodite*. *Fame* flies to the *Phœnix*

Lodge, and informs *Mars* of all that had paſſed above. *Mars* reſolves to attack the *Hermaphrodite*. A Deſcription of his Arms. He drives to *Uſher*'s Quay in *Dublin*, and enters the *Hermaphrodite*'s Caſtle notwithſtanding the Oppoſition he met with. Surprizes the *Hermaphrodite* and her *Imp* in a very indecent Poſture. The taunting Speech of *Mars*. The *Hermaphrodite*'s inſolent Anſwer. The *Imp* is frightened, and runs under the *Hermaphrodite*'s Petticoats. The Combat deſcribed. *Mars* in danger of being drowned in the *Imp*'s Pool. He ſpits in the *Hermaphrodite*'s Face. Avoids the miſſile Weapons, which the *Hermaphrodite* darts at his Head, but is much incommoded by loſing the Waiſt-band Buttons of his Breeches. The *Hermaphrodite* endeavours to wound him in the Groin. He is preſerved by his Muff, and wounds the *Hermaphrodite*. Her Rage. The dreadful Weapon, with which ſhe attempts to finiſh the Combat. *Mars* his Preſence of Mind. The excellent Stratagem, by which he repels his Enemy. The *Hermaphrodite* is deprived of her Sight, and obliged to quit her Arms. *Jupiter* in his golden Balances weighs the Fates of the Combatants. *Mars* trips up the *Hermaphrodite*, and while ſhe lies in a Swoon, binds her Hand and Foot. As ſoon as ſhe revives, he offers her Conditions of Ranſom, which at firſt ſhe rejects with Indignation; but at length, in great Danger

of being eunuchated, ſhe ſupplicates the Conqueror, and ſubmits at Diſcretion.

The Scene (except where the Heavenly Machines are uſed) is partly in the *Phœnix* Lodge near *Dublin*, and partly in the Hotel of the *Hermaphrodite*.

The Time employed in this Book is one Day, which is the third from the opening the Poem.

THE

TOAST.

BOOK THE FIRST.

Ἀπεύνᾳ δ' οὔτις ἔν-
δειξεν λάχᾳ ΑΕΛΙΟΥ. Pindar.

Nota magis nulli domus eſt ſua, quam mihi Lucus
MARTIS, *& Æoliis vicinum rupibus* Antrum
VOLCANI. Juvenal.

BOOK THE FIRST.

THE

THE

TOAST.

BOOK THE FIRST.

SING, O Muſe, *Phœbus'* Wrath! ſay what Cauſe could perſuade
So polite a young God his own Toaſt to degrade.
In a Matron ſay how a new Furor began;
Who extended her Figure, and ſtretch'd it to Man.
O reſound

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 1. *Sing, O Muſe,* Phœbus' *Wrath!*
Iram Phœbi, Muſa, cane,
Et quæ planè ſcias, planè
Dic: Ἄειδε Θεὰ urbanè, quidnam cauſæ, cur *&c.*

Our Author opens his Poem in Imitation of *Homer*, but not with equal Simplicity, for he propoſes the Arguments of his whole Work here in the Invocation. Either this manner of writing is moſt agreeable to the *Gothic* Taſte, or he intended to excite the attention of his Readers, by offering ſuch uncommon Subjects. *Wetſtein*, (who now and then deals with Mr. *Scheffer* and his Heroes too, with great Freedom) ſays, that it could have entered in the Head only of a *Laplander* to jumble together an HERMAPHRODITE, a GRIDIRON, and a PERUKE to form the Plan of an Heroic Poem.

Ver. 3. *In a Matron, ſay how* &c.
Quur ex Vetulâ impurâ
Furor novus & figura:
Quis ex *Mirâ* finxit mirum;
Ex Matronâ Semivirum?

Here is a low Pun on the Name of *Myra*; a ſort of Wit with which this Work abounds. But I have carefully avoided it in my Tranſlation, without deviating however from the Senſe of my Author.

Myra, or *Mira*, who is the Heroine of the Poem, was deſcended from a good

O reſound the Utenſil invented for Grilling! 5
Let it henceforth be Splendid as *Philips* his Shilling!

Tell

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Family among the *Coritani* *. She was a Woman of extraordinary Stature, and of Vigour and Strength of Body ſuperior to moſt of her Contemporaries. 'Tis ſaid that at eighteen Years of Age, ſhe was a Match for *Milo*; and, like that famous Wreſtler, could carry a full grown Bull. Though I am apt to believe this is not to be underſtood literally, but in that proverbial Senſe in which *poſſe Taurum tollere quæ vitulum ſuſtulerit*, is explained by *Quartilla* in *Petronius Arbiter*. Nor was our noble Matron debilitated by Age, or her Concupiſcible Appetite decayed, though arrived to her grand Climacterick; and ſhe had ſo artfully repaired the Ruins which the Malice of Time had made in her outward Form, that *Apollo* himſelf was deceived by her firſt Appearance; as he had been by the ſhining Character which one of his favourite Bards had beſtowed on her. This Miſtake or Miſinformation, and the Incidents which follow upon it, furniſh the chief matter of Mr. *Scheffer*'s Poem. For the God being railled for toaſting the old Dame, and thereupon making a nearer inſpection, he diſcovered all the Defects of her Perſon, and the various arts which ſhe uſed to diſguiſe them: And examining into her Conduct and Conſtitution, and the Frame and Temper of her Mind, he plainly perceived, that ſhe had been guilty of all kind of Pollutions; that, unſated by her male Gallants, ſhe daily practiſed that unnatural Act the *Spaniards* call *Donna con Donna*. His Godſhip was ſo aſhamed and incenſed to be thus diſappointed, that in revenge he publiſhed the famous Edict, which our Author recites in his third Book; where among other Prohibitions, our old Matron was for the future interdicted all Commerce with Men. But this ſevere Sentence was defeated by the Interpoſition of *Venus*, who thought herſelf highly affronted in the Perſon of her Votary. The Goddeſs was not unmindful of the Obligations which ſhe owed to *Myra*: And moreover ſhe rightly judged, that the Loſs of ſuch an indefatigable Servant, ſo thoroughly experienced in all Venereal Rites and Ceremonies, would be very prejudicial to the Affairs of her Empire. She was indeed unable to reſcind *Apollo*'s Decree; it being a ſtanding Order of the Fates, that one God may not undo the Acts of another. She therefore changed our Matron into a Man; transferring at the ſame time to her new Being all that Vigour and Vivacity, which ſhe was wont to exert in her Womanhood; with all other Privileges and Advantages uſually annexed to the Male Sex. *Myra* after her Transformation, was poſſeſſed with ſo much Fire and Courage, that ſhe engaged her *quondam* Husband the God of War in a ſingle Combat. But juſt as the Victory inclined to her Side, ſhe was overcome by a Stratagem. See Note on *Ver.* 31.

* *Coritani* are a People of *Northamptonſhire*.

Ver. 5. *O reſound* &c.

Oſſas torret quod, cantato:
Crati-culum reſonato:
Fulgur cujus vincat nil, ipſius ne vel *Jacci Philips*
Nummulus ſeu argente-us,
Seu verſiculus aure-us!

Craticula ſignifies a *Gridiron*, a very convenient Kitchen Utenſil.

Parva tibi curva Craticula ſudet ofella.
Martial.

BL

Tell us how 'twas apply'd to confound Calculation,
To enrich a great Artiſt and beggar a Nation:
Which to thy own Exchequer O * * tranſlate,
To remain there confeſt the chief Engine of State.

To a Warrior of Fame my laſt Labours belong:
Who will ever refuſe the great Warrior a Song?
Be ſonorous the Lay, that no *Grub* may exceed it;
Nor a King may diſdain at his Leiſure to read it!

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

When *Nero* was Emperor of *Rome*, the wealthy Courtiers and Men of Quality generally uſed Silver Gridirons, upon which they broiled Hogs Puddings. *Fuerunt & Tomacula ſuper Craticulam Argenteam poſita.* Petron. Arb. In a late Reign, ſome Great Men and Miniſters of State inſtituted the famous Beef Steak Club: And their Preſident, the facetious *Dick Eſtcourt*, wore a Silver Gridiron hanging at his Breaſt as the Badge of his Office. This Club has been lately revived by ſeveral Noble Lords, who are true Lovers of their Country, and Friends to Liberty. They have indeed changed the Name, and now call it the Rump-Steak Club, for a Reaſon which you may learn from any of the Maids of Honour. But at no time, whether by Cooks, Wits, or Miniſters of State, has the *Gridiron* been applied to ſuch an excellent Uſe, as by one of Mr. *Scheffer*'s Heroes. See Note on *Ver.* 25.

Jacci Philips. Mr. *John Philips* wrote an excellent Burleſque Poem in *Miltonick* Verſe, called the *Splendid Shilling*.

Ver. 11. *To a Warrior* &c.

Nunc extremum mî laborem
O! concede: Bellatorem
Lauda meum: dignè texe
Carmen, quod vel legat Rex. E-
hodum ecquis ſi Rex leget,
Bellatori pauca neget?
Pauca — attamen ſonora
Scribat Vates; nec meliora
Quis *Grubæus*, nec majora.

So it is in *Grierſon*'s Edition. But in the *Amſterdam* Copy we read *Quis Gothicus*. And *Tir-Oen*, as well as the *Dutch* Commentator, is of Opinion, that *Grubæus* is a Corruption of the Text. 'Tis abſurd, ſays that great Critick, to imagine, that Mr. *Scheffer* ſhould rank himſelf with the Authors of *Grubſtreet*; a Place of which he had probably never heard; but 'twas natural for him to wiſh he might excel all other *Gothic* Poets. So if the Reader pleaſes, he may inſert *Goth* inſtead of *Grub*.

This Part of the Invocation, is a plain Imitation of the beginning of *Virgil*'s laſt Eclogue.

Extremum hunc, Arethuſa, mihi concede laborem.
Pauca meo Gallo, ſed quæ legat ipſa Lycoris,
Carmina ſunt dicenda. Neget quis carmina Gallo?

For a Combat I ſing, by a Stratagem won,
And a PERUKE which conquer'd as ſure as a Gun:
Wond'rous Peruke, which *Jove* in his Sky ſhould have plac'd,
Neareſt where *Berenice*'s fair Treſſes are grac'd;
And have chang'd all the Curls into Ringlets of Stars,
Then have call'd 'em, *The new Conſtellation of Mars.*
While the Steeps of *Parnaſs* thus advent'rous I climb,
Mighty things, tho' unskilful, attempting in Rhyme,

On

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 15. *For a Combat I ſing* &c.

Duellum dic; quis ſit victor; quo dolo, Muſa, dic.
Dic *Caliendrum*, mirum opus,
Quo haud certiùs ferit ſclopus;
Quod, ſi Jupiter ornaret
Cœlos ſuos, collocaret,
Ubi comæ, quæ victrices,
Flavæ fulgent Berenices;
Sic in ſidera mutandum,
Aſtrum *Martis* appellandum.

Our Author ſeems to have borrowed this Thought from *Muſæus*.

Τὸν ὤφελεν ἀιθέριος Ζεὺς
Ἐπύχιον μετ' ἀέθλον ἄγειν ἐς ὁμήγυριν ἄστρων
Καί μιν ἐπικλῆσαι νυμφος ὁλον ἄστρον Ἐρώτων.

Caliendrum, by which Mr. *Scheffer* means a Peruke, ſignifies any Ornament for the Head made of counterfeit Hair; but properly the falſe Hair or Towers which the *Roman* Ladies commonly wore in the Reign of *Auguſtus*, and which are ſtill frequently uſed by old Women to hide their Baldneſs.

Altum Saganæ Caliendrum. Hor.

In the fourth Book, where the Peruke is thrown in *Myra*'s Face, 'tis called *Capillamentum.* And this I think the more proper Word. Thus *Suetonius* ſpeaking of *Caligula*'s Night Rambles, *Ganeas atque adulteria Capillamento celatus* [diſguiſed in a Peruke] *& veſte longâ noctibus obiret.*

Comæ Berenices. Berenice, a Queen of *Ægypt*; who vowed to cut off her Hair, if her Husband *Ptolomy* returned victorious from the War: Which he did; and ſhe performed her Vow; conſecrating her Treſſes in the Temple of *Venus.* The Gods, or the Aſtronomers of that Country, have metamorphoſed them into a Conſtellation called *Berenice*'s Hair.

Ver. 21. *While the Steeps* &c.

Sacrum montem ſuperare,
Grandia tenues cantare
Dum conamur, Rhythmicorum
Nos indociles modorum;
Vel quis Pegaſus ſit meus;
Vel quis, qui interſit, Deus

Faxit,

On a *Pegaſus* mount me —— or aid me ſome God,
That unſtumbling I tread in a Way that's untrod!
O! my Captain, Arch-Collier, or thee ſhall I call
Vitriarious *Volcan*, or only plain *Vol!*

Ceaſe

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Faxit, ut in tuto ſiem;
Perque ardua monſtret viam.

Our Author inſinuates, that he never compoſed any Verſes in Rhyme before; and that he attempted thiis kind of Metre, as thinking it moſt ſuitable to the Dignity of his Subjects. Here, and more particularly in the Lines which immediately follow, he makes a ſort of Boaſt, that no Poet ever treated of ſuch Arguments but himſelf.

Veſtram *Vol*, qui *Crati-culam*
Primus cano.

Me, the firſt of all Mortals, who ſung thy Gridiron.

In this he has imitated the Expreſſions and Alluſions of other great Poets ancient and modern.

Avia Pieridum peragro loca nullius ante
Trita Solo. Lucret.

And now inſpir'd trace o'er the Muſes Seat
Untrodden yet. Creech.

Virgil, in the third *Georgic*, makes uſe of the ſame Allegory. Thus likewiſe Mr. *Cowley*,

Guide my bold Steps ——
In theſe untrodden Paths to ſacred Fame.

Ver. 25. *O! my Captain*, &c.
O Dux, Archi-Carbonarie!
O *Volcane* Vitriarie!
Seu audire magna nolens Tu ames dici *Vol:*
Lene mihi aſpirato;
Ambas buccas nec inflato;
Sicut ſoles, vitreas bullas,
Vitreas infles cùm ampullas:
Halituſque gravis oris
Ceſſet paulùm; & aforis
Lene mihi aſpirato;
Ambas buccas nec inflato:
Lene mihi, qui bu-bulam
Veſtram, *Vol*, qui *Crati-culam*
Primus cano, atque gulam.

Volcan, or *Vulcan*, the Son of *Jupiter* and *Juno*, was the God of Fire. He preſided over Mines and Metals, and was the Patron of Smiths. He had his Forges in the Iſlands of *Lemnos* and *Lipare*, and Mount *Ætna*, where he made Thunderbolts for *Jupiter*, and arms for the reſt of the Gods; as well as all other Utenſils which they required. By *Jupiter*'s Order he was married to *Venus*. But he was ſo deformed, and always ſo black and dirty, that the Goddeſs ſoon grew diſguſted with her Spouſe; and made no Scruple to chuſe from among the other Gods or Men, ſuch Gallants as ſhe fancied. *Volcan*, when but a Boy, was kicked out of Heaven by his Father *Jupiter*; and breaking his Leg by the Fall, he was lame ever after. His Office in Heaven was to ſerve in quality of Cup-bearer upon great Feſtivals. And *Homer* tells us, that the Gods were much diverted with his Buffoonery. But entring at length into a Conſpiracy with his Brother *Mars*, he was baniſhed with him

Ceaſe thy Breath from thy Bottles awhile to aſpire on
Me, the firſt of all Mortals, who ſung thy GRIDIRON:
So may long laſt thy Pots! ſo may all thy new Glaſs,
Running ſmooth, as my Lines, *Briſtow* Bottles ſurpaſs! 30

And

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

him *Anno Mundi* and had this Iſland aſſigned him for the Place of his Exile. During the late Civil War he ſerved in the Army, where he was dignified with the Title of Captain. But this was not a Service which agreed with his Conſtitution: For the Sight of a Sword, drawn in Anger, would make him ſweat more than the Labour of forging it. He therefore ſought an Employment, which might not ſubject him to the Fatigues and Accidents of a Soldier's Life; and having found means to inſinuate himſelf into the Favour of the D. of *O.* then Viceroy of *Ireland*, he was appointed *Receiver General*, and Surintendant of the Royal Finances.

While he was in Poſſeſſion of this lucrative Office, he counted the publick Money over a large *Gridiron*, and all the Pieces which fell through the Bars, he claimed as Perquiſites, and laid them apart for his own Uſe. By this means he acquired immenſe Riches in a few Years. But at laſt being ſuſpected, from the great Deficiencies in the Exchequer, he declared himſelf a Bankrupt, and, pretending to give up all his Effects, compounded his Peculation for Sixpence in the Pound. Then to conciliate the Affections of the Country, which he had ſo ſhamefully plundered, he undertook to enrich it, by introducing a new Manufacture, and teaching us the Art of making Glaſs Bottles. Hence he was called *Volcanus Vitriarius.* He had likewiſe the Sirname or Title of *Archi-Carbonarius*, becauſe he firſt diſcovered Coal Mines in *Ireland.* But he was beſt known by the Name of *Vol*, a Diminutive from *Volcan*, as we ſay *Will*, *Tom*, *Kit*, &c. Tho' I muſt not here omit, that ſome learned Criticks derive it from the *French Vol* or *Voleur*, a *Thief* or *Robber*, which is no unnatural Etymology.

The Hiſtory of *Vol* and his Gridiron forms the Epiſode in the third Book.

Ver. 29. *So may long laſt thy Pots*, &c.

Ut hic Verſus, poliatur
Vitrum; Olla nec frangatur;
Nec ſit molle lutum, vile,
Damnum irrepara-bile;
Superentque Dublinenſes
Iſtas alias Briſtonienſes
Vol-ampullæ & craſſitie,
Et planitie, & duritie;
Quas & cuncti cupiant Bitiæ.

Tir-Oen, who had frequently ſurveyed *Vol*'s Glaſs-Houſe, affirms, that all the Iron Inſtruments uſed by his Workmen, as Bars, Paddles, Rakes, Procers, Ladles, ſmall Ladles, Strocals, Forks, Sleepers, Ferrets, Faſcets, Pipes, Pontee Stakes, Shears, Sciſſers, Crannies, Towers, *&c.* were excellently well made, being forged by himſelf, or under his Inſpection. But his Pots or Pans, in which the Metal was contained, were wrought with ſuch bad Clay, that they would not bear the Fire, but cracked after the firſt or ſecond Trial.

Briſtol is a rich and populous City in *Great Britain.* A Place of great Trade; and particularly famous for making Glaſs Bottles,

And O thou! whether moſt thou delighteſt to hear
Co-lonel or chief Huntſman, or *Mars* Chevalier,
Leave

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Bottles, of which large Quantities were formerly imported into this Kingdom.

Bitiæ —— *Bitias* was one of Queen *Dido*'s Miniſters, a good Bottle Companion.

Tum Bitiæ dedit increpitans: ille impiger hauſit
Spumantem pateram. Virgil.

Ver. 31. *And O thou!* &c.
Et tu *Colonelle*, ſive
Mavis Eques, O *Gradive*,
Seu Venator jam vocari
Tu primarius: *pol par pari.*

Mars, the God of War, the great Hero of this Poem, was the Son of *Jupiter* and *Juno*; or, as others ſay, of *Juno* alone. He is ſometimes deſcrib'd by the ancient Poets on Horſeback, with a Whip and a Spear; but more generally riding in an high Chariot; *Diſcord* going before him; *Clamour* and *Anger* following him; and the Goddeſs *Fame* with her Trumpet leading the Proceſſion. According to *Homer*, *Mars* was the moſt odious of all the Gods. He was not only perfidious, impious and unjuſt; but likewiſe an Aſſaſſin and a Murtherer. He kill'd *Hallirothius* the Son of *Neptune*, for which he was try'd before a Tribunal of twelve Gods. The Power and Intereſt of his Relations ſo divided the Court that he was acquitted. But being afterwards tried for other high Crimes and Miſdemeanors before *Jupiter*, he was convicted and baniſhed to the Earth. As this Misfortune befel him at a time when all the Nations of *Europe* were engaged in Wars, he acquired ſome Reputation in his own Trade, and was advanced by the Favour of the D. of *O*. to a Poſt of Honour and Profit in the *Engliſh* Army. He was likewiſe Knighted; and is therefore frequently called *Mavors Eques*, Sir *Mars*, in our Author's Works. But notwithſtanding the high Appellations he aſſumed, both before and after his Fall, tho' he was acknowledged the God of War, and ſeemed to delight in Arms and Blood, 'tis certain he had but little military Skill, and leſs Courage. *Homer* ſays, *Pallas* held him in ſuch Contempt at the Siege of *Troy*, that ſhe oppoſed him with no other Weapon than a great Stone, with which ſhe knocked him down; and at another time he was wounded by *Diomed*, a mere Mortal; when unable to bear the Smart, and frightned at the Sight of his Blood, he ran out of the Field roaring and bellowing ſo loud that he was remark'd by both Armies. 'Tis not therefore to be wonder'd at, if now being wholly ſtript of his Divinity, and ſubjected to human Infirmities, he ſhould appear more puſillanimous than he did in his primitive State. However he ſo well diſſembled his Want of Courage, that he obtained, as I ſaid before, an handſome Command; and for ſome time poſſeſs'd a Character which he did not deſerve. If his evil Genius had not brought him into this Country, he had probably been promoted to the Degree of a General in the *Britiſh* Troops. But attending here the Beginning of this Century on his Patron, who was then our Lord Lieutenant, he was upon ſome Occaſion Caned or Cudgelled by a young Gentleman of the Family of *B*—— *w*. Not reſenting this Affront as he ought, agreeably to the Manners of the Age, and the Rules of Honour obſerved in the Army, he fell into ſuch Contempt, that he found it neceſſary to quit his military Poſt. Indeed our Poet, who has made Choice of Sir

Mars,

Leave thy Doxies and Dogs, to attend to my Verſe,
And protect me, while I thy own Battles rehearſe.

So

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Mars for his chief Hero, gives an artful turn to this Action; and imputes his Diſgrace to the Malice or Ignorance of his Operator *Prometheus*, who had formed his Body of ſuch coarſe matter, and had ſo ill proportioned the ſeveral Members, that ſcarce one of them was ſerviceable to him, or could be us'd in a Gentleman like manner. —— After this Misfortune, by the Advice of his Brother *Vol*, he pretended to be an Adept in *Cynogeticks*, and propos'd to ſtock the Country with an excellent Breed of Hounds. Upon this, or ſome other Account, he was appointed chief Ranger or Huntſman General of *Ireland*; in which Quality Mr. *Scheffer* knew him, when he firſt began to write this Poem.

Mars was of a very hot Conſtitution; and various are his Amours recorded by the ancient Poets. His Intrigue with *Venus* is a Story well known to every School Boy. *Homer* and *Ovid* have informed us, that he was taken in the very Act, and expoſed to the Deriſion of all the Gods. Nor was he more ſucceſsful after his Fall. His Affair with Mrs. *D.* is on Record in the *Britiſh* Courts of Law; where he was tried and mulcted in the Sum of Five thouſand Pounds. There are indeed ſome very ugly Circumſtances which blacken this Action, and juſtify the Puniſhment inflicted on our Hero, even in the Opinion of Men of the greateſt Gallantry: For the Lady he debauch'd was the Wife of his beſt Friend, by whom he was at that Time maintain'd, and in whoſe Houſe he lived. He perſuaded the unfortunate Woman to rob her Husband, that he might afterwards plunder her; which having done, he turn'd her into the Streets, and ſuffered her to periſh for want of common Neceſſaries. *Tir-Oen*, who has related the Particulars of this Affair, concludes his Story with the following Reflection, *Dubium eſt profecto mihi, an mulierem, an hoſpitium violando plus voluptatis cepit Mavors. Dubium quoque an improbo minus doluit amicam, cujus amor eſt perſpectus, conficere, an virum, cui maxima debet Beneficia, perdere.*

I am really in doubt, whether Mars *took more Pleaſure in debauching his Friend's Wife, or in violating the Rights of Hoſpitality? Whether it concerned him leſs to ſtarve an unhappy Woman, who had given him the greateſt Proofs of her Affection, or to deſtroy the Peace of a Man to whom he owed the greateſt Obligations?*

Wetſtein, in his *Critical Diſſertation*, p. 23, has enumerated, in a ſarcaſtical Manner, the Exploits which our Hero performed in the *Low Countries*; I mean his Engagements with the Ladies. Madam *de N.* among others, became his Prey. She was the Wife of a *Dutch* General, the Count *de N.* a Man of great Honour, and highly eſteemed by all who knew him. This Lady received from Sir *Mars* the ſame Marks of that ſingular Humanity, with which he had treated his *Engliſh* Miſtreſs. The Intrigue was publickly known; Madam *de N.* was ſeparated from the Count; and her Gallant, who was obliged to fly the Continent, to get out of the Reach of an incenſed Husband, retired into this Iſland. Here was the laſt Scene of his Action; and here he engaged in that unfortunate Amour, which ended in his Marriage; a State that he always abhorred. In ſhort, he was compelled to make a Wife of an old Miſtreſs, with whom he had cohabited for fourteen or fifteen Years before. This was that famous *Myra* ſo well known throughout the *Britiſh* Iſlands.

Sir

So to read thy Memorial may Viceroy incline,
And a Penſion beſtow —— or invite thee to dine!
Sol was now in the Ocean; his Horſes were dreſt;
And the Houſhold of *Thetis* was order'd to reſt.

When

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Sir *Mars* was her third Husband. Even during their Concubinage ſhe eſteemed him no otherwiſe than as one of her menial Servants: But after their Marriage ſhe treated him with the greateſt Inſolence: She ſquandered away his whole Fortune, and reduced him to the loweſt Circumſtances. By repeated Provocations, our Hero was at length rouſed to Vengeance: He was ſeized with that Sort of Fury and Madneſs, which *Homer* aſcribes to him; and which ſometimes ſupplies the Want of true Courage: And on the very Day of *Myra*'s Metamorphoſis, when by that means ſhe was become much more formidable in her Perſon, he attacked her in her own Caſtle. For ſome time the Battle was doubtful, and Sir *Mars* was often in great Peril. But at laſt he obtained a compleat Victory, by ſuddenly darting a full-bottomed Peruke, powdered *a la moderne*, in her Face; with which he had purpoſely armed himſelf. A ſubtle Invention, ſays *Cuper*, worthy the Genius of the God of War, and the Imitation of all modern Knights, who may hereafter be engaged and unfortunately over-matched by a Bearded Virago. This famous Battle, which is the Argument of the fourth Book, was fought 5 *Iduum Martii*, the Year before Mr. *Scheffer* publiſhed his Poem.

Ver. 33. *Leave thy Doxies and Dogs*, &c.

Minus placeant jam catu-li!
Neque cura ſit pecu-li!

Peculi, i. e. *Domeſticarum Meretricium.* All the Commentators juſtify my Verſion of this Word. *Domus Martis Canibus Venaticis Meretriculiſque (in quas impetus continuo fiat) ſemper plena*, ſays *Tir-Oen.*

Ver. 35. *So to read thy Memorial* &c.

Sic & inter bellos bellus
Fias ſenex! Sic Libellus
Supplex tuus perlegatur!
Rex Salarium largiatur,
Cœnam ſaltim! —— *Cui non datur?*

Sir *Mars* preſented a Memorial or Petition to every new Viceroy, ſetting forth the great Service and Honour he had done the Government — by his Buck-Hounds; and modeſtly praying an additional Penſion *not exceeding* the Sum of 500 *l. per annum* to be ſettled on him for Life. His Memorial was ſeldom read —— and never anſwered. But he was ſometimes invited to dine at the Caſtle, which gave him full Satisfaction; as it furniſhed the Occaſion of that famous Saying, which he had conſtantly in his Mouth, *J'ay l'honneur de vivre avec les grands!*

Ver. 37. Sol *was now in the Ocean* &c.

Cum jam pridem in oceanum ſe condidiſſet *Pæan*;
Curatiſque equis, qui tùm
Erant Thetidos, dormitum.

When his Godſhip, or curious to viſit old Night,
To ſee how we ſupply the Defect of his Light;
Or perhaps to invent a new Subject for Mirth,
Took a Fancy to ſtrole for one Evening on Earth.
But he doſt all his Rays, and his Bow he laid down:
For a God by his Enſigns of Honour is known;
As an Idiot's diſtinguiſh'd by putting a Bib on,
And a great Chevalier by a Croſs and a Ribbon.
Tho' the *Magi* aſſure us, the *Sun* is not proud,
Yet his Habit was made of the brighteſt blue Cloud
Well embroider'd, and ſpangled: He ſeem'd a mere Beau;
For he knew that fine Clothes are a Paſſport below.

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Sol or *Pæan* the *Sun*; who was alſo called *Apollo*, *Phœbus*, *Cynthius*, *Delius*, &c. He is deſcribed by the Poets and Mythologiſts as a beautiful Youth, his Hair long and flowing with the Wind; his Head crowned with Laurel, his Habit rich and embroidered with Gold. In one Hand he holds a Bow, and in the other his Harp. When he appears as the *Sun*, he rides in a magnificent Chariot drawn by four Horſes, and ends his Stage in the Weſtern Ocean. This God was the Patron and Preſident of the Muſes, and the Inventor of Muſic and Poetry. He was well skilled in Phyſic and Divination. For his peculiar Excellencies, he was the moſt honoured of all the Gods, and had the richeſt Temples. The *Perſians* (whoſe Prieſts were called *Magi*) worſhiped the Sun by the Name of *Mithra*, and the *Ægyptians* by that of *Oſyris*.

Ver. 45. *As an Idiot's diſtinguiſh'd* &c.

Ut cùm faſcias tu fa-tuis,
Bona nutrix, tuis ſuis:
Ut cùm phaleris Barones;
Seu quos, O Rex bone, dones.
Cave autem, Muſa bona:
Sic deſignas Regia dona?
Phaleræ num Periſcelis?
Cave tibi, Juris telis.
Siccin'? utrum, Lector, velis.

Our Author frequently interrupts himſelf by a ſhort Addreſs to his Muſe, as in this Place. Theſe Digreſſions, which are all in the *Gothick* Manner, ſound well enough in the Original, but cannot be eaſily tranſlated into *Engliſh*, ſo as to preſerve the Dignity of the Poem. I have therefore generally omitted them.

Nor his Treſſes neglected now flow in the Wind,
But were furl'd, and with Art in a Silk Bag confin'd.
Who of all the ſmart Toupees ſo graceful appears?
Who can pleaſe the Nymphs more by producing his —— Ears?
From the Head of the *Xiphias* he cut off a Sword,
Fit to grace a new Mayor, tho' he's titled My Lord;
For the Handle was Pearl, and the Scabbard Shagreen;
And his Sword-Knot, unſully'd, had garter'd a Queen.
From a Tortoiſe-Shell Trident he ſhap'd a neat Cane,
With a Gold Head adorn'd, tho' the Work was but plain.
Shone his Shoes with Gold Buckles: Well lin'd were his Fobs
With a Watch of chas'd Gold, and a Purſe of Gold Cobs.

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 55. *From the Head of the* Xiphias *&c.*

Occiſoque Xiphi-â put-
a præbere enſem caput;
Quo vel novus Prætor gaudeat,
Si *Mi-lordus* idem audiat.

Xiphias, a Fiſh larger than a *Dolphin*, by the Italians called *Peſce Spada*, by the *French*, *l'Empereur*; by the *Germans*, *Schwerdt Fiſch*, and by us the *Sword-Fiſh*. See a Deſcription of it in *Pliny*, *Oppian*, and in *The Natural Hiſtory* of *Johan. Johnſton*. In the laſt you have the Figure of the *Sword-Fiſh*, which is alſo to be found in the Hiſtory of the *Hottentots* lately publiſhed.

Xiphiæ are likewiſe a Sort of Stars or Comets which appear in the Form of a Sword, *in Mucronem faſtigiatæ*, *Plin. Nat. Hiſt.*

Ver. 62. —— *and a Purſe of Gold Cobs.*

Centum minæ *Philippeæ*,
Philippeæ, ſed au-reæ,
Infuerunt in marſupio.
O ſi haſce mî! mî cupio.

A Gold Cob is a *Spaniſh* Coin value 3 *l.* 14 *s.*

Nor pronounce the good Muſe, who bedights him, too
bold:
For we know, when he pleaſes, the *Sun* can make Gold.
But he needs not to work, nor the Muſe want a Plea;
For who doubts there is Plenty of Gold in the Sea?
Thus his Godſhip equipt ſallies out from his Port,
And as ſwift, as a *Triton*, thro' *Mare del Nort*,
To thy Channel, O *George!* with a Spring-tide he flows;
And anon on *Ierne*'s fair Iſland aroſe.
Still the Stairs may be ſeen, in the Deep far extended,
(Mighty Work of the Sea Gods!) by which he aſcended,
Giants Cauſey —— (For *Sol*, in his travelling Dreſs,
Hieroglyphical Giants are us'd to expreſs.)

Over

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 72. *(Mighty Work of the Sea Gods!)* —
Giants Cauſey ——
Mirum opus cœrule-i
Viam extruxere Dei,
Giganteam nuncupantes:
Quippe exprimunt *Gigantes*
Hieroglyphici, curſoris
Solis robur & labores.

I need not here give any Account of the *Giants Cauſey*, a Place ſo well known to the Inhabitants of this Country. Such however as are curious to ſee a particular Deſcription of it may conſult the *Philoſophical Tranſactions*. But it will not be amiſs to inform the unlearned Reader, that the old *Ægyptians*, who expreſſed the Meaning of whatever was ſacred among them by myſtical Characters, or the Pictures of various Creatures, uſed the Image and Figure of a Giant to ſignify the Sun. The *Greeks* and *Aſiaticks* (who derived their Learning and moſt of their Gods likewiſe from the *Ægyptians*) wherever they built a Temple to the Sun, erected his Statue in the Form of a Giant: And the *Coloſſus* at *Rhodes*, one of the Wonders of the World, was a Statue of the Sun ſeventy Cubits high; in which Iſland he was worſhiped with the greateſt Veneration. The *Jews*, after their Retreat from *Ægypt*, tho' they were forbid by their Law to make Hieroglyphicks, or the Likeneſs of any Creatures, to expreſs their

Over Mountains and Bogs, ſpeeding hence in a Line,
He arriv'd at Port *Eblane* exactly at nine.
Here he travers'd the Streets, every Bridge and each Quay;
(For the Turnings he often had noted by Day.)
Firſt the Lamps he examin'd, concave and convex;
How the ſame were ſupply'd, with their various Aſpects:
But condemn'd the dull Glare, that would ſcarcely ſuffice
To direct a Night-walker, who wanted good Eyes:
He remark'd, that ſhort Links ſerv'd to light home poor Wits;
That a Lanthorn mov'd ſlowly before the rich Cits:
That the Traders become by their drinking more dull,
And the Bards debonnair, when their Bellies are full.

To

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

their Meaning and Devotion, yet introduced the ſame into all their Writings by Way of Similies and Compariſons. Thus, in the moſt excellent Poem now extant in the *Hebrew* Language, *Pſalm* xix. the Sun is compared to a *Giant rejoicing to run his Courſe.*

Ver. 76. *He arriv'd at Port* Eblane *&c.*

Hora nona jam ſonuit;
Ad *Eblanum* portum fuit.
Sed Eblana portus qui? num
Idem portus, qui Dublinum?
Ehem idem: nomen binum.

Port *Eblane*, now called *Dublin.*

Ver. 85. *That the Traders &c.*

His ingenium aſininum;
Bacchus illis dat divinum;
Riſus, jocos. Quidni ita?
Vinum Poetarum vita.

When this Poem was firſt publiſhed, ſome Bon Companions immediately criticiſed

To the God were more grateful the well ſcented Flames
Of the Flambeaux, conducting the Chairs of high Dames:
How inviting the Belles! how diffuſive the Blaze!
How their Eyes—and the Glaſſes reflected the Rays!
But aſtoniſh'd he look'd, where his *Excellence* ſhone
In a Berlin, whoſe Guard was a counterfeit Moon:
Such an Orb, as a Deluge of Rain had endur'd,
Unextinguiſh'd by Winds, and by Clouds unobſcur'd:
Phœbe views with much Envy a Rival ſo bright,
Who aſſumes her own Form, and eclipſes her Light!
How the Streets were adorn'd, when his Godſhip had ſeen,
He would know, how the Houſes were lighted within:
So to Court he repairs to make Obſervation;
For at Court muſt needs be the grand Illumination.
Here the Bougies and Tapers ſoon drew his Attention:
Much the Form he admir'd, much he prais'd the Invention.
Such a Radiance can Matter, thus moulded, diſplay!
Can a Night-Beam be made to reſemble the Day!

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

ticiſed this Paſſage, and raillied our Author as a Man unacquainted with the ſociable Diſpoſition and Cuſtom of my Countrymen, ſince he repreſents the Poets and good Citizens of *Dublin* leaving their Bottle ſo early as nine o' Clock. —— But *Tir-Oen*, apologizing for his Friend *Scheffer*, ſays, it was the Eve of a Feſtival; that they had all dined at the Tavern that Day, and were then but coming from Dinner, with Intent to return about ten to their Evening's Compotation.

As

As if this was his Noon-tide, his Sight was as clear;
Nor himſelf could cauſe Objects more plainly appear.
He diſtinguiſh'd Lord *John* by his noble *Greek* Mien;
And obſerv'd all who circled the graceful Vice Queen:
Haughty DAMES ſet with Di'monds, and ſtiffen'd with Gold;
Whom to dreſs for one Day half a County is ſold:
Mitred PRIESTS, who beſides a good Conſcience and Wife,
Here enjoy all the other good things of this Life:

Who

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 107. *He diſtinguiſh'd Lord* John &c.

Eccum Regem Græciſſantem,
Stantem, dantem, adulantem;
Dantem ſed & expectantem:
Dum ſe rebus ſuis aptat,
Ac ſuffragia omnium captat.

The Reader may find an Account of this noble Perſon Book III.

Ver. 110. *Whom to dreſs for one Day* &c.

Et nunc benè parta patrum
Vendidit luxuria matrum:
Fiunt mitra, aurea palla,
Anadema, παντα ταλλα.

Mr. *Scheffer* could not avoid obſerving, during his Reſidence in *Dublin*, the Luxury and Extravagance of our Ladies, and the Richneſs of their Habits, Equipage, Furniture, &c. And it muſt have aſtoniſhed him to ſee a Woman's Head-Dreſs, without any Ornament of Gold or Jewels, ſold for more Money, than a King of *Ulſter* would formerly have demanded for the Maintenance of himſelf and his Civil Liſt; or, than at this Day would be ſufficient to cloath a whole Nation of *Laplanders*.

Ver. 111. *Mitred Prieſts, who beſides* &c.

Propè Nymphas *Epi-ſcopi*,
Aulæ munimenta, tropi:
Queis altiſſima prudentia;
Bona quoque conſcientia:
(Quid prudentia? Ars vivendi:
Conſcientia? Transferendi:)
Ditat, ornat quos In-fula;
Capit fovet Uxor-cula;
Auget ingenioſa gula.
Hierarchias O quàm colunt!
Sed quas colunt, quàm mox nolunt!
Et quas nolunt, valde volunt.
Seni-jugi (ſcit *Hor*; ſino;
Quod & chartis nunc illino)
Illis jure ſunt divino.

Hor, according to *Tir-Oen*, is the Diminutive of *Hortenſius*, the Name of a certain great Prelate.

Mr.

Who refuſe, what they ask, which to Lay-men ſounds odd;
And are forc'd to accept, tho' the Gifts are of God,
Fair Revenues and Lordſhips: HORTENSIUS and I know
That Epiſcopal Coaches are *Jure Divino.*
Then he view'd the fair WARRIORS, the Pride of ——
All be-powder'd a top, and be-broider'd all over;
Ever ready for Honour to hazard their Lives,
To repel all our Foes, and to ſolace our Wives.
And among 'em he noted a Wight of great Fame,
Who reſembled the Heroes in colour and Name;

Bully

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Mr. *Scheffer* here expreſſes the greateſt Reſpect for the Rt. Revd. Fathers of our Church. And indeed it ought to be acknowledged, even by thoſe who are Enemies to that Order, that the exemplary Piety and profound Erudition of theſe moſt excellent Prelates, juſtly entitle them to the Eſteem of all Mankind. Such at leaſt, are my Sentiments. But I muſt own, that the *Latin* Commentators are of a different Opinion. They will not allow this Paſſage to be intended as a Compliment to our good Biſhops. They explain it in a ludicrous and ironical Manner; and *Tir-Oen* particularly pretends to juſtify this Interpretation, by our Author's Addreſs to B. *H.* in his third Book. But of that in its proper Place. In the mean time, I muſt deſire the Reader to make large Allowances when he meets with any Heterodox Opinions in Mr. *Scheffer*'s Commentators; and to conſider them as prejudiced by Party and Education. *Tir-Oen* is a Papiſt, at leaſt he is one in his Heart; and *Cuper* and *Wetſtein* are rigid Calviniſts.

Ver. 121. *And among 'em he noted* &c.

Hiſce en! permiſtus (cui dem
Veſtem, vultum, robur idem,
Titulumque, vanum, binum,
Militarem & bovinum)
Stat *Bipennifer Satelles*;
Plenus vini, gloriæ, fellis:
Cui lingua ſine fine,
Pectoreque corpus ſine.
Appelletur *Milo* — *mî ne.*

Mi ne, i. e. *ne mihi noceat*, ſays *Tir-Oen.* This Captain *Milo* was a tall Military-Civil Officer, a great Enemy to our Author, and to all Men of Wit and Learning.

For their Novids *and* Blutarchs, *and*
Omers *and Stuff*,
He affirms *they don't ſignify one Pinch of Snuff.*

Hamilton's Bawn.

He was *Myra*'s favourite Bully, and expected to be promoted to an higher

Bully *Milo* I wot, a huge B——x Chief,
Who derives both his Title and Proweſs from Beef.
Then he mark'd the trim PAGES, well skill'd in In-
triguing;
And the noble PATRICIANS Brib'd, Bribing and Briguing:
And the PATRIOTS, whoſe Speeches are honeſt and bold;
Who are not to be bought —but with Places or Gold.
Next to theſe in Diſguiſe ſtood a Dozen young FRIERS;
And a Group of LONG ROBE-MEN, Knights, Sergeants
and Squires;
Solemn Sages, deep read in the Magic of *Coke*,
Who confound eve'ry Senſe by explaining his Book:

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

of Honour by her Intereſt. I never ſaw him wave his Bonnet to the Sorcereſs without calling to mind thoſe Lines of *Cleveland*,

> The Trees, like *Yeomen of the Guard*,
> *Serving more for Pomp than Ward*, &c.

The Reader may find a further Account of this Gentleman in another Place, where the Poet calls him *Thraſo*.

Ver. 127. *And the Patriots*, &c.

> Et qui nunquam niſi auro
> Patriam vendunt; digni lauro,
> Purè cùm ratiocinentur;
> Cruce, cùm tergiverſentur.

Mr. *Scheffer* here expreſſes a juſt Abhorrence of all *Mock-Patriots* and Deſerters.

Ver. 131. *Solemn Sages deep read in the Magic* &c.

> Eccos nunc Præſtigiatores,
> Vel Præſtitibus majores!
> Qui obſcurius explanando,
> Ac deterius emendando,
> Quicquid commentatur *Cokus*
> Iſte legum *Hocus-Pocus*,
> Faciunt: audent, contra quæ fas,
> Quæ corrigere eſt nefas,
> Famæ ergô, ſeu euphoniæ,
> Ut Rex iſte *Tarraconiæ*:
> Apageſis! Textus hiat;
> Nec vox ſufficit Dei, at
> Emendandum magnum FIAT.

The Poet in the laſt four Lines alludes to a Saying of ALPHONSO X. King of *Arragon*, which is reported by *Lipſius*, viz. *That if God had adviſed with him in the Creation, he could have given him good Counſel.*

In the Grant made to *Adam* would find out a Flaw,
And amend the great *Fiat* —— according to Law.
Ev'ry Belle he ſurvey'd, gave the God new Delight,
And inclin'd him to ſtay in the Caſtle all Night:
When, to others unſeen, roguiſh *Cupid* he ſpies,
Shooting Arrows at random from *Clara*'s bright Eyes:
Rigid Dame! whom his Youth, nor his Voice might perſuade,
By her Conqueſts unmov'd, or the Wounds ſhe had made.
Hard the Fate of a Lover! Winds temper the Heat;
And our Hunger is quickly appeas'd, if we eat:
Water quenches the Thirſt: Wine our Cares will remove:
But, alas! Love is only extinguiſh'd by Love.
Well experienc'd, the God to ſecure his own Heart,
Leſt again he be *Daphne'd*, reſolv'd to depart:
And in Night-Scenes intent to accumulate Knowledge,
He propos'd to examine each Room in the College:

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 145. —— *To ſecure his own Heart,*
Leſt again he be Daphne'd *&c.*
Metuit quippe, ne (quæ rara Avis) caſta, bella *Clara*, Ne aliena hæc uxor Violaret molle cor; Ne, quæ illum ſic ſic affecit, fiat altera *Daph*——.

Bella Clara. *Clara*, or *Clara Eugenia*, was a Woman of Quality who lived in *Dublin* when Mr. *Scheffer* wrote his Poem. She was a beautiful Perſon, and a Lady of great Wit and Virtue.

Altera Daph. *Daphne* was the Daughter of the River *Peneus*, who at her own Deſire was changed into a Laurel by her Father, to avoid *Apollo*'s Amours.

He had heard of hard Students deſtroy'd by Night-
Damps;
And had read many Authors, that ſmelt of the Lamps.
But retiring in haſte, when they open'd the Ball,
In the Guard Room he joſtled Sir *Mars* and old *Vol:*
And by Contact one God can diſcover another;
As a learned Free-Maſon by Signs knows a Brother.
Now Sir *Mars* and old *Vol* (who had oft been forgiven)
For repeated Offences were exiled from Heaven;
On the Earth for ſome Ages condemn'd to abide,
And imbodied as Mortals, in Fleſh to be try'd:
Caſuiſtical Sages have offer'd great Odds,
That they ne'er will return to th'Aſſembly of Gods.
But Inquiries ſublime, ſo far out of thy reach,
O! my Muſe leave to Clerks, who are skilful to preach:
And proceed now to ſay, How polite was SOL's Greeting!
How rejoic'd the *Vejovites* at ſuch a Chance-Meeting!

Mars

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 155. *Now Sir* Mars *and old* Vol *&c.*

Tandem, ſæpiùs cum peccâſſent,
Vol & *Mavors* exulâſſent.

Mr. *Scheffer* does not any where mention the Crimes for which *Vol* and *Mars* were baniſhed from Heaven. But in the following Lines he inſinuates, tho' with great Modeſty, that they have ſcarce any chance to return thither again.

Ver. 163. —— *How polite was* SOL's *Greeting!* &c.

Quàm benignè *Sol* ſalutat?
Re-*Vejovis* Proles. Putat
Rectè rem Venator ſenex;
Brevem præbeat tibi *Phœnix*
Cœnam, *Phœbe*; vina, quæ nix.

Re-Vejovis proles. i. e. *Reſalutat. Vina, quæ nix.* i. e. *Vina, quæ nix temperet.*

Mars invited the Stranger to ſup in the Park.
" 'Tis too far, (quoth the *Collier*) too late and too dark:
" For the Purpoſe what Place is ſo fit as a Tavern?"
And without a Word more he led on to the Cavern,
Where ſo oft he vouchſafes with his *Trulla* to dine;
And where, Nectar ſurpaſſing, he promis'd old Wine.
Now the Supper beſpoke, the *Trium-dei* ſate;
Mars began to ask Queſtions concerning the State.

" Who

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Thus it is in *Grierſon*'s Edition. But in the *Amſterdam* Copy I find this Paſſage, as follows,

O quàm cultum Χαῖρε *Solis!*
Vejovis dum gaudet proles.
Incipit Venator ſenex,
Præbeat cœnam tibi *Phœnix*,
Phœbe, brevem; vina, quæ nix.

Here Mr. *Scheffer* calls his two Heroes, *Mars* and *Vol*, *Vejovis Proles*, the Offſpring of *Vejupiter* or *Bad Jupiter*, a God whom the ancient *Romans* worſhipped, not out of Hopes of any Favour, but as the *American Indians* are ſaid to worſhip the Devil, that he might not do them any Miſchief. *Wetſtein* is of Opinion, that our Author, by this Appellation would inſinuate the ill Qualities of his Heroes, and that they delighted in doing Injury to all Perſons, who had the Misfortune to be within their reach.

Phœnix is the Name of the King's Park near *Dublin*.

Ver. 167. — *What Place is ſo fit as a Tavern?* &c.

Jam migremus in tabernam,
Dixit: duxit ad cavernam;
Sæpiùs ubi aſſumſitque
Vol convivam, iniitque
Trullam ſuam; ubi hoſpes
Vincet omnes (ut eſt mos) ſpes,
Dans potatum puriſ-ſimum,
Vinum bimum, vel quadrimum,
Nectarique ſimil-limum.

There is a little obſcure Tavern in *Dublin*, called *Vol*'s *Hole*. To this Place, while he was Surintendant of the Finances, he frequently uſed to retire, to relax his Mind, and ſolace with the Mud-Nymphs of *Liffy*.

Trulla, a famous Mud-Nymyh, *Vol*'s favourite Miſtreſs.

Ver. 172. Mars *began to ask Queſtions* &c.

Multa rogitabat *Mavors:*
An quid re in aliquâ fors?
Quid Ζεὺς Pater? An ſeneſcit?
Juno in immenſum creſcit?
An quis Regi canit votum?
An Regina jam Fac-totum?
Eſto! ſed quid Rex tùm? O tùm.

Mars, after his Fall, ſet up for a Politician, and pretended to underſtand the Conſtitution and Intereſt of all Nations better than any Man.

I am

" Who has now the Aſcendant in *Jupiter*'s Houſe?
" Does the Monarch grow old, and ſubmit to his Spouſe?
" Who is moſt in his Favour, young *Ganny* or *Hebe?*
" Has he found a fit Match for his Daughter Miſs *Phœbe?*
" Are your Triple Alliances like to ſtand good?
" Are the *Titan* Pretenders yet wholly ſubdu'd?

" Was

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

I am ſurpriſed that the *(O tum)* in the laſt Verſe ſhould not be underſtood by the *Latin* Commentators, when the Senſe of it appears ſo plain. *An Regina*, &c. Is Queen *Juno* now the Factotum? What then is King *Jupiter? O tùm.* A mere Cypher.

Ver. 175. *Who is moſt in his Favour* &c.

Quis nunc Regis pocillator
Οινοχεύει? Ardet Pater
Trois filium, ſive Heben?
Stabili conjugio Phæben
Adhuc junxit? —— Pejeratum
Triplex fœdus? An firmatum?

Young Ganny.] *Ganimedes* the Son of *Tros*, King of *Troy*. *Jupiter* having transformed himſelf into an Eagle, ſeized little *Ganimede* and carried him up into Heaven, where he made him his Cupbearer. His Daughter *Hebe* likewiſe ſerved him in the ſame Quality, who was a Girl of extraordinary Beauty, and was worſhipped by the Ancients as the Goddeſs of Youth. *Vol* had formerly been Cupbearer to *Jupiter*, but was removed to make room for *Ganimede*. The *Iriſh* Chronologiſts may from hence be able to fix the time when our black Hero firſt began to play his Tricks, and loſe the Favour of the Gods; for 'tis now more than 3000 Years ſince the Rape of *Ganimede*.

Phœbe, called alſo *Diana*, *Luna*, *Cynthia*, &c. the Daughter of *Jupiter*, and Siſter of the Sun. Tho' ſhe was demanded in Marriage by many of the greater Gods, yet ſhe refuſed to change her Condition, and choſe to live for ever in a State of Virginity. But ſee what is ſaid of her by *Mars*, *Book* II.

Triplex Fœdus. ——

Our Author here means the Original League and Compact between *Jupiter*, *Neptune* and *Pluto*, which they entered into for the better ordering and directing the Affairs of this World.

Ver. 178. *Are the* Titan *Pretenders* &c.

An Titania pubes poſcit
Regna ſua? an agnoſcit
Magni nunc imperium Jovis?
Magni nunc O. O vis! O Vis!

Titan the Son of *Cœlus* and *Terra*, was excluded from his Birthright by his younger

" Was there not a new Star very lately call'd forth?
" For methinks I eſpy a young Bear in the North.
" Can you tell a new Tale of a *Jove*-Transformation?
" Or intriguing that Way, is it grown out of Faſhion?
" Modern Spinſters, experienc'd in all Maſquerade,
" Will no more by a Bull or a Swan be betray'd;
" But reſiſtleſs the Pow'r, tho' the Figure be old,
" Which addreſſes the Dame in a Shower of Gold."
He proceeds next enquiring, " What Gods are aſſign'd
" To be Tutelars here, and to govern Mankind?

" Are

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

younger Brother *Saturn*; he afterwards made an Attempt to recover his Kingdom; but was defeated by *Jupiter*; who upon his Victory, made all the Gods ſwear Fidelity to himſelf to confirm his Uſurpation, and prevent any future Danger from the Race of the *Titans*.

Magni nunc O. O is here to be explained in the ſame Senſe as *O tùm*. See before *Ver.* 172.

Ver. 180. *For methinks I eſpy a young Bear* &c.

Nam Arctoi urſam poli
Tertiam vidi. Iſtam coli?
Iſtam ſociari *Soli!*

There are two Conſtellations called the Greater and the Leſſer Bear. Sir *Mars* pretended to have diſcovered a new Star, which he called the *Young Bear*. But I am inclined to think this Expreſſion is to be underſtood literally, and that the Knight intends it as a Compliment to ſome great Prince or Princeſs in the North.

Ver. 181. *Can you tell a new Tale of a* Jove &c.

Quid de Jove fecit Amor?
Qui ad atria cœli clamor
Jam pervenit? anne bovis
Hem mugitus, bovis Jovis?
Aureus imber, raucus cygnus,
Rex & Pater joco dignus?
At at, quæ in his diebus
Meliùs cavent ſuis rebus,
Haud aſſueſcunt pati taurum
Nymphæ noſtræ; ſed vel Maurum,
Senem Maurum, qui fert aurum.

Jupiter deceived *Europa* in the Shape of a Bull; *Læda* in that of a Swan, and dropt into *Danae*'s Boſom in a Shower of Gold. *But I am not of Opinion with Sir Mars*, ſays my Countryman *Tir-Oen*, *that this laſt Stratagem will always ſucceed. Tho' I muſt allow, that the Knight forms his Judgment from his own Experience; for he always practiſed this Method,*

till

" Are our Kindred intent to preſerve, and deſtroy
" Mighty Kings, and their Kingdoms, as whilom at
Troy? 190
" Who has ta'en from the *Perſian* Uſurper his Trophies?
" Who ſo kind to reſtore the old Race of the *Sophies?*
" Who ſo wide has extended the *Auſtr'an* Domain?
" Who inſtructed in King-craft the Donna of *Spain?*
" Who permitted the *Romans* to Fawn and Deceive? 195
" Who has fix'd the light *Gaul*, and has taught him to
Weave?
" Who beſtow'd on *Britannia* ſo potent a Fleet?
" Why ſo fearleſs her Sons —— but unskilful to Treat?
" Have the *Dutch* any Gods? or — perhaps they don't
want 'em, 199
" Since ſo faithful are found the good Pagods of *Bantam?*
" Why are Men of *Ierne* depriv'd of all Trade;
" Nor a Patron allow'd, but the Saint they have made;

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

till at length he had not enough left to purchaſe a little Iriſh *Harlot — Nec habet quod det Meretriculæ Hibernicæ obolo mercabili.*

Ver. 193. *Who ſo wide has extended the* Auſtr'an *Domain.*

Quare *Cæſar*, qui *Auſtriacus*,
(At ſi mentem ſpectes, qui acus,)
Αναξ Ανδρων, dura, pura
Per tot populos dat jura?
Tuas res, O Cæſar, *cura.*

Our Author undoubtedly intends theſe Lines as a Compliment to the preſent Emperor of *Germany*. But the Caſe of that Monarch hath been much altered ſince Mr. *Scheffer* wrote his Poem.

" Who

" Who is ever controul'd by the Speech of Vice-King;
" Nor has yet obtain'd leave to reſtore his own Spring?
" Ah! if thus ye reject your own People's Complaints,
" And to Mortals ſubject the good *Lares* and Saints:
" Even Pro-Excellencies will rule us with Rods,
" And your Vice-Roys will fancy, that they are Vice-Gods."

Unconcern'd, as unactive in War or in Peace,
(So the Danger's remote, and himſelf be at Eaſe,)
Heavy *Vol*, looking wiſely, then caſting ſide-leer,
Only ask'd a few Queſtions, and all with a Sneer.

" Who

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 203. *Who is ever controul'd* &c.

Sede ſuâ nunc excuſſus,
In magiſtri verba juſſus
Divus pauper heu! jurare,
Neſcit fontem reſtaurare;
Nequit ſuos revocare.

Spectans lumine obliquo
Congerrones, & iniquo;
Ipſum, creditores qui, quo.

St. *Patrick*'s Well in *Dublin* was famous for its excellent Water. And great Numbers of Pilgrims reſorted thither every Year. But a little before Mr. *Scheffer* wrote his Poem, this Spring became dry, and has not yet been recovered. However, it cannot with any Colour of Reaſon be pretended, that this Misfortune was owing to the Tyranny and Oppreſſion of the Government, as Sir *Mars* here inſinuates.

Ver. 211. *Heavy* Vol *looking wiſely* &c.

Philo-ſophum ore, vultu
Vol mentitur, licet ſtultu';

Vol had ſuch a Command of the Muſcles of his Face, that he could form his Countenance to expreſs any Paſſion or Character he thought fit to aſſume. He could put on the Face of Buſineſs and Authority, of Indolence and Pleaſure, as it ſuited his Deſign or Inclination. To the Companions of his idle Hours he appeared a *Buffoon*. Among the Mud-Nymphs of *Liffy*, or the Mountain-Nymphs of *Wicklow* he wore the Aſpect of a *Satyr*. In his Glaſs-Houſe or Colliery he always looked like a buſy *Philoſopher*. In the Preſence of the Lord Lieutenant or Lords Juſtices he always looked like a *Fool*. I remember to have heard the following Epigram, when Sir *Mars*, (who was then a great Favourite at Court) firſt introduced *Vol* to the D. of *O*.

If

" Who above are your Smiths? Are they Drunkards or
Fools,
" Who, uſurping my Forges, have ſpoil'd all my Tools?
" How diſhonour'd is *Jove* by their Bungling and
Blunders? 215
" For the Darts that fall here, are but ſecond-rate
Thunders.

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

If your Grace it may pleaſe!
I preſent you a Smith, who was ten Years
at School,
He's a very wiſe Man, tho' he looks like
a Fool.
And (rejoin'd the rough Kern) all allow,
who have ſeen us,
It is this, my good Lord, makes the Diff-
f'rence between us.

Tir-Oen ſays, that *Vol* had naturally a grave, unmeaning Countenance. *Cuper*, in his Diſſertation *de Imagine Volcani Hibernici*, aſſents, that Vol's natural Face or Look was unmeaning; but inſiſts that his Gravity was affected.

Vol vult videri Gravis, & eſt Gravis.
Cup. Diſſert. Crit.

But, however he looked, it is certain that *Vol* was a ſhrewd, cunning Fellow. The Repartee above mentioned, upon his being preſented to the D. of *O.* is a ſufficient Proof of his Wit ——— and how could he want Underſtanding, who was able to cheat a whole Nation?

Ver. 213. *Who above are your Smiths* &c.

Quinam fabri meas vices?
Annon ebrii? Opifices
Dî hoſcine, tute dices?

It muſt be allowed, that *Vol* was a moſt excellent Mechanick, and finiſhed his Work with ſuch Art and Dexterity, as not to be equalled by any of his Succeſſors. It would be impoſſible to recount the various Inſtruments, Implements Utenſils, Tools, Arms, Toys, as Swords, Bucklers, Thunderbolts, Thimbles, Bracelets, Crooks, Hooks, Helmets, Spears, Kettles, Pots, Cups, Tripods, Chains, Chariots, Crowns, Rattles, Sceptres, &c. which *Vol* had made for the Uſe of the other Gods, or for Preſents to ſuch Heroes as he favoured. But if the Reader is curious to be more particularly informed, let him conſult *Franciſcus Junius de Pictura Veterum*, and his Catalogue of Mechanicks, among whom he will find *Vol* making a very conſiderable Figure.

" When our Brother *Mars* bellows, more dreadful the Voice!
" Or when *Elrington* thunders, he makes as much Noiſe!
" Proper Weapons can ſuch Operators deviſe
" For the Blue-ey'd Virago, ſo curious and nice? 220
" I'm aſſur'd, that the *Ægis* is cover'd with Ruſt,
" That the *Gorgon*'s Head now only ſerves for a Buſt.
" *Vol* is gone, and there is not another has Skill
" To reſtore the dire Look, or its Virtue to kill!

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 217. *When our Brother* Mars *bellows* &c.

Hem inertia tela tua,
O Ζεὺς, cedunt tonitrua
Marti noſtro reboanti;
Elringtono intonanti.

'Tis no wonder, that the Voice of Sir *Mars* ſhould be more dreadful than Thunder, ſince we are aſſured by *Homer*, that when our Hero was wounded by *Diomed*, he roared ſo loud, that the Sound reached the Heavens, and made the ſtouteſt Warriors tremble.

ὁ δ' ἔβραχε χάλκεος Ἄρης
Ὅσσον τ' ἐννεάχιλοι ἐπίαχον ἢ δεκάχιλοι, &c.

Mars *bellows with the Pain,*
Loud as the Roar encountring Armies yield,
When ſhooting Millions ſhake the thund'ring Field:
Both Armies ſtart, and trembling gaze around,
And Earth and Heav'n rebellow to the Sound. Pope.

Elringtono intonanti. Mr. *Thomas Elrington* was a famous Actor, and for ſome time had the ſole Management of the *Dublin* Theatre. 'Tis ſaid, *Vol* was his Thunder-maker.

Ver. 219. *Proper Weapons* &c.

Fruſtrà curioſa petit
Arma virgo: neque metit
Meſſes ſuas. Iſti fabri
Arma faciant? fabri glabri.
Anne caſſidem γλαυκῶπις,
Quam nec ego, nec Steropes,
Induat aptè? Ferru-gine
Ægis certè tectus, ſine
Quo nil valeant Divæ minæ.

Glaucopis is a Name given to *Pallas* or *Minerva*. See the Note *V.* 112. *Book* II.

The *Ægis* was the Shield of *Pallas*, on which ſhe carried the Head of *Meduſa*, one of the *Gorgons*; which turned all who looked upon it into Stone.

Ægidaque horriferum turbatæ Palladis arma Virg.

" But

" But for thee, my good *Phœbus*, is chiefly my Care:
" Who thy Axle can mend, when 'tis out of Repair?
" Much I fear, that the Work is but clumſily done:
" For I've lately remark'd many Spots in the Sun.

" For

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 226. *Who thy Axle can mend* &c.

Veſtrum, vitium cum fece-rit,
Axem quis reſtitu-erit?

Vol made the Golden Chariot of the Sun, and kept it in repair to the Day of his Exile. The Axle and Wheels of this Glorious Vehicle are recorded as his Maſter-piece by the old Poets and Mythologiſts. But I have been informed by ſome intelligent Mechanicks, that he hath lately out-done himſelf, in an Axle and Pair of Wheels that he made for the Lord Viſcount *A.* which move the greateſt Weight without the Aſſiſtance of Men, Horſes, Oxen, Aſſes, *&c.* and in all reſpects excel the former.

This wonderful Machine may not improperly be here produced to vindicate that famous Paſſage in the eighteenth Book of the *Iliad* (for which the old Bard has been ſo ſeverely raillied by the Criticks) where our *Vol* is ſaid to have made for the Uſe of his own Houſe twenty Tripods that would move of themſelves from place to place, and go and come as they were ordered.

Τρίποδας γὰρ ἐείκοσι πάντας ἔτευχεν
Ἑσταμέναι περὶ τοῖχον ἐϋσταθέος μεγάροιο·
Χρύσεα δὴ σφ' ὑπὸ κύκλα ἑκάστῳ πυθμένι, θῆκεν,
Ὅφρα οἱ αὐτόματοι θεῖον δυσαίατ' ἀγῶνα
Ἠδ' ἄψ αὖτις πρὸς δῶμα νεοίατο, θαῦμα ἰδέσθαι.

Full twenty Tripods for his Hall he fram'd,
That plac'd on living wheels of maſſy Gold,
(Wond'rous to tell!) inſtinct with Spirit roll'd
From place to place, around the bleſt abodes,
Self-mov'd, obedient to the Beck of Gods.
Pope.

Ariſtotle makes mention of theſe Tripods in his *Politicks*, *Book* 1. *Chap.* 4. and ſeems to give Credit to the Poet's Relation. And I am confident no body will doubt the truth of it, who has ſeen Lord *A.*'s Carriage. For if *Vol* in his ſimple State of Humanity, can invent ſuch an uſeful Machine, which has not only the Power of Self-moving, but will likewiſe carry or draw twenty or thirty Ton weight from one place to another, ſhall we doubt, when he was of the Number of the Gods, whether he could make a few Joint-ſtools run upon Wheels about his Hall? Which indeed is no more than any Jugler may undertake to do; and much leſs than *Harlequin Fauſtus* has frequently performed without any Toil or Labour, to the great Satisfaction of the Spectators. —— A little after this Account of the Tripods, *Homer* relates (and by the way 'tis a much more incredible Story, however it has eſcaped the Cenſure of the Criticks) that *Vol* in a Viſit he made to *Thetys*, was ſupported by two Female Statues of Gold, which were likewiſe *automatous*, and, moreover, endued with Speech and Underſtanding. As he has conſtantly affected ſince his Fall to approve himſelf as great an Artiſt as he appeared above; ſo, to reſemble his *Homerican* Supporters, he made half a dozen Statues of the ſame Metal, while he was Treaſurer of *Ireland*, which, to his great Comfort, are ſtill in his Cuſtody; but he prudently forbore to give them Speech or Motion, leſt they ſhould tell Tales, or run away.

Ver. 228. *For I've lately remark'd* &c.

Corpus tuum glorioſum,
Modo vidi maculoſum,
Opacumque: *clarior quo ſum.*

" For the reſt —— If you mind our Affairs here below,
" Or to chance leave the World, I'm not curious to know.
" This I know, as *Mars* hinted, all Nations complain,
" That ye ſeldom are preſent, where Lieutenants reign.
" Little differs their Rule in the Eaſt or the Weſt:
" Whether Baſhaw or Viceroy —— the Subject's oppreſt:
" And the Gods in their Wrath never yet made two Things,
" That are ſo much alike as two Deputy ——."

Thus the *Collier*. But *Phœbus*, unapt to diſcloſe
The *Arcana* of Heaven, or enlighten *Jove*'s Foes,

Here

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Modern Aſtronomers have obſerved certain opaque Maſſes, which ſometimes appear ſticking to the Sun's Body. Their various Figures and Motions may be diſcerned by a Teleſcope. *Vol*'s Remark therefore is certainly juſt. But whether this Defect in the Sun is to be imputed to the Unskilfulneſs of *Vol*'s Succeſſors, I will not take upon me to determine.

Ver. 229. —— *If you mind our Affairs* &c.

Terras, Superi, curatis,
An mortalia cuncta fatis
Permiſiſtis; ædepol
Inter-eſt parum ſcire *Vol.*
Scio tamen, ſit Britannus,
Hiſpanuſve, eſt Tyrannus
Quiſque Prorex. Nam vicarius
Omnis Prorex eſt numarius;
Et numarius eſt nefarius.

Omnis Prorex? Veniam O Rex.
Paſha *fiat*, *aut* Sancho *Rex*,
Minus placeat ſi to Prorex.
Minor ſimilis majori,
Veniens ſimilis priori:
Regnet alter —— ac per fidem
Alter erit ſemper idem.

It cannot paſs unobſerved with what Diſreſpect both Sir *Mars* and *Vol* ſpeak of the Government and the Adminiſtration of Viceroys. But their Invectives muſt be aſcribed to their Spleen for want of Power, and the ſeveral Repulſes which they received in the Reign of Lord *C**** who diſregarded the Ranger's Memorial, and detected *Vol*'s Peculation. Mr. *Scheffer* always makes honourable mention of this Viceroy, as may be remarked *Ver.* 107 of this Book, but more particularly hereafter in the Epiſode of the *Gridiron*.

He

Here obſerv'd the wiſe Rule of Political Men,
And reply'd to their Queſtions, by asking agen;
" How they far'd in fleſh-clothing, and how at ſuch diſtance,
" By the Gods unaſſiſted, they got a Subſiſtence?
" Are the Dons of *Ierne* averſe to a Stranger?
" Is the Warrior diſarm'd, and but only a Ranger?
" Still Unpenſion'd is *Vol* forc'd to drudge in a Hole,
" Or to melt down old Bottles, or mete out bad Coal?
" I ſurmiſe things go ill, if 'tis lawful to gueſs
" By the Plight of your Bodies, Attendants and Dreſs.
" And a dear-bought Experience has taught me to know,
" Tho' Divine are our Talents, they're uſeleſs below.
" We are only rais'd high, that our Fall may be greater:
" And a God in Diſgrace is a very poor Creature.

" For

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

He was a Perſon of great Sagacity and Application, had a perfect Knowledge of the World, and was an excellent judge of Men.

Ver. 251. —— *that our Fall may be greater:*
And a God in Diſgrace &c.
Lapſu graviore ruit
Hic, qui modo Deus fuit.

Tolluntur in altum
Ut lapſu graviore ruant. Claudian.

Such is frequently the fate of Tyrants and Great Miniſters, who aſpire to Sovereign Power. The Loſs of their Authority, Wealth and Honours is a ſufficient Puniſhment, tho' their Fall be attended with no worſe Circumſtances. Devils need no other Torment than their own Reflections. Vol *was a fallen Spirit, and a diſgraced Miniſter.* Thus *Wetſtein.* But my Countryman *Tir-Oen*, who was better acquainted with *Vol*'s Circumſtances and the Frame of his Mind, makes a different Remark, *Spoliatorem iſtum nihil Infamia terret:*

" For my Wiſdom ſo fam'd, and ſo tuneful a Bard,
" Was not I once reduc'd to a ſimple Cow-herd?
" Nor my Temples or Prieſts might a Refuge afford;
" For my Living I work'd, where I then was ador'd."
Vol, obſerving the Knight eat his Nails, and grow pale,
(Ugly Omen! Preſage of a long winded Tale!)
Sudden anſwer'd: " Tho' now my good Brother looks mean,
" Pray review him to-morrow array'd in his Green;
" When

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Salvis nummis fruitur carcere. " *That* " *Plunderer* (meaning *Vol*) *contemns his* " *Infamy, keeps his Money and enjoys his* " *Priſon.*

Ver. 254. *Was not I* &c.
Ille ego ſcientiarum
Omnium doctus, poetarum
Princeps, Deus (pudet fari)
Olim vel bubulcitari &c.

Apollo deſtroyed the *Cyclopes* to revenge the Death of his Son *Æſculapius:* for which he was baniſhed from Heaven, deprived of his Divinity, and expoſed to the Calamities of this World. Thus diſtreſſed, he hired himſelf to *Admetus* King of *Theſſaly* in the Quality of a Cowherd; where his Conduct and Behaviour was ſo pleaſing to the Gods, that after nine Years Exile, *Jupiter* recalled him to Heaven, and reſtored him to all his former Offices and Honours. *Happy had it been for* Vol *and Sir* Mars, ſays *Wetſtein, if they had followed this great Example.*

Ver. 257. Vol *obſerving the Knight eat* &c.
Pallidus, nec huic applodens,
(Dirum omen!) ungues rodens,
Dum ſermonem meditatur
Longum *Mavors*, raptim fatur
Senex *Vol*; *& fatur ſatur.*

Mars, as *Wetſtein* obſerves on this Place, was the moſt noiſy and ignorant of all the Gods. When *Pallas* ſpeaks to him in *Homer*, ſhe calls him Μαινόμενε, Φρένας ἠλὲ, Fool and Madman. And thro' the whole *Iliad* the Poet never mentions his Name without an Epithet denoting his Impetuoſity and Want of Senſe. Before his Fall, tho' he ſpoke very loud, he ſpoke but little. But after, he became inſufferably talkative. If he was asked a common Queſtion, he would always preface his Anſwer with a long Story full of Invectives, Egotiſms, unmeaning Parentheſes and *French* Proverbs. *Vol*, who was ſenſible of his Brother's Infirmities, kindly endeavours to conceal them by replying

" When he mounts his Pad-Nag, and aſſumes a new Grace;
" When he rides (how undaunted!) directing the Chace:
" Thus acquiring at ſixty more Honour unſought,
" Than he got by his Battles,—— tho' furious he fought.
" He has now ſlung his Arms —— and his Penſion is ſcant: 265
" Yet ſo wide his Domain, that he never can want.
" To his Office appendant are delicate Fees;
" And he ſits, the Chief *Umbra*, at Feaſts of Grandees.—

" As

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

plying for him, juſt as he ſaw him ready to break out. However we ſhall find, that the Warrior had his Share in the Converſation, before they parted.

Ver. 261. *When he mounts his Pad-Nag* &c.

Cum aſcendat mox equulum,
Te videre vel Iulum
Putes adoleſcen-tulum.
Suſpendiſſe arma gaudet:
At inermis quanta audet?
Dum venantem vulgus plaudit.

Equulus is what the *Spaniards* call *Pequenno Cavallo*, and the *Italians*, *Cavalino*. *Tir-Oen* ſays, *That he had frequently hunted with Sir* Mars, *who for his own Security was always mounted on a little Pad.* I do not ſee how this is to be reconciled with the following Verſe, where he is commended for riding boldly, unleſs we ſuppoſe that *Vol* ſpeaks ironically of his Brother's Courage.

Suſpendiſſe arma gaudet.

He rejoices that he has hung up his Arms.

When the *Romans* were paſt their Labour, and had left the military Service, they hung up their Arms in the Temples.

Vejanius armis
Herculis ad poſtem fixis.
Hor. Ep. 1. L. 1.

So likewiſe, when they left off any other Trade or Art which they had profeſſed, they conſecrated the Inſtruments of the ſame to ſome God.

Ver. 268. *And he ſits, the Chief* Umbra, *&c.*

Semper *Mars*, Umbrarum unus,
Sitiens venit, & jejunus.

It was cuſtomary for the *Roman* Gentlemen, when they were invited to a Dinner or Supper, to carry with them one or two Perſons,

" As for me —— had *Apollo* conſulted his Books;
" Would he judge an old Smith by his Habit and Looks?
" Ought a Wight who is baniſh'd to make a fine Shew?
" Who above would contain to ſee *Volcan* a Beau?
" Yet allow to my Labours the Honour that's due:
" If I melt down old Bottles, I likewiſe make new.
" Be the Metal deſpis'd, yet I cauſe it to paſs;
" And for Silver and Gold I can barter my Glaſs.
" If the Fuel be bad, which my Coal-Mine produces,
" It is ſold at low Rates, and it ſerves for all Uſes.
" Lo! the great Legiſlators encourage my Trade;
" And remember no more the Miſreck'nings I made.

" While

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Perſons, who were called their *Umbræ* or Shadows. And there was always room allowed at every great Table for ſuch Gueſts. Thus *Horace*, when he invites *Torquatus* to ſup with him, having named the reſt of the Company, adds,

Locus eſt & pluribus Umbris.

The Followers of great Families in *Ireland*, are a Species of Men not unlike the *Roman Umbræ*.

Ver. 272. *Who above would contain* &c.

Vol ſi comptum videatis,
Riſum, Dei, teneatis?

Vol was remarkably dirty and negligent in his Dreſs; and even at Court he always appeared the ſame. So that at firſt Sight you would conclude he wrought at the Anvil, or lived in a Glaſs-Houſe.

Ver. 279. *Lo! the great Legiſlators* &c.

Legum-inclyti-latores
Noſtros adjuvant labores:
Oblituſque nunc Senatus
Bonus noſtri peculatûs.

The Houſe of Commons have frequently given large Sums of Money for the Encouragement of the *Iriſh* Colliery, of which *Vol* had the chief Direction. And tho'

" While the Holyday Youths my *Volcanos* admire,
" And, unknowing, confeſs me the Father of Fire.
" Thus among the *Sicilians*, when firſt I appear'd;
" Ere the Mountain had flam'd, or my Thunder was heard;
" Twas in vain to point upwards, and boaſt of my Race;
" For they laugh'd me to Scorn, when they look'd in my Face: 286

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

tho' ſome Members have now and then threatned to call him to account for his Embezzlement of the Publick Treaſure, yet he has always had the Cunning to divert a Parliamentary Enquiry.

Ver. 281. —— *my* Volcanos *admire* &c.

Ignis emirantur domum;
Me agnoſcunt ignipromum,
Patrem omnes igni-vomum.

Wetſtein will have *Ignivomum* to ſignify a *Fire-eater*. *Qui candentes carbones comedit, & Ignes evomit Præſtigiatoris ſub doli more.* Wetſtein. Diſſertat.

But with Submiſſion to this learned Critic, I cannot comprehend how the Character of a Fire-eater would heighten *Vol*'s Reputation, as ſeems to be the Intention of the Poet. I make no Queſtion, but that *Vol*, who had liv'd in Fire and Smoke all his Life, could eat, and digeſt it too much better than any of his Contemporaries: Tho' I am well aſſured, he thought this beneath the Dignity of his Profeſſion, and not to be practis'd but on extraordinary Occaſions; as at ſome great Entertainment when he acted the Part of a Buffoon, &c. I therefore retain my own Verſion, *The Father of Fire*, which I think is evidently Mr. *Scheffer*'s Meaning. *Cuper*, in his Epiſtle, *de Ædibus* Volcani *juxta portum Eblanæ conditis*, makes uſe of this Epithet to commend *Vol*'s Glaſs-Houſe.

Siſtunt, turba audax, populis infenſa
* Kevanni
Mirati Artifices, ignivomam*que domum.*
Jupiter ipſe novas neſcit compellere nubes;
Nec Sol Volcani *clarior igne micat.*

Here ſtop the ſaucy *Kevan* Crowds;
Vol and his Burning-Houſe admire.
Jove knows not to compel ſuch Clouds,
Nor can the Sun ſurpaſs this Fire.

* Kevanni *were a Mob who call'd themſelves the* Kevan Bail, *and committed many Outrages in the Streets of* Dublin.

" Yet, my Speech tho' ungraceful, and Figure ſo odd,
" When I open'd my Shop, they confeſs'd me a God.
" But a ſerious Diſcourſe, now we're met to carouſe,
" Will defeat our Deſign, and diſhonour the Houſe:
" Nor ought I, in the Preſence of *Phœbus*, to boaſt."
So he fill'd up his Glaſs, and demanded a TOAST.

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 289. *But a ſerious Diſcourſe* &c.

Seria, cùm plus nacti oti. ——
Probè nunc, ſi probè poti.
Convenienter conven-imus:
Piget dicere, Fu-imus.
Pudet quoque me jactare:
Præſtat Nymphas memorare,
Et Supernas, & Infernas,
Et *Iernas* —— *ſed ſecernas.*

I quote theſe Lines for no other Purpoſe, but to rectify a groſs Error of *Tir-Oen*, who makes *Infernas* to ſignify the *Furies*, or *Female Devils*, called *Succuba's*, with whom, according to the ſame Commentator, *Vol* uſed to ſolace, in the form of Mud-Nymphs. Whereas it plainly appears, by the Account given of the Toaſts in the Beginning of the next Book, that *Infernas* is uſed only in Oppoſition to *Supernas*, and ſignifies the Terreſtrial Goddeſſes, or the Beauties of the Earth.

THE

THE

TOAST.

BOOK THE SECOND.

Credo ædepol SOLEM *appotum probe.*
MIRA —— Sed *invitavit ſeſe in Cœnâ pluſculum.*
Plaut. Amph.

BOOK THE SECOND.

THE GOSPEL

THE

TOAST.

BOOK THE SECOND.

HAD I Mouths a whole Hundred, an Hundred
loud Tongues,
Or the Voice of the *Warrior*, or *Vol*'s Iron Lungs;
Yet I could not unerring the Beauties recite,
Who in Bumpers were crown'd —— happy Toaſts of
this Night.
To my Aid learned *Ottor*! thy Eloquence bring,
To ſupport a weak *Goth*, and aſſiſt him to ſing.

Long

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 1. *Had I Mouths* &c.

Non ſi mihi centum ora,
Linguæ centum, vox ſonora
Martis, *Volcani*que ferrea;
Haud jam loca, quæ Dî, per ea,
Nec, quæ SUAVIA Dî, *Scheffer*, ea
Peragrare, memorare,
Aut cantare, aut amare,
Nedum queas tu potare.

Non mihi ſi linguæ centum ſint, oraque centum,
Ferrea Vox. Virg.

Ferrea is a very proper Epithet here; for *Vol*'s Lungs muſt have been as hard as Iron to endure the Smoak of Sea-coal Fires for ſo many Ages. The ſonorous Voice of the Warrior (Sir *Mars*) is deſcrib'd before, *Ver.* 217 of the firſt Book.

Ver. 5. *To my Aid learned* Ottor &c.

Aures da, O Aſinarie,
Opem, Ora, Tolutarie
O Vicarie!

Long ago thy great Talents from far I diſcerned:
Let it profit me ſomething to ſay, Thou art learned.

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

O Vicarie! Innoteſcunt
Nobis procul, indies creſcunt
Docta tibi, cui tot, quot or-
a poetis, docte *Ottor*.
Proſit doctum te dixiſſe,
Et mî bardum me feciſſe!
At, ne pereant carmina, quæ
Dixit *Scheffer* potor aquæ;
Fas ſit verba mutuare,
Atque rythmis terminare,
Quæ cum ſuavis in convictu,
Dicis mirabilia dictu!
Ac facundia mî ſit, quâ tu
Semper vales in Senatu;
Adverſarios quâ ſinapis
Pol ad inſtar tuos capis;
Quâ amicos molli-culi
Pol ad inſtar coa-guli!

The *Latin* Commentators are greatly divided about this Addreſs to *Ottor*. *Cuper* and *Wetſtein* take it for a ſerious Compliment. But *Tir-Oen* inſiſts, that the whole Paſſage is ironical. He informs us, that *Ottor* had early declared himſelf an Enemy to Mr. *Scheffer*, and had greatly injured him in his private affairs. And to juſtify his Interpretation he pretends, that our Author would not have uſed ſuch an opprobrious Term as *Aſinarie* in ſpeaking to a Man for whom he had the leaſt reſpect. I am indeed of my Countryman's Opinion, but not for the ſame Reaſon. For *Aſinarius* is not ſuch an injurious Appellation as he takes it to be. This Word properly ſignifies a Leader or Driver of Aſſes; and as it muſt be here underſtood in a metaphorical Senſe, we cannot ſurely infer, that the Man is a Fool, becauſe he makes Aſſes of other People.

Proſit doctum te dixiſſe,

This ſeems to be an Imitation of theſe Lines of *Juvenal*, Book 4.

——— *Narrate Puellæ*
Pierides: Proſit mihi vos dixiſſe Puellas.

Dixit *Scheffer* Potor aquæ;

Tir-Oen tells us, That Mr. *Scheffer* during the latter Part of his Reſidence in *Dublin*, and after his Return to his own Country, drank nothing but Water. On what Account he refrained from Wine and all ſtrong Liquors I am ignorant; but I am inclined to think, 'twas only to give us a Proof that Poetry and Sobriety are not altogether incompatible, as ſome old Poets have thought them.

Nulla placere diu, nec vivere carmina poſſunt,
Quæ ſcribuntur aquæ potoribus ———
Hor.

Adverſarios quâ &c.

Theſe four Verſes are ſuch a low image of the Doctor's Eloquence, that I have not given them a Place in the Tranſlation. But if the Omiſſion be thought material, the following Epigram by my Friend *Oneil* will ſupply my Defect, and gratify the Reader's Curioſity.

Ottor's *Notes are ſharp and ſtrong,*
When he would ſubdue a Foe;
But if Friends demand a Song,
Soft and ſweet his Accents flow:

Thus the Wight who feeds on Beef,
Oft is caught by force of Muſtard;
While the gentle City Chief,
Is converted by a Cuſtard.

Let

Let me change into Rhyme thy mellifluous Proſe,
Which thou uſeſt in Senates to ſilence thy Foes:
Which thy Table ſupplies with new Quirks and old Jeſts,
To inſtruct or divert thy good Clients and Gueſts.
Yet alas! who, that ſaw me in *illis diebus*,
At a Banquet with *Clio* and *Bacchus* and *Phœbus*,
And beheld thee in Brogues at the Feet of thy Sire,
With a Bowl of Skim-milk, by a ſmoaky Turf fire,
Could without ſome horoſcopal Knowledge divine,
That the Bard ſhould drink Water, when thou ſhould'ſt drink Wine?
That the Fates ſhould chip out, not regarding the Stock,
Both a Doctor and Judge from a Carpenter's Block?

And

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 19. *That the Fates ſhould chip out* &c.

Ut miſellus (certè mirum!)
Procreet Faber tantum virum;
Et ex vili ligno hoc tor-
natus fiat LL. Doctor.

I do not think it any reproach to a Man of Merit to be deſcended from a Race of Mechanicks. But if a worthleſs Son of a Carpenter or Shoemaker, ſhould by a turn of Fortune be raiſed to the Magiſtracy, and behave himſelf with Pride and Inſolence in his Office, it cannot be amiſs now and then to put him in mind of his Pedigree. *Ottor* was a Carpenter's Son, and is the ſame Perſon who is numbered among our Author's Enemies in the Epiſtle to *Cadenus*. He is there ſaid to be deſcended from a Shoe-maker. *Tir-Oen* informs us, *That his Mother's Father was a Shoemaker, or rather a Cobler; but his Father, tho' he was only a poor Carpenter, had more learning than the Son. Maternus avus inferioris ordinis Sutor; pater autem, Ruſticus licet ac Lignarius Faber, docto Doctore doctior.* The following Epigram quoted by *Tir-Oen* was addreſſed to the younger *Ottor*, when the *Doctorate* was conferred upon him, and is a handſome Compliment to the Father, for giving his Son a liberal Education.

Doctorem incertus Genitor faceretne Scabellum,
Doctorem Gnatum maluit eſſe Faber.
Ottor *ave! qui te Doctorem fecerat, idem*
Ex quovis ligno Mercurium faceret.

And, O thou, great *Iocco*, whoſe Logic I dread,
Who canſt make an Aſs ſpeak, or perplex a God's Head,
Since alas! by thy Counſel I'm plunder'd and **Duſted**,
Be appeas'd; and inſult me no more in the *Frow*'s ſtead.
Nor my Incenſe diſdain, while I'm bowing ſo low;
Nor refuſe a good **Fee**, tho' Sir *Piercy*'s my Foe.

Nor

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ex quovis ligno non fit Mercurius, is an old Proverb to ſignify, that good Work cannot be made out of bad Materials, or as the *Scots* ſay, *It is ill to make a Blawer of a Tod's Tail.* This Epigram has been thus tranſlated or rather paraphraſed by *Oneil.*

Goodman Ottor *full of Care,*
Doubtful how to form his Heir,
Whether to adorn his Stock,
He ſhould doctorate *the Block;*
Or ſhould neither hew nor round it,
But juſt leave it as he found it,
Thought at length without a Feſt,
That the Doctor *ſounded beſt.*
Maſter Doctor *now rejoice;*
Praiſe thy Sire's judicious Choice;
While we all conclude, that he
Who has made a Man of thee,
Croſſing ancient Proverbs cou'd
Make a God of rotten Wood.

Ver. 21. *And, O thou, great* Iocco, &c.

Iocco A—— nate latè,
Cate ſed inflate, vah! te:
Malcio qui *Mallencis Mallas*
Hadas, Hagas, Haias, Hallas,
Meum rus es, ſagæ pus es,
Ac, quâ *Frow*, nequiſſimus es;
Si non malaciſſan-dus es.

Iocco, or (according to *Wetſtein*) *I. Occo* is the ſame Perſon whom our Author calls *Meleſinus* in his Epiſtle to *Cadenus*. *A—— nate latè*, i. e. *qui maximus es A—— Malcio* is the ſame as *Homo inſulſus*, a Man, who has no Wit. *Mallencis* ſignifies, a Pleader, and *Mallo, as*, to implead; *Hadas*, Lands, *Hagas*, Hedges or Incloſures, *Haias*, Tenements, *Hallas*, Manſion Houſes. Theſe are all barbarous Words, or Common-Law *Latin.* —— *Meum Rus es*, i. e. *comedis.*

By all this Jargon, Mr. *Scheffer* means nothing more, than that he was diſpoſſeſſed of his Eſtate by the Advice of this Lawyer, and the importunate Sollicitations of *Myra*'s Frow. See a particular Account of this Affair in the Epiſtle to *Cadenus*, and in the Note on our Author's Addreſs to Sir *Piercy*, the Beginning of Book III. as likewiſe what is ſaid in the Appendix.

Of *Myra*'s Frow hereafter.

Ver. 26. *Nor refuſe a good Fee*, &c.

Quamvis *Perſeus* tibi Con——
Minam auri ſi; annon?

Which *Tir-Oen* explains thus, *Si minam auri tibi obtulerim, annon tu accipias, quamvis* Perſeus *tibi ſit Contubernalis* —— By the Way, *Con* for *Contubernalis*, is a bold Figure.

The

Nor **demur** to my Song, or **declare** me unjuſt,
Or **aver** that I've taken my Tale upon **Truſt**;
Nor **implead** an old Bard, whom a King has reſpected;
Nor **defend** an old Toaſt, whom the Gods have rejected.
So *Ierne*'s rich Suitors ſhall ever ſupply thee;
And allow thee thoſe Talents, which *Britain*'s deny thee.
Till embarraſs'd no more by the Length of a **Brief**,
Thou impurpled ſit high, and be titled a CHIEF:

Or

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

The ſame Commentator informs us, that Mr. *Scheffer*, on his firſt Arrival in *Ireland*, employed this Lawyer in all his Buſineſs, and from time to time gave him large Fees: Yet when the Sorcereſs and Sir *Piercy* attacked our Author, *I. Occo* deſerted him and went over to his Adverſaries. To excuſe this Proceeding, he alledged, that Sir *Piercy* was his Friend, and *Myra* his Patroneſs.

See the Character of *Perſeus* or Sir *Piercy* in the Epiſtle to *Cadenus*, in the Beginning of the third Book, and in the Appendix.

Ver. 27. *Nor* **demur** &c.

Neque tu grandævum *Scheffer*,
Mentem, carmen, nomen defer.
Nec jus, nec me dic injuſtum, Orator: an opu'ſt,
Ut hic ſit, **Ceſtui que Truſt.**
Eccum vatem, quem Rex quidam:
Eccum ſagam hanc per-fidam,
Quam nunc damnant omnes Dî; *ſi*
Hos excipias, inimici
Qui mî; quippe læſi, riſi.

I fear, that I have not fully expreſſed my Author's Meaning in the Tranſlation of theſe Lines. By **Ceſtui que Truſt** he probably alludes to a pretended *Truſt*, which his Adverſaries had ſet up againſt him, and by which they attempted to deprive him of all his Eſtate in this Country. —— The Reader will find a particular Relation of this Affair in another Place.

Eccum vatem, quem Rex quidam:

I do not comprehend the Senſe of this Verſe. *Tir-Oen* indeed ſo far explains it, as to tell us, that *laudat*, *amat*, or ſome ſynonymous Verb is to be underſtood. But what does *Rex* here ſignify? A King, or a Vice-King, or a Pro-Vice-King? I never heard, that Mr. *Scheffer* was a Courtier either in his own Country, or ours.

Eccam ſagam. ſcil. *Miram.*

Ver. 34. *Thou impurpled ſit high*, &c.

Purpuratus, qualis qualis,
Sis *Juſticiar. Capitalis*:
Flocci ſeu, cum dives dones,
Pendens nunc *appellationes*,

Or increaſing in Wealth, and unaw'd by Appeals,
Be prefer'd to the PRIME, and ſucceed to the Seals.
Then the *Donnybrook Naiads* thy Temples ſhall grace;
And ſhall lengthen thy Wig, and thy Words, and thy Face:
While the Birds of *Minerva* reſound thy Succeſs;
And, to pleaſe thee, ev'n I INTERLINE an Addreſs.
Now the Glaſſes were match'd to the Breadth of an Hair,
That the Gods might be juſt to themſelves and the Fair;

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Prælatuſque huic, quinimo
Ambidextro iſti *Primo*,
(*Olli*, *Rex*, *ſigillum ne da*
Nunc vel olim, *qui ex* TREDAGH)
Togâ ſplendidâ veſtitus,
Comâ longâ redimitus,
Queis & faciem, corpus fuſcans,
Sis perhonorifi-cus *Canc'*.

Here Mr. Scheffer *inſinuates, or rather propheſies,* (ſays *Tir-Oen*) *that the Merit and Learning of this Gentleman will exalt him above all his Brethren, and at leugth raiſe him to the Dignity of Lord Chancellor, or a Lord Chief Juſtice at leaſt.*

Ambidextro (according to the ſame Commentator) is here uſed in a good Senſe, to denote the Eminency of the Perſon to whom it is applied: *viz.* That he has ſo much Buſineſs, as to be obliged to *receive Fees with both Hands.* —— *Wetſtein* underſtands this Word, as intended to expreſs the gracefulneſs of the Lawyer's Action in pleading.

Ver. 37. *Then the* Donnybrook Naiads *&c.*

Comâ — Naiades vicinæ
Coment quam pec-tine ſine.
Vultum, verba, gratiam Dî
Addant. *Qui? qui, quam tu, tam Dî.*

It is *Tir-Oen*, who pretends to know, that by *Vicinæ Naiades* are meant the *Naiads* of *Donnybrook.*

Ver. 39. *While the Birds of* Minerva *&c.*

Tunc & viri laudes Bubones dicant. Muſa tu,
Hæc deberi mihi ipſi;
Illius ergô INTERSCRIPSI.

The Bird of *Minerva* is the Owl, *Comes Inculpata Minervæ*, the Emblem of Wiſdom.

See the Reaſon in the Appendix, why Mr. *Scheffer* inſerted (or interlined) this Addreſs to *Iocco* in the ſecond Edition of his Poem.

They began (as 'twas meet) with the Houſhold of *Jove*;
With the Goddeſſes all, and Court Ladies above.
But they hail'd the great Queen, who gives Charms to the reſt,
Still Herſelf of all Beings the Faireſt confeſt.
Then to *Thetis* they fill'd, and the Nymphs of her Train,
Who inchant with their Voices, and ſmooth the rough Main;
Merry *Nereids*, by *Venus* well faſhion'd to pleaſe:
For the Goddeſs remembers ſhe ſprung from the Seas.
Next are toaſted the *Naiads*, who murmuring glide,
Or in Rivers roll rapid, where Urn Gods reſide.
Then the tall *Hamadryads*, who ſport in the Groves:
Nor the Eyes of the Sun can diſcover their Loves.
Then the little bright *Donnas*, who flit thro' the Air:
Not a *Silph* was forgot, who was deem'd to be fair.

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 43. *They began (as 'twas meet) with the Houſhold* &c.

Ducunt Dî ab Jovis domo,
Ut fas eſt, principium. *Quo modo reſcivi hæc, qui homo?*
Homo certè, ſed & vates;
Et mî Phœbus *(ſic in fatis)*
Inſuſurrans dixit gratis.

The Poet here enumerates the various Orders of their Toaſts. The greater Goddeſſes are named firſt; among whom *Venus* is particularly diſtinguiſhed: *Thetis* and her *Nereids* or Sea-nymphs form the ſecond Claſs: To theſe ſucceed the *Naiads* or River-nymphs: Then the *Hamadryads* or Wood-nymphs: Next the *Silphs*, or the little Spirits of the Air: Then the *Muſes* and *Graces*; and their Maids of Honour, who were young, handſome and well-ſhap'd.

Then in order they drink all the *Muſes* and *Graces*,
And the Dames of their Court, who had Shapes and young Faces.
A Diſpute here aroſe, if they ſhould not paſs by
Both the Virgins of *Veſta*, and Damſels of *Dy*;
Of a Converſe too chaſte to allow a ſmall hint;
And wou'd kill a poor Man for but looking aſquint.
But the Doubt was ſoon clear'd. *Mars* ſwore they were Prudes;
Nor ſo ſqueamiſh were found, when alone in the Woods:

That

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 60. *Both the Virgins of* Veſta *and* &c.

Veſtam, Virgineſque Veſtæ,
Dianæque Nymphas, quæ ſteriles, quippe nimis caſtæ:
Quin róbuſtæ, bene paſtæ.
Sed ſuſurros lenes, jocos
Malè audiunt: fugiunt Procos.
Ut Actæon, occidetur,
Si tranſverſa quis tuetur.

Veſta was the Daughter of *Saturn* by his Wife *Rhea*. This Goddeſs was a Virgin, and ſo great an Admirer of that Title, that when her Brother *Jupiter* promiſed to grant her whatever ſhe would ask, ſhe requeſted that ſhe might for ever preſerve her Virginity.

Diana, the Siſter of *Phœbus*, alſo called *Luna* and *Hecate*. She was reputed the Goddeſs of Chaſtity, and ſhun'd the Converſation of Men.

Actæon, the Son of *Ariſteus*, for imprudently looking on *Diana* when ſhe was bathing, was immediately chang'd into a Stag, and torn in pieces by his own Dogs.

Ver. 63. —— Mars *ſwore they were Prudes* &c.

Ah! Meherc'le, ait *Mars*,
Semper hæc Fœminea 'ſt ars
Pudicitiam ſimulare.
An erubuit amare,
Quæ ſylvarum eſt incola,
Nympha, Si cum ſolo ſola?
Phœbi pallidæ Sororis
Caſtæ, cautæ, quis amores
Neſcit varios, (*vitat cur nos?*)
Neſcit noſtrûm quis nocturnos?
Quoties vidi hanc furtivam
Se in gremium tuum Divam
O! Endymion, rejicientem;
More Veneris furentem.

The Siſter of *Phœbus*, notwithſtanding

That he knew, the pale Goddeſs, ſo modeſt, and nice,
Ev'ry Night to *Endymion* ſtole down in Diſguiſe.
Thus the merry Gods quaff'd, much commending the Wine;
And debating with Freedom of Females divine.
Till at length having number'd high Dames of this ſort all;
They vouchſaf'd to deſcend unto Toaſts that were Mortal.
For (as *Ovid* records) they are often ſo good,
To impreſs their own Image on plain Fleſh and Blood.
O'er the Earth they range wide, ev'ry Country and Town;
All Aſſemblies and Temples, and Baths of Renown;
Great Seraglios, ungallant, impervious Abodes,
For a Tyrant reſerv'd —— or inviſible Gods;
Where the Flowers of Beauty ungather'd decay,
And the faireſt of Mortals are kill'd by delay;
Or alas! with one Man Joys indelicate prove,
Unexperienc'd in Friendſhip, unpractis'd in Love.

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

ing her pretended Chaſtity, had a Gallant, whoſe Name was *Endymion*; of whom ſhe was ſo paſſionately fond, that ſhe deſcended every Night and met him on Mount *Latmos* in *Caria*.

Nudis & Endymion Phœbi *cepiſſe Sororem*
Dicitur, & nudæ concubuiſſe Deæ.

But *Wetſtein* aſſures us, This was a Calumny invented by *Mars*, who had a natural Antipathy to a virtuous Woman or a learned Man: And what gave occaſion for the Scandal was, That *Endymion*, who was a famous Aſtronomer, and had his Obſervatory on Mount *Latmos*, was the firſt who found out the Courſe of the Moon, and the Planetary Motions.

But

But the Topers dwell long in the Courts of the Weſt;
Which are ſacred to *Venus*, by *Venus* are bleſt.
Here her Younker his Train of Artillery brings,
To demoliſh the Pride of uncircumcis'd Kings:
Nor is Youth unemploy'd, nor of Beauty is waſte,
Nor are here Great Sultanas compell'd to be Chaſte.
Thus enquiring, they toaſted all Names they could hit on,
From remoteſt *Japan* to the Iſles of *Great Britain.*
And as dignify'd thus were the Daughters of Earth,
So the Gods they inſpir'd, and enliven'd their Mirth.
But unjuſtly leſt proud Hypercriticks accuſe,
Or untruths indecorous impute to the Muſe;
(For ſo much cou'd three Gods; or for Gods was it fitting,
Thus to drink all the Toaſts of two Worlds at a Sitting?)
Be my Patrons abſolv'd; yet my Song be unfeign'd,
While *Calliope* tells, how their Choice was reſtrain'd.
With unanimous Voice they eſtabliſh'd this Rule,
To allow of no Beauty, which cover'd a Fool:

Yet

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 86. *Nor are here great Sultanas* &c.

Nec Eunuchi Res noſtrarum
Obſerare SULTANARUM.

Minus ſapiat ſi Re-gium;
Fas tentare Patri-cium,
Faſcinumque vel Plebeium.

Theſe five Verſes I have compriſed in one Line. I could not expreſs the Senſe of

Yet ſo carnal were minded no Dame to admit,
Who was only adorn'd with the Charms of her Wit.
They excepted all Blacks, as offending the Sight;
And no Wonder, ſince Females Divine are all White:
All with *Auſtrian*-made Lips, Shapes and Udders *Teutonic*,
Noſes Flat, or high-*Roman*, Chins Downy or Conic,
Daniſh Legs, and *Dutch* Feet; (ſuch howe'er wou'd not pleaſe,
As are moulded by Nurſe for the noble *Chineſe*:)
All above *Venus*' Standard, and all under Size:
All who wore yellow Locks, or who wanted black Eyes.
Hence infer, ye old Bards, that your Strokes are too bold,
Which have drawn the fair *Paphian* with Treſſes of Gold.

Nor

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

of my Author more fully than I have done, for a Reaſon which is obvious to every Reader, who underſtands the Original.

Ver. 106. *As are moulded by Nurſe* &c.

Pedes haud Mandarinorum
Seu Filiarum ſeu Uxorum,
Dîs placere. —— ſi, ut ſtarent,
Opus eſſe; quæ amarent,
In officio claudicarent.

The Wives and Daughters of the *Chineſe* Mandarins have ſuch ſmall Legs and Feet, that they are not ſufficient to ſupport the Weight of their Bodies. This is an eſſential Mark of their Nobility. For which Reaſon they are kept ſwathed all the time they are growing; ſo that when a Woman of Quality is married, thoſe Parts are but little bigger than they were when ſhe was born. The curious Reader may ſee a *Chineſe* Slipper in the College Library, the *Oxford Muſæum*, or in the Cabinet of Sir *Hans Sloan*, and other great Virtuoſos.

Ver. 110. —— *the fair* Paphian *with Treſſes* &c.

Reginamque

Nor is *Homer*'s Report of *Minerva* more true,
That her Eyes, which contended for Beauty were Blue.
They rejected the *Jilt*, the *Coquet*, and the *Prude*;
And the Nymphs, who took Money, or who were too lewd:
Pretty *Cloe* had ſold herſelf twice to the *Jews*,
And *Corinna* had often been ſeen in the Stews.
They excepted more juſtly all Nations of *Picts*,
Who ſupply by Machin'ry their various Defects.
Not a Counterfeit Belle cou'd their prying eſcape,
Who had made a new Face, or had mended her Shape.
One was cenſur'd for combing her Eye-brows with Lead,
And another for ſpreading a Grain of *French* Red.

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Reginamque Paphi, Cnidi
Flavam, auri-comam qui dicis, ut iſti *Homeriſtæ*:
Nunquam Deam pol vidiſti.

Paphos was a City of *Cyprus*, now called *Baffo*, where *Venus* had a famous Temple, and from whence ſhe took this Title.

Ver. 111. *Nor is* Homer's *Report* &c.

Annon tum irridet Deos,
Palladi cum cærule-os
Dat ocellos, Mæonides!
Ne ſit vati ulla fides!

Γλαυκῶπις *(cæruleos habens oculos)* the *Homerican* Name of *Pallas* or *Minerva* has generally been tranſlated *Blue-ey'd*, and I have rendered it ſo above, *Ver.* 220. *B.* I. as well as in this Place. But Γλαυκῶπις properly ſignifies one who has Grey or Greeniſh Eyes: Therefore, I would rather, that my Verſion of this Paſſage ſhould run thus.

Nor believe him, whate'er Father Homer *may ſay,*
That the Eyes of Bright Pallas *were Greeniſh or Grey.*

Little

Little *Ali*, whom erſt I invok'd for my Goddeſs,
Now alas! was untoaſted for wearing ſteel Bodice.
Yet the Dames, who pollute their own Sex, they lik'd worſe,
And the *Tribads* were all ſet aſide with a Curſe:
Nor a *Sappho*, ſays *Phœbus*, ſhall pleaſe with her Songs;
Nor *Homaſſa*, cries *Vol*, would I touch with my Tongs.
By Exceptions ſo nice, ſuch ſevere Regulation,
Scarce ſuffic'd the whole Globe for one Night's Compotation.
Tho' ſo cautious, their Godſhips, as Beauties grew ſcant,
Often laps'd — but were never aſham'd to recant.
Thus it happen'd, that *Phœbus* was ſo much put to it,
He attempted to borrow a Toaſt from a Poet.

" Have

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 123. *Little* Ali, *whom erſt* &c.

Mihi olim *Ali* illa
Χαρίτων ἴα, & melilla,
Eheu! nunc repudiata;
Quippe ferro thorocata.

I am perſuaded when our Author wrote theſe Lines, he had a View to this Verſe of *Lucretius*:

Parvola, Pumilio, Χαρίτων ἴα, tota merum ſal.

Where the Poet taking Notice of the wayward Fancies of ſome Men, who fell in Love with Women that were deformed, tells us, they juſtify their Paſſion by extenuating the Faults of their Miſtreſſes. *For Inſtance*, ſays he, *ſuppoſe a Man in Love with a Dwarf, he will aſſure you, that his Miſtreſs is ſmart and witty, and that he likes her the better for the ſmallneſs of her Stature, becauſe the Graces were all very little Women.*

Little *Ali* was not only crooked, and a *Pict*, but ſhe was likewiſe a famous *Tribad*, as will be ſeen hereafter.

Ver. 127. *Nor a* Sappho, *&c.*

Carmen *Sapphûs* haud arridet;
Mille ſuavia *Tribas* ſi det:
An ſuperſint, quæ mihi det?
At *Vol*: nullam laſſam, quaſſam,
Mæcham tango mæcham paſſam;
Ne vel forcipe *Homaſſam*.

" Have we ſo long neglected a Nymph of great Fame,
" Or is MYRA forgot! *Be immortal the Name!* 136

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

See the Character of *Sappho* in the third Book.

The Reader will pleaſe to obſerve the Art of the Poet in making his Gods always ſpeak as well as act in Character: *Sappho*, ſays *Phœbus*, *would diſpleaſe me, when ſhe is playing the Tribad, though at the ſame time ſhe were ſinging one of her own Odes: And*, ſays *Vol*, *I would not touch* Homaſſa *(a Tribad) with a Pair of Tongs.* This ſaying, of which *Vol* was the original Author, has been ſince introduced into all polite Converſation.

Ver. 135. *Have we ſo long neglected* &c.

Caleſcentes ſic potamus?
Neque Nympham memoramus,
Tuâ quæ ſonatur lyrâ,
Tua, O *Granville*, MIRA,
Immortale nomen! *Ita.*
Si vitali vivam Vitâ;
Si quid in me eſt Ingenii,
Immortale ſit nomen ei!

A Nymph of ſpotleſs Worth and Fame,
MYRA *ſhall be th' immortal Name.*
Ld. *L.*'s Poems.

Our Author here acknowledges to have borrowed the Name of *Myra* from Ld. *Lanſdown*, who compoſed ſome amorous Verſes towards the latter End of the laſt Century in Praiſe of this Lady. The lively Turns, the delicate Sentiments, and all the Beauty and Elegance of the old Elegiac Poets ſhine in the little Pieces of this noble Author: And his *Myra* would have been rank'd with the *Corinnas*, *Lesbias*, *Neæras* &c. if Mr. *Scheffer* had not detected her Sorceries, and unveil'd the Matron in her old Age. I muſt not here omit to inform the *Engliſh* Reader of the Diſpute among the Commentators concerning the Etymology of the Name of *Myra*. *Tir-Oen* will have it to be the ſame Name with *Myrrha* the Daughter of *Cynaras* King of *Cyprus*, a Woman of ſuch an inordinate Appetite, that ſhe lay with her Father, and had a Son by him. *Wetſtein* derives it from Μύραινα *Muræna*, i. e. *Salax & in Venerem pronus.* Ὦ προδότη καὶ ἀπάγωγε καὶ μύραινα σύ. *O thou Traytor and Impoſtor, and O thou who art full of Luſt.* In another Place the ſame Commentator conjectures, that *Myra* is a Corruption of *Myrrhina* a famous Courteſan of *Athens*, who firſt practiſed and taught in that City *Sappho*'s Manner and the *Lesbian* Gambols. *Cuper* aſſures us, that *Myra* or *Mura* is an old *Teutonick* Word (deriv'd from the *Latin Murus*) ſignifying a Wall, a Name or Title, which the People of *Franconia* in the Reign of the famous *Pharamond* beſtow'd on every tall maſculine Woman among their Nobility, thoſe eſpecially of the *Meſſalina*-kind. *Si ſiu Mura, Wirche Wir Uphe thie Silverine were. If ſhe be a* Mura *(or Wall) let us work or build upon her* &c. *Weſterhami Par.* This figurative Expreſſion was uſed by the *Jews*, and is to be found in the Works of the beſt *Hebrew* Authors; from whom we may ſuppoſe the old *Germans* borrowed it. But, if I may be allowed to differ from theſe learned Men, I am of Opinion that *Myra* ought to be wrote with an *(i)* inſtead of a *(y)*, and that it is either a Contraction of μιαρὰ, which ſignifies *Impure* or *Wicked*, or elſe is the Fœminine of *Mirus*, *Wonderful* or *Monſtrous*. Both theſe Epithets are applicable to the Character of Mr. *Scheffer*'s Heroine; and well expreſs the Qualities of a Sorcereſs or an Hermaphrodite.

" Let the Glaſſes reſound it!" Tho' ſerious he ſpoke,
You'd have thought *Vol* and *Mars* never heard ſuch a Joke.
Follow'd ſuch a loud Laugh, ſuch a Hoop, and a Hollow,
That it ſhook the whole Houſe, and confounded *Apollo*:
So *aſtounding* the Roar, and their Sides were ſo try'd;
'Tis agreed, if they had not been Gods, they had dy'd.—
" Pray excuſe us, quoth *Mars*: for by *Venus*' bright Eyes,
" By the Horrors of *Styx*, you had caus'd leſs Surpriſe,
" Had

NOTES AND OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 141. —— *and their Sides were ſo try'd;*
'Tis agreed &c.
Et ſi mori potuiſſent,
Ilia riſu diſſolviſſent.

Tho' *Vol* and *Mars* could not die; yet they always diſappeared after they had lived in one Country about ſixty or ſeventy Years, then removing to ſome Part of the World where they were not known. About the Time Mr. *Scheffer* publiſhed the firſt Volume of his Works, Sir *Mars* departed, and can never return into this Iſland: But his Behaviour during his Abode here was ſo very notorious and remarkable, that I believe he will hardly be ever forgotten.

Ver. 143. *Pray excuſe us, quoth* Mars, *&c.*

Pace veſtrâ hæc! ſed meæ
Per ocellos Cithereæ,
Vel per Styga dic, quid agis?
(*Non invideo*; *miror magis.*)
Sic ſic bibis? Sagam colis,
Quæ jam pridem inter-polis;
Vetula, & male ſana,
Et edentula & cana?
Minùs noſtros tu nympharum
Dedeco-res delectaram
Choros, ſi quæ inſeratur
Vel inferna; ſi bibatur
Vel Alecto *ter aut quater.*

Here Sir *Mars* begins the Hiſtory of his Misfortunes upon Earth, which *Apollo* had the Politeneſs and Patience to liſten to, tho' he well knew every Circumſtance before. In the firſt Book, *Ver.* 257. *Vol* prevented the Warrior from entring into a Detail of his own Actions,

" Had your Godſhip propos'd one of *Pluto*'s Hag-
Ghoſts:
" Nor *Alecto* wou'd thus have diſhonour'd our Toaſts.
" Tho' ſo famous is *Myra* in quaint Roundelay,
" Twenty Winters have ſeen her deep Wrinkled and
Grey.
" When afraid of a Man —— if ſhe e'er was afraid;
" When ſhe bloom'd a young Maid —— if ſhe e'er was
a Maid;
" Even then, if I gueſs *Phœbus*' manner of thinking,
" Tho' ſo dull my own Fancy, ſhe was not worth
drinking.
" Did you mark a huge Matron, ybent like a Bow,
" In the Circle o'erſhad'wing a little *Dutch* Frow,
" Ogling

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

which he knew muſt tire the Company, and do his Brother no Honour. But when the Knight heard the Name of *Myra* mentioned with ſo much Reſpect, he cou'd no longer contain. — The Reader will obſerve how he uſhers in his Narration with a Volley of Oaths; a ſort of Expletives with which he conſtantly embelliſhed his Diſcourſe.

Alecto was one of the three *Furies*.

Ver. 149. *When afraid of a Man* &c.

Tunc, cùm noſtra viros vitâſſet, unquam viros ſi.
Virgun-cula cùm blan-dula;
Si fuiſſet virgun-cula.

Myra adhuc Infans libidine accenſa: vulgaris ejus circumfertur exclamatio.

Je veux que le grand Dieu Priape me puniſſe, ſi je me ſouviens d'avoir jamais eu mon Pucelage! *Tir-Oen.*

" *Myra*, when but an Infant, was " very wanton. It was a common Say- " ing with the old Matron — May the " Great God *Priapus* puniſh me, if I re- " member that I ever was a Virgin.

The ſame Thing is ſaid by *Quartilla* Prieſteſs of *Priapus* in *Petronius*.

Ver. 153. *Did you mark a huge Matron*, &c.

Tunc, cùm ſtetur in coronâ,
Nonne viſa eſt matrona

Sicut

" Ogling all Men of Might, and of Appetites keen,
" Talking loud, and unſeemly directing *Vice*-Queen?
" But has *Momus* not told you, that this is the Dame,
" Who has ruin'd my Fortune, and injur'd my Fame;
" Who has caus'd all my Projects on Earth to miſcarry;
" Whom the Caitif young *Hymen* entic'd me to marry?

" 'Tis

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Sicut arcus incurvata,
Ingens, humeriſque lata;
Oculis ſalaces, forteis
Mœchos notans irretortis?
Cujus lateri hærebat
Frow puſilla; dum monebat
Hæc Reginam, turpe ridens,
Obſcœnèque loquax, *cui dens*
Hic, & hic, & alter-tridens.

Hâc mordaci deſcriptione Caſtellum Regium jam primum intranti Andromache Mavortis *mihi innotuit.*

Frow puſilla — *cujuſdam* Trauli *uxor pumila, Judæa, ex Batavorum gente oriunda. Hæc Muliercula ſupra omnes amatores amicaſque* Miræ *placuit, & Primariæ Tribadum ſeu Lesbiadum nomine inſignita eſt.*

In Lib. 3. *Dæmonium* Miræ *appellatur, ubi mores & facinora ejus depinguntur.* Tir-Oen.

The firſt Time I went to the Caſtle (ſays Tir-Oen*) I immediately diſtinguiſhed the huge Wife of Sir* Mars *by this ſarcaſtical Deſcription.*

Frow puſilla, *or the little* Dutch Frow *is the Wife of one* Traulus. *She is a Jeweſs and a Dwarf. However, this little Woman gave* Myra *more Pleaſure than all the reſt of her Lovers and Miſtreſſes. She was therefore dignified with the Title of Chief of the* Tribades *or* Lesbians.

In the third Book ſhe is called the Imp of Myra, *and there her Manners and Actions are particularly deſcribed.*

This is the ſame Perſon who before, *Ver.* 123. is called Little *Ali.*

Ver. 157. *But has* Momus *not told* &c.

Annon *Momus* omnia dixit
De hâc planè, ut quæ (ſic ſit)
Cornua capiti affixit?
Nempè hæc eſt illa *Mira*,
Mæcha-*Mira*, ſaga dira;
Hæc, quam Hymenæus Hymen,
Iſte carnifex (molimen
Malum certè) eheu! dabat
Nuptam mî; quæ ſpoliabat
Nummis, rerris; inquinabat
Famam meam, & amplexus:
Nec ſunt hi ſolvendi nexus.
Tantane in Deum hæc ſus?

Momus was the Son of *Nox* and *Somnus*. He obſerved the Actions of the other Gods, and cenſured them with Freedom. *Momus* ſignifies a Jeſter or Scoffer.

Hymenæus the Son of *Bacchus* and *Venus Urania*, was the God of Marriage,

and

" 'Tis the ſame, whom before me two Mortals had wedded;
" And (if Fame does her Juſtice) two hundred had bedded.

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

and Protector of Virgins. To him the new-married Women offered Sacrifice. But this Ceremony was omitted by *Myra*, who never prayed to the Gods for Benefits; or invoked any Deities except *Hecate* and her Furies. This is ſufficient to invalidate the Charge, which Sir *Mars* hath here brought againſt *Hymen*; who had indeed long ago ſpied his Concubinage, but knew nothing of his Marriage, till *Momus* acquainted him with it; and even long after that, it was a Secret here on Earth. What Motive induced the Knight to engage himſelf thus far to his old Miſtreſs, is an Enquiry, which has exerciſed the Pens of ſeveral learned Mythologiſts, as well as the Commentators on our Author. For 'tis well known that *Mars* before his Fall, and for many Years after, was a profeſſed Marriage-hater; and though ſo fond of other Men's Wives, yet he could not endure the Thoughts of being tied to one of his own. The Opinion moſt commonly received is, that *Myra* adminiſtred a Philtre to him in a Diſh of Chocolate, which ſhe compounded with ſuch Skill, and which operated ſo powerfully, that the amorous Fit laſted three Lunar Months. Thus *Tir-Oen*, *Cùm jam anus*, Mira *cujuſpiam amore flagraret*, *variis Incantationibus ſuccos Herbarum & Radicum immiſcens*, *& Hippomanem adhibens*, *Philtrum ſeu Poculum Amoris parabat*; *ac Potionem Vino aut Cibis infuſam nihil ſuſpicanti Amato dabat Venefica. Hâc arte obſtinationem* Martis, *cum nuptiis averſaretur*, *pervicit*; *& jam ex Schæniculâ ſit Bellatoris Conjux. Whenever* Myra *happened to fall in Love in her old Age, ſhe had Recourſe to Incantations and Philtres. The latter ſhe prepared by mixing the Juices of divers Roots and Herbs, and then adding the* Hippomanes. *This Potion the Sorcereſs took an Opportunity of giving to the Perſon ſhe loved in a Glaſs of Wine, in Soup*, &c. *By this means ſhe conquered the Averſion which Sir* Mars *had to Marriage, and prevailed on him to make her his Wife, though ſhe was then a very diſagreeable old Woman.*

Wetſtein rejecting this Story of the Philtre as a Fable, is of Opinion, that the Marriage of *Mars* and *Myra* was inflicted on them by the Gods as a Puniſhment for their former Adulteries, *Alienarum uxorum olim mimium appetens* Mavors, *ſuâ jam diu nimium contentus. Sir* Mars *who formerly coveted every Man's Wife he ſaw, had now too much of his own.* And then adds the ſame Commentator, Mira, *quæ* Mavortem *Adulterum deperibat, connubio ſibi junctum odio habuit.* Myra, *though ſo fond of* Mars, *while he was her Gallant, could not endure him after he became her Husband.*

Cuper, without enquiring into the Particulars of this famous Conjunction, or by what Means it was effected, contents himſelf with ſaying of *Myra*, *Nupſit* Marti, *non ut Bellatore ipſo, qui tum ſenuit, ſed ut Bellatoris equis, terris & argento potiretur.* Myra *married the Warrior, not for the ſake of his Perſon, (for he was then grown old) but to poſſeſs herſelf of his Horſes, Lands, Money*, &c.

Theſe are the Opinions of the three Commentators, and for my part I am inclined to think, they are all juſt and true: At leaſt, I am ſure they may be all eaſily reconciled.

" But

" But her various Amours never gave me great Pain;
" Things unpractis'd perhaps in old *Saturn*'s cold Reign.
" Well I wot, modern Wives are refin'd in their Taſte:
" Who pretends, ſince th' Acceſſion of *Jove*, to be chaſte?
" But the Matter, which made the poor Husband repent,
" Was the State ſhe aſſum'd, and the Money ſhe ſpent.
" For ſhe now would be worſhip'd (a Goddeſs by Marriage!)
" Rich, as *Juno*'s her Dreſs, and as haughty her Carriage;
" With Contempt looking down on ſimple Mortality,
" What an Havock ſhe made to ſupport her new Quality!
" All my Jewels, and Plate, all my Goods, and my Chattels,
" All the Pay, and the Preſents I got by my Battles;

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 164. *Things unpractis'd perhaps* &c.

Haud Saturni forſan vidit
Regnum mœchos. Sed uxores
Imperante politiores
Noſtro Jove: jam Amicæ
Cunctæ fiunt impudicæ.

Tir-Oen here remarks, that Sir *Mars* had three general Topics of Converſation, viz. *De Diis & Superioribus ſemper malè loqui, Matronam nullam eſſe pudicam jure jurando affirmare, ſe ac facinora ſua longo ſermone jactitare. To blaſpheme the Gods and calumniate his Betters; To ſwear that no married Woman is chaſte; To boaſt immoderately of himſelf and his Exploits.*

" All

" All I gain'd by exporting War-Horſes to *Gallia*,
" She accounted *Para-* (what d'ye call 'em?) *-phernalia.*
" Nor my Jewels, or Chattels, or Pay would ſuffice:
" Ev'ry Banker was wheedled to furniſh Supplies.
" As my Debts thus encreas'd, ſhe enlarg'd her Demands;
" Till I ſold my fine Stud; and then mortgag'd my Lands.
" Nor the Piſtoles ſhe ſpar'd, when I beg'd for the Few,
" Which remain'd — My dear *Mars*, there are more in *Peru*:
" Canſt not thou here import 'em by Magic Divine?
" Or elſe open on *Bellewſtown Hills* a Gold Mine?

" But

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 176. *She accounted* Para- (*what d'ye call 'em?*) -phernalia.

Nec luxuriæ modum fixit:
Omnia mea, ſua dixit
Para-- para-- (hem!) phernalia.
Haud in Cœlis uxor talia.

Paraphernalia, or *Paraphanalia*, or *Parapherna*, are thoſe Goods which a Woman brings her Husband over and above her Dower.

Ver. 180. *Till I ſold my fine Stud* &c.

Terras, equos, ac pulchrarum
Pullos vendidi equarum.

The Knight had once a very fine Stud, and was growing famous for his Breed of Horſes. He had already exported ſome into *France*, and had great Returns. But this laudable Project of inriching himſelf, was defeated by the Extravagance of *Myra*; For he was obliged to ſell at one time a hundred of his choice Mares to pay her Play Debts, *&c.*

Ver. 183. *Canſt not thou here import* &c.

Heic *Philippos* importato:
Sive noſtra perforato
Bellewſtoni juga: verte;
Aurum intus; *plumbum certè.*

When

" But to this I objected —— I live here *Incog*,
" And derive no more Pow'r from above than King *Log*.
" I'm Chevalier, 'tis true: But alas! modern Knight-
" Hood's become a mere Jeſt, and there's nothing got by't.
" And your Highneſs would want a plain Dinner, and Dwelling,
" In my Youth had I not underſtood Colonelling.
" But if thus you make waſte, I muſt hide my old Head,
" Or ſollicit the Sutler to truſt us for Bread. ——
" Sudden anſwer'd the Dame:— Unabaſh'd who can hear
" The renown'd God of Battle expreſſing ſuch Fear;

" With

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

When *Myra* had ſquander'd away all Sir *Mars*'s Money, and had ſold all his Moveables, ſhe propoſes to him, as within the Power of his Divinity, to diſpatch an inviſible Agent to the *Spaniſh Weſt Indies* for a Supply; or to open a Mine on *Bellewſtown Hills* near *Drogheda*, the Jointure Lands of the old Sorcereſs. As ridiculous as this Requeſt may ſeem, ſhe was encouraged to make it, from the Knight's vain-glorious Declarations before Marriage; eſpecially when among his Concubines: He would then boaſt, that notwithſtanding his Exile, he ſtill had Power to raiſe himſelf to the Dignity of a Lord; a Lord Treaſurer; a Lord Lieutenant; nay, if he pleaſed, to the high Office of a King; an Emperor; a Sultan; &c. *Iſtunculum Glorioſum Militem* (ſays *Tir Oen*) *ad foſtidium uſque quoties contemplatus ſum, dum Imperium ſibi modo deſignat, modo meretriculæ cuipiam aureos montes pollicetur? How often have I beheld that Braggadocio of a Soldier, till I grew quite ſick, while he was either marking out for himſelf a Kingdom, or promiſing ſome little Harlot Mountains of Gold.*

In this Place indeed, Sir *Mars* replies to his Spouſe with great Humility, and acknowledges his Incapacity and Want of Power; but he ſoon relapſes, and inſenſibly aſſumes his natural Character.

Ver. 186. —— *than King* Log.

Ut inutile hoc ligrum
Rex ranarum, *regis ſignum*
Vivi vultus (*cujas?*) *dignum.*

See the Fable of the Frogs, who deſired *Jupiter* to give them a King.

Ver. 194. *The renown'd God of Battle* &c.

" With his own loving Wife Money Matters diſput-
ing:
" Is the Genius of *Mars* thus unskill'd in Recruiting?
" For Subſiſtence, to whom need a Soldier owe Thanks,
" Where a King has Exchequers, and Subjects have Banks?
" Could I wear your bold Front, and your Breeches,
would I go
" Into *Flanders*, and plunder, as you did at *Vigo*.
" Modern Knighthood, I ween, much Relief may afford,
" If, inſtead of a Muff, you would wield a Broad Sword.

" Is

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Mars hæc? Tecum mi ſimultas,
Quod numaria difficultas?
Verbis fide, quæ ego do:
Aliquid, a-liquo modo,
Alicundè, ab a-liqui,
Aliqua ſpes eſt. Ubique
Reges enim, Regii Fiſci,
Argentariæ. Miles hiſce
Te immiſce! *Audi quur!*
Aurifer, qui Aurifur.

Tir-Oen remarks, That in a little time after the Sorcereſs had given this Advice to her Husband, the *Engliſh* Exchequer was robbed of a great Sum of Money: And our Commentator is of Opinion, that *Myra* was Principal in the Action; ſince 'tis now more than probable that it was effected by Inchantment: Otherwiſe, ſome of the Perſons who were concerned in the Robbery, muſt have been diſcovered, conſidering the Induſtry uſed, and the great Reward offered for that Purpoſe. However, my Country-man acquits the poor Knight of being in any Manner privy to this Affair, or of having ever received the leaſt Benefit by it.

Ver. 200. —— *and plunder, as you did at* Vigo.

Quæ opima ſpolia Vigo
Tibi olim, miles, mî go-
bio, detrahas Bel-gicis
Inimicis, ſeu amicis;
Si ex meâ enatare
Conchâ calles —— ac pugnare.

Sir *Mars* was Quarter Maſter General at the *Vigo* Expedition, and by that means had many Opportunities of enriching himſelf by Plunder. But (if I am rightly informed) he brought nothing home more than he carried out, except a Jar of Snuff and a Silver Crucifix. He took away the latter, not ſo much for the Value of the Metal, as for the ſake of committing a piece of Sacrilege, which muſt be allowed a meritorious Action in a *Pagan* Divinity.

Ver. 202. *If inſtead of a Muff*, &c.

Grandes cogas jam divitias,
Manticatam ſi abjicias

Pellem

" Is not he a mere Rec'rant, whoſe Wife is unfed,
" When by ſtorming a Windmill he's ſure to get Bread?
" Thus reproaching ſhe fir'd me. I ſold my Debentures;
" And equipt, like St. *George*, went in queſt of Adventures:
" Having firſt ſwore by *Styx* not to Borrow, or Pay;
" Or to bow at the Caſtle, or ſweat on the *Quay*;
" Till that I, by my Proweſs, a Kingdom had won;
" Or had forc'd from great Chymiſts Philoſopher's Stone.

" While

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Pellem iſtam; ſi te fingas
Eſſe eras qui; & ſtringas
Enſem *Martis*. Namque ſic σωτήριος nobis, ipſe QUIXOT.
Quis vel mola panem dare;
Molam ſi tu expugnare.

The Knight ſeldom appeared abroad without a large Muff hanging at his Girdle. See (in the 4th Book) the great Benefit he received by wearing his Muff, when he fought with *Myra*.

205. *Thus reproaching ſhe fir'd me*, &c.
Probris ſuis me prolectat;
Et majori ſic affectat
Damno ſaga. Arma induo,
Quæ haud iſti Georgius; *quin duo*
Ægre ferant Georgii Divi;
At concutere quæ quivi.
Tunc, ut mea vincant, ſivi.

See an Account of St. *George* in the 4th Book.

Ver. 207. *Having firſt ſwore by* Styx, *&c.*
Abjuravi nunc caſtellum,
Et juravi ingens bellum;
Quod per *Styga* iteravi,
Uti fieret via vi;
Ut nec tempus ſit ſolvendi,
Neque mutuum petendi,
Nec ſudandi, ubi, *Uſher*,
Tuus Cothon: *ubi pus Hermaphroditus ac venenum*
Miſcit, quando dat — Quid? Thè *num?*

Styx is a River of Hell, and ſo ſacred to the Gods, that when any of them ſwore by it, and broke their Oath, they were deprived of their Divinity and baniſhed. Why this particular Honour was granted to *Styx*, ſee *Heſiod*'s *Theogonia*.

Cuper is of Opinion, *That the frequent Perjuries of* Mars *were the real Cauſe of his Exile.*

" While I thus form the Hero of future Romances;
" Lo! a dire Diſaſter ruins all my gay Fancies.
" For *Minerva*, that Prude, on a ſilly Pretence,
" That my Actions on Earth gave her Highneſs Offence,
" Here incites a young Squire, by my Preſence un-
aw'd, 215
" To revile me in Publick — and Cudgel a God!
" Nor ſo great the Affront, ſo malicious the Trick,
" Which ſhe ſerv'd me at *Troy* in defending the *Greek*;

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Cothon ſeu Caia Uſſeri *vel* Uſſheri *locus ubi habitabat Uxor* Martis. Tir-Oen. Uſſher's *Quay* (*in* Dublin) *is that Part of the City where* Myra *then lived.*

Sudare, i. e. *Permolere Myram.*

Ver. 215. *Here incites a young Squire*, &c.

Dum juvenculo adfuit,
Vultus *Martis* haud terru-it.
Nam opprobria hic *Gafneus*
Dixit — Vapulatque Deus!

John Bellew of *Gafny*, Eſq; was the Perſon who cudgelled Sir *Mars*. The Knight had done this Gentleman ſome very ill Offices; and had ſecretly endeavoured to hurt him in his private Fortune. Of this Mr. *Bellew* being well informed, demanded Satisfaction; and ſent a Challenge to our Hero by a Perſon of Honour, one of his near Relations; To which the cautious Knight returned for Anſwer, " That he then was extremely indiſpoſed, " and therefore obliged to decline the " Compliment: But would take all imagi- " nable Care to recover as faſt as he could; " and that as ſoon as he found himſelf " in a fighting Condition, he would ap- " point the Weapons and place of Meet- " ing." — Thus the Matter reſted for about three Weeks; during which Time, the Knight went every Day abroad, and appeared at Court, in the Ring, and in all publick Places, without any viſible Mark of Sickneſs, except ſometimes being wrapt up in a Cloak. Mr. *Bellew* conceiving himſelf now doubly injured, and that ſuch a Slight and Inſult demanded another Sort of Satisfaction than what he before intended, took the firſt Opportunity, he could conveniently to approach our moſt noble Colonel, to give him without Ceremony, the Correction of the Cudgel. This memorable Action happened at *Dick*'s Coffee-houſe in *Skinner-Row*; where the old Woman ſtill ſhews the Place and Poſture in which Sir *Mars* ſtood, and the Manner in which Mr. *Bellew* attacked him.

" For

" For the Wound that was giv'n me by *Diomed*'s Spear,
" Was a Mark of my Courage —— *Fortune de la Guerre!*
" But a curs'd Baſtinado imprints ſuch Diſgrace,
" As my Merit can't cover, nor Time can efface.
" Nor if you, Sir, or *Jove* ſhould be ſtain'd with this Blot,
" And ye both were to die, would it e'er be forgot."
Here *Apollo* enquir'd, " Why he did not oppoſe
" All his Force to revenge, or to parry the Blows?——
Thus the Knight anſwer'd ſhrugging: —— " Nor could I oppoſe;
" Or had Force to revenge, or to parry the Blows.

" When

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 219. *For the Wound which was given by* Diomed's *Spear.*

Certè ſignum noſtræ virtutis, — *Fortune de la Guerre!*
Filii haſta cùm Tydei
Nos percuſſit. At Gafnei
Heu! damnoſa (*certum trado*)
Læſit famam *Baſtinado.*
Tuos *Phœbe*, ſi quis lumbos,
Si vel Jovis (*niſi quum bos*)
Fuſte dolet —— aut in-nuat;
Virtus, quanta quanta fuat;
Haud jam maculam eluat:
Tibi nec paretur quies,
Nec imminuat ulla dies
Probrum — ſi vel mortuus ſies.

As this Action at the Siege of *Troy* is related by *Homer*, I cannot think it redounds to the Honour of Sir *Mars*, tho' he urges it here as an inconteſtible Proof of his Courage. He fought indeed furiouſly for ſome Time, and as long as he met with little Reſiſtance; but as ſoon as he receiv'd a ſlight Wound, he roared and ran away.

At Gafnei -- *Damnoſa* — *Baſtinado.* To be cudgelled is certainly a grievous Misfortune, eſpecially to a Soldier: For the Ignominy, as the Knight obſerves, is never to be wiped off. But this is to be underſtood, only, when the Wight who has received the Baſtinado, ſits down quietly without reſenting the Affront. For any Man may repair his Honour by afterwards

" When I fell from *Olympus* (unjuſt was my Doom!)
" For my Safety compel'd human Form to aſſume;
" Well compacted, and nervous, becoming a God, I
" To *Prometheus* gave Orders to make me a Body.
" But my Grinders excepted, a little fine Blood,
" And a favourite Member, that whilom was good;
" He has work'd up my Carcaſe with very coarſe Paſte;
" Or 'tis elſe ſome old Stuff, which the Knave has new caſt.
" As you ſee, I'm Wrong-headed: Too thick is my Scull,
" With a deep *Pia Mater*, that is not half full.
" I've within a white Liver, o'erflow'd with black Gall,
" And a hollow falſe Heart, very hard, and too Small.

" Pray

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

afterwards fighting his Adverſary. *Wetſtein* in his Note on this Place ſeems deſirous to be informed, whether the Stick which Mr. *Bellew* uſed, was Cane, Oak, or Crab-Tree; and is of Opinion that the Value of the Wood alters the Nature of the Affront. But I think our military Courts, as well as the Courts of Honour eſtabliſhed in *France*, make no Difference in this Caſe.

Ver. 232. *To* Prometheus *gave Orders* &c.

Et præcepi Prome-theo,
Ut ex luto Herculeo
Faciat corpus aptum Deo.

Prometheus the Son of *Iapetus* and the Father of *Deucalion*, was the firſt we find in Hiſtory, who formed a Man out of Clay, which he performed with ſo much Art and Skill, that *Minerva* offered him any Thing in her Power to make it compleat; and by her Aſſiſtance he afterwards ſtole Fire from Heaven to animate his Work —— It was probably owing to the Inſinuations and Artifice of this Goddeſs, and the Influence ſhe had over *Prometheus*, that the Body of our Hero was ſo ill made.

Ver. 238. *With a deep* Pia Mater, *that is not half full.*

Laxa

" Pray obſerve my ſoft Look, and how ſupple my Face;
" (Tho' the Raſcal pretends there's a Mixture of Braſs)
" How my Ears are the ſame, you beſtow'd on the King;
" Him I mean, who deny'd, that *Apollo* could ſing.
" That, my Breath, and my Features are vaſtly too ſtrong; 245
" Full of Evil my Tongue, and three Inches too long.

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Laxa neque ſemiplena
Pia Mater. Sed per Ζῆνα.
Rabie plena; *nam innata*,
Non a Prometheo *data*.

The *Pia Mater* is a thin fine Membrane, which incloſes the Brain and *Cerebellum*.

Ver. 242. *Tho' the Raſcal pretends* &c.
Si ex nebulone quæris;
Aut ſi fronti credide-ris,
Pondo admiſcetur Æris.

Meſſieurs *Cuper* and *Wetſtein*, who had both frequently ſeen Sir *Mars* in *Holland*, are of Opinion, that *Prometheus* truly uſed a whole Pound of Braſs in the Compoſition of the Warrior's Front; tho' they allow the Accuſation in all other reſpects to be juſt. *Certainly*, ſays *Tir-Oen*, *if our Hero wanted Braſs, it was his own Fault. Si non Ahenea caperat Frons Herois noſtri, ſibimet ipſi imputetur. Namque ad Trojam*, &c. For before his Fall he was uſually adorned with ſo great a Quantity of that Metal, that at the Siege of *Troy* he was commonly called Χάλκεος Ἄρης, or Colonel *Brazen*; and when *Homer* ſpeaks of him with moſt reſpect, he diſtinguiſhes him by this Title.

Ver. 243. *How my Ears the ſame* &c.
Aures mihi impoſu-
it, quas aſininas tu
Regi, cujus mens inſana
Tibi prætuliſſet Pana.

Pan the God of Shepherds had the Vanity to contend with *Apollo* for the Maſtery in Singing; and *Midas*, King of *Phrygia*, who was one of the Judges, gave the Preference to *Pan*, for which *Apollo* clapt a Pair of Aſſes Ears on his Head. Hence aroſe the Proverb,

Auriculas Aſini Midas Rex habet.

Intimating, ſuch as are incapable to judge rightly of what they hear, yet can hear at a great Diſtance. Aſſes Ears are very inconvenient to a private Perſon; but to be dreaded when they appear on the Head of a King. —— *Cuper* imagines, that the ſeveral Misfortunes which befel Sir *Mars* here on Earth, are to be aſcribed to the Gravitation of his Head, and the Length of his Ears and Tongue; and not to the want of Elaſticity in his Hands and Arms, as pretended by the Knight in the following Verſes.

" But

" But behold theſe curs'd Members, the Source of my
Harms,
" Inoffenſive weak Hands, and unmuſcular Arms;
" Vileſt Parts, unendu'd with a Power elaſtic,
" That inſenſible ſuffer the Preſſures of a Stick!
" Yet the Cudgel unſeen, and the Foe at a Diſtance;
" How they brandiſh a Weapon, and feign a Reſiſtance!
" Better form'd was Sir *Hudi*—— and eke his low Squire;
" More robuſt in their Limbs (tho' they wanted my Fire)
" Which undaunted have oft a dry Baſting withſtood;
" Tho' afraid of cold Iron, durſt riſe againſt Wood.

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 247. *But behold theſe* &c.

Sed ignavam hanc cunctorum
Cauſam aſpice malorum
Dextram; hoſce nec toroſos,
Nec lacertos bellicoſos!

I am very unwilling to differ from the three Learned Gentlemen, to whom I am obliged for the beſt Part of my Notes on this Author. But I muſt maintain, that Sir *Mars*'s Accuſation of *Prometheus* is not altogether ſo juſt as they allow it to be. If we examine his Character by the *Iliad*, which is the Touchſtone to prove him by, we ſhall find, that, even in his State of Glory, he had a Wrong Head, an Hard Heart, and a Bad Tongue. I refer to his ſeveral Titles, and Actions, as related by *Homer*, for the Truth of this Aſſertion. As to the Weakneſs of his Hands and Arms, and the want of Muſcles and Elaſticity, of which the Knight complains, 'tis a mere Jeſt; and urged by him, only to cover his Poltroonery. The Truth is, that he would not, either before or ſince his Fall, engage where he was likely to meet with any ſtrong Oppoſition: And it cannot be inſtanced from Hiſtory, that this mighty Hero ever ſtruck again, after he had been once wounded, or had received two or three Blows. The *Romans* had a much greater Veneration for him, than the *Greeks*, yet they could not conceal the ill Qualities of their God. For, to omit at preſent all the hard Words which *Virgil*, *Ovid*, *Lucan*, *Statius*, *Silius Italicus*, *Claudian*, and many other of the old *Latin* Poets have given him, *Juvenal* directly charges him with want of Courage; or an Inability to defend either his Goods or Perſon, when he was attacked in his own Temple.

Ex quo Mars *Ultor Galeam quoque perdidit, & res*
Non potuit ſervare ſuas. Juv. Sat. 14.

Since Mars, *whom we the Great Revenger call,*
Loſt his own Helmet, and was ſtript of all.
Dryd.

" Now

" Now ſo weak in the Fleſh, yet, by *Jupiter*, I am
" In my Spirit, as brave, as when we fought for *Priam*.
" *Vol*, who knows all my Thoughts, if he pleaſes, can tell you,
" Many times, in my Mind, I have kill'd that *Jack Bellew*. 260

" *Vol*

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 257. *Now ſo weak in the Fleſh*, &c.

Quantus, qualis φριξὸς Ἄρης
Cum pro Trojâ ſtarem, ſtares.
Veſcum corpus ſi; equidem
Acer ſpiritus eſt idem.
Verba faciunt mentis fidem.

At the Siege of *Troy* *Apollo* and *Mars* were both on the *Trojans* Side; but their Behaviour was very different; for *Apollo* always acted like a God; but *Mars* like a Madman.

Ver. 259. Vol, *who knows all my Thoughts*, &c.

Tibi dicat, bone *Sol*,
(Dicere ſi lubeat *Vol*,
Ubi ego, *Vol* eſt domi,
Ac mî melior, quam ego mî;
Meam inſpicitque mentem)
Quoties inſcium ac abſentem
Provocavi ad Duellu';
Et occidi JACCUM BELLEW.

It was a Cuſtom inviolably obſerved by Sir *Mars*, after he had been cudgelled by Mr. *Bellew*, to kill that Gentleman MENTALLY, once at leaſt, every Day. This gallant Action was performed in the following manner. The Knight, after a plentiful Dinner, being well heated with Wine, his Gueſts departed, and Servants diſmiſſed, carefully locked his Parlour Door: Then ſuppoſing his Adverſary to ſtand before him in the Form of his great Chair, he devoted him *Diis inferis*, and drawing a *Toledo*, which he kept for this Purpoſe, he advanced with a ſeeming Intrepidity; and puſhed with ſuch Skill and Violence, that generally, by the firſt or ſecond Thruſt, the Chair was run quite through the Body. He then wiped his Blade, and ſheathed it with great Complacency; ſung an *Io Triumphe* ſitting upon his Enemy, whom he had thus mortally wounded, and fell faſt aſleep. *Tir-Oen*, who had frequently ſeen this Chair, declares, it was ragged and tattered, and that he had obſerved the Sun to ſhine through it in ſeveral Places. And a skilful Operator of my Acquaintance aſſures me, that upon a certain Occaſion he had probed and examined theſe Holes or Wounds; and plainly diſcovered, that they could not have been made by any other Weapon than a *Spaniſh* Rapier. But alas! this was not the Fate of poor Mr. *Bellew* only. For in like manner our Hero revenged himſelf on all other his reputed Enemies; and on all Perſons in high Stations, who did not pay him what he thought a proper Reſpect, or whoſe Opinions or Principles were not

Vol atteſted the Fact, ſwearing hard, " That he knew,
" All his Brother had urg'd, to a tittle was true.——

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

conformable to his own. Some he killed by overturning his Table; others by ſlitting a Pannel of the Wainſcot. And thoſe, who were moſt hateful to him, he deſtroyed by running his Head with a true martial Fury through the Saſh Windows. In theſe laſt Encounters he was ſometimes deſperately wounded: Particularly, once in attempting to ſlay a perverſe *Engliſhman*, with whom he had ſome Law Diſputes, the noble Knight was in Danger of loſing both his Ears.

For the Reader's Satisfaction, I have here added an Alphabetical Liſt of the Perſons, who have been MENTALLY killed by Sir *Mars*, from the Year 1708 to the Year 1728; faithfully extracted from the *Encomium Martis*, or *Killing no Murder*.

Aldermen	6—0	Judges	4—0
Apple Women Old	3—0	Keepers of the Phœnix Park	23—0
Attorneys	16—½	Kings	9—½
Bakers	3—0	Knights	2—0
Bankers	4—0	Lords, Lords Lieutenants, and Lords Juſtices	17—0
Baroneſs	1—0	Milliners-Women	3—0
Barriſters	5—0	Parliament-Men	59—0
Butchers	4—0	Pawn-Brokers	6—0
Butter Women	7—0	Pimps	18—0
Captain Half Pay	1—0	Poets	2—0
Catch Poles	23—½	Popes	4—0
Commiſſioners	4—0	Prieſts	365—0
Corn-cutters	1—0	Sheriffs and Under-Sheriffs	6—0
Counteſſes	2—0	Surgeons	2—0
Devils	40—0	Viſcounteſs	1—0
Doctors of Law	1—0	Vintners	2—0
Drapers	1—0	Wine Merchants	4—0
Eſquires	10—0		
Farriers	5—0		
Grooms	10—0	In all — Males	667
Generals	5—0	Females	14
Grenadier-Centinel	1—0		
Jaylors	1—0	Total of the Slain	681

N. B. Several Perſons in the above Liſt were killed by Miſtake, others after they were dead: And ſome few, who found the means of being reconciled to the old Knight, were ſuffered to live again, and paſs the reſt of their Days unmoleſted. Particularly a tall Keeper called *Halpen*, or *Halfpenny*, after he had been killed or mortally wounded a hundred and ten Times, grew into ſuch Favour with our Hero, that he preferred him to a Place of Truſt and Profit within his Juriſdiction.

N. B. In this Liſt are not reckoned the Knight's Domeſtick Servants, who were ſlain for every trifling Offence, without regard to Sex, or Age.

Quære. Whether the Doctor of Law, and the two Poets ſhould not be included in the Article of Devils!

(If the Knight's at a Loſs, *Vol* unfolds the Affair,
Ever ready, when Seconds are wanting, to SWEAR.)
And he added, —— " Hard Fate! that ſo gallant a
Mind 265
" Should be thus to a vile Habitation confin'd.
" How Heroic his Thoughts, tho' his Figure is mean!
" How his Spirit would ſhine, if it could but be ſeen!

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 263. *If the Knight's at a Loſs,* Vol *&c.*

Res nodoſas explicare
Vol paratus, ac jurare
Vera, falſa, quot & quæ ſint,
Teſtes ſi famoſi deſint.

Among all the Inhabitants of this Iſland, no one was more unjuſt in his Dealings than the Knight. He never paid his Debts or performed his Contracts but by Compulſion. He never acknowledged the Receipt of Monies, but even denied his own Signature, if produced againſt him. When he ſold or mortgaged his Lands or Houſes, he would endeavour afterwards to make void the Deeds ſigned, by affirming they were only in Truſt for himſelf; or that he had been impoſed on and cheated, for he never would remember what he had ſigned and ſealed. In all theſe infamous Retractations *Vol* was his faithful Confederate, and never ſcrupled to invent Circumſtances, and atteſt them publickly, if by ſuch a Method he could be ſerviceable to his Brother's Cauſe. This is what the Poet inſinuates here: But I ſhall have Occaſion to enlarge on this Subject in another Place.

Ver. 268. *How his Spirit would ſhine,* &c.

Qualis ſplendor, gratia qualis,
Si *Martialis*, immortalis
Spiritus jam compareret!
Qualis vis, ſi quid a-geret!
Si quid agat, quis videret!

Our Author ſeems to have taken this Hint from an Epiſtle to Sir *Mars*, written in the Name of *Vol*, and in the old *Iriſh* Language, by *Benedict Mulhollan* a Druid of *Wicklew*, which was publiſhed a little before Mr. *Scheffer*'s Poem. I have here tranſlated the Beginning of that Epiſtle, to give the *Engliſh* Reader a Specimen of *Mulhollan*'s Manner. I intend ſhortly to tranſlate the whole; as alſo ſome other Pieces of this eminent *Druid*, to do farther Honour to Mr. *Scheffer*'s Heroes.

Vol to the Chevalier *Mars* S. D.

Knight, here are ſaucy Gypſies, who divine,
Our Wealth and Paſſions by a ſingle Line;
Thus they foretel your Courage by your Mien,
And counſel Mars *to combat* Harlequin.
Me, undiſcerning, too the Jades uncaſe,
And ſwear my Soul is blacker than my Face.
But well I ken, your Mind, Æthereal Spark,
Like heart of Oak's inclos'd in wrinkled Bark.
As you perceive my inward Man to ſhine:
Foul Bottles thus contain the brighteſt Wine

" His Aſſaſſins thus hide in dark Lanterns their Light:
" Thus his Scabbard, tho' ruſty; his Sword, it is bright.
" But be juſt, O ye Gods! Let his Talents be known;
" And the Conqueſts he makes, when the Chieftain's alone!
" Let his MENTAL Atchievements, which *Quixot*'s ſurpaſs,
" Or be writ in Gold Letters, or graven on Braſs!
" Or to me lend thy Pipe, and Poetical Power;
" And an *Iliad* I'll frame —— with the Acts of one Hour.
" While my Works in full Brightneſs his SPIRIT produce;
" Tho' you fancy at preſent 'tis fit for no Uſe:
" As you ſee me extract a bright Flame from a Flint,
" When perhaps not a Spark to your thinking is in't.
" Well, O *Vol*, haſt thou ſpoke, ſaid *Apollo*, and ſmil'd:
" Yet be not by falſe Fire, or thy Genius beguil'd!
" Nor can I tune thy Voice, or inſtruct thee to play:
" For attempting to chaunt, I'm afraid, thou would'ſt bray.
" If an *Iliad* you want, and are truly inclin'd
" To extol the bold Knight, and to image his Mind;

" Go addreſs the great Bard, whom I've choſen to ſing;
" To exalt Men of Merit, but flatter no King.
" *Lilliputians* who feign'd, pretty Pygmy Dwarf People;
" And the *Brob-dig-nag* Giants built high as a Steeple. 290

NOTES AND OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 287. *Go addreſs the great Bard*, &c.

Hunc orate (juvent te Dî)
Artem carminis cui dedi;
Bonos ſolers qui cantare,
Neſcit Reges adulare.
Lilliputiæ fingit bellum
Qui *pigmæulum* popellum:
Condit *Brobdignag-giantes*
Gigantiſſimos gigantes
Turrium inſtar. *Haud nefarii*
Terrent minæ Juſticiarii
Nec quid verba, quæ Rex dedit;
Et *Salmonei* fulmen cedit
Tuo Vates: Suum te ſens-
it hæc Urbs præſidium præſens.
O quâm dignè, ſed jocoſe,
Res non geſtas, animoſe,
Dicas, quas excogitavit,
Et, quàm fortiter pugnavit
Mens *Mavortis*; *qui ſit*, *quâ fit*.

The Poet here alludes to an Attempt that was made about the Year 1723, by one *Wood* and his Accomplices, to impoſe an unlimited Coinage of baſe Halfpence upon this Kingdom; by which means they would in a little Time have infallibly drawn all the Gold and Silver Species out of the Country. This iniquitous Project was defeated chiefly by ſome excellent Papers called *The Drapier's Letters*, which were wrote by Dr. *S——t* Dean of St. *P——*'s; than whom no Country can boaſt a truer Patriot, nor any Age a greater Genius.

Et *Salmonei* fulmen cedit.

Salmoneus was King of *Elis*, a Province in the *Peloponneſus*, now called *Belvidere*. He was ſo preſumptuous that he affected to be thought a God; and to this End he built a Brazen Bridge over his Capital City, upon which he uſed to drive his Chariot, that he might imitate the Thunderer by the Sound and Noiſe. *Jupiter*, provoked at his Impiety, ſtruck him dead with a real Thunderbolt. This Alluſion our Author has borrowed from the following Epigram quoted by *Tir. Oen.*

Mentiturque Jovem & fingit Salmoneus arma:
Sic quoque Woodus *inops intonat Ære ſuo.*
Ecce ruit Moles! Quid non facundia vincit!
Juppiter hoc potuit fulmine, voce Maro.

1.
Salmon *for a* Jove *would paſs*;
Forg'd his Arms and feign'd his Voice.
Silly Wood *thus ſtrikes his Braſs,*
And alarms us with the Noiſe.

2
Lo the Fabrick falls aſunder!
Who would Eloquence provoke?
Jove *was forc'd to uſe his Thunder:*
But our Maro *only ſpoke.*

" Who

" Who repell'd the Braſs Thunder, by darting his own;
" And, deſtroying *Salmoneus*, preſerv'd the poor Town.
" How facetious he'll tell the great Deeds, you have thought; *To* Mars.
" And the Battles record, which your Fancy has fought!"
Ceas'd the God. — When, in Accents uncouth, Chevalier
Thus proceeds — and *Apollo* has Patience to hear. —
" This Miſhap being paſt, I retreat to my Houſe
" Much abaſh'd, and ſore dreading the Taunts of my Spouſe:
" But how great my Surpriſe, when I mark'd the Alarm,
" And the Footmen, and Women preparing to arm!
" When the Dame thus begun, looking piteous and ſighing,
" (Nor ſhe ſeem'd to grieve more, when her Monkey was dying)
" How uncertain is War, and how vain are our Cares!
" How the Fates have inverted all human Affairs!
" Since a ſaucy raw Squire may inſult a good Knight;
" And a Col'nel be cudgel'd, and Jockeys dare fight.

" Yet

" Yet 'tis ſome Conſolation, and leſſens my Pain,
" That you only were drubb'd — For you might have been ſlain.
" Then be cheary, my *Mars!* Be aſſur'd, at my ſuit
" That their *High Excellencies* ſhall end the Diſpute;
" If you look not too fierce, or unaptly inter-
" Mix a martial long Speech —— and refuſe to REFER.
" But as Cudgels are wont to change mortal Condition;
" I adviſe, 'tis expedient to ſell your Commiſſion.
" Go, and feign a Diſguſt, well diſſembling your Fears,
" That *Cadogan* and *Temple* are made Brigadeers.

" Quit

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 311. *If you look not too fierce*, &c.

Torvus vultum ſi exu-as;
Si REFERRE non abnu-as;
Vanos miſceas nec ſermones
Tuo more, nec perſones
Aures noſtros. *Non* DON *es.*

Myra here alludes to a remarkable Speech made by her Husband when he was a Member of the Houſe of Commons; where, on a Motion for a *Conference* with the Lords, he roſe up and with great Warmth inveighed againſt all *References*; declaring, That he never knew any Good proceed from a *Reference*; and that all great Bodies, as well as private Perſons, ought to determine their Differences in a more Gentleman like manner. *Tir-Oen* excuſes this Blunder or *Lapſus* (as he terms it) and thinks, it ſhould not have expoſed our Hero to ſo much Ridicule, conſidering the Analogy between a *Reference* and *Conference*; and that every *Reference* neceſſarily implies one *Conference* at leaſt.

It will be proper in this Place to obſerve, that *Myra*, by her Addreſs and Application, prevailed with the Lords Juſtices to order Mr. *Bellew* into Cuſtody, till he had given his Honour not to drub the Knight any more.

Ver. 316. *That* Cadogan *and* Temple *&c.*

Annon tibi verba data,
Templi virtus cum prælata
Tuæ? Tuis *Cadoganni*,
Junior qui ſit, ars & anni?

Our Author means the late Lord *Cadogan*

" Quit the Army in Ire, where you have not your Right:
" As *Achilles* be ſtout, and reſolve —not to fight.—
" Thus ſhe guileful beſpoke me.— Again I believ'd,
" Tho' ſo oft by a Semblance of Kindneſs deceiv'd.
" Then the Staff of my Age and my Office I ſold;
" And reſign'd my laſt Stake, but my Wife ſeiz'd the Gold;
" Which one Winter conſum'd, ſcarce ſupplying her Wants,
" To retain learned *Pandars*, and purchaſe Gallants;
" To adorn her for Birth-Nights, and furniſh for Play;
" While I could not obtain her own Grenadier's Pay.
" Now

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

dogan and the preſent Lord *Cobham*, two great and gallant Officers, who were in every Action during the laſt War in *Flanders*, while our Hero was ſighing at the Feet of *Myra*, or fighting Battles in his own Parlour.

Ver. 321. *Now the Staff* &c.
Splendidoque nunc Bacillo
Viduus *Prætoriano* illo.

The Silver Staff, which a Colonel of the Guards carries when he is in waiting at Court.

Ver. 326. *While I could not obtain* &c.
Nec ſtipendium mihi tantul',
Ipſe meruiſti quantul',
O *Pileate*, O nervoſe
Miles, tu libidinoſæ
Amor & deliciæ Anûs:
An ex illâ abis ſanus?

Mr. *Scheffer* here alludes to our Heroine's well known Amour with a common Soldier; as thus related by *Tir-Oen*. Myra, *as ſhe went into the Caſtle one Evening, fell in Love with a tall Grenadier, who ſtood Centinel at the Gate. The force of this new Paſſion was ſo ſudden and violent, that having diſmiſſed her Attendants, ſhe made no Scruple of ſtepping into the Centry Box for immediate Relief*; Ne tentigine rumpatur. *She afterwards allowed the good Soldier a weekly Penſion; till his Strength failing him, he became unfit for her Ladyſhip's Service:* Or according

" Now forlorn and deſpis'd, when I had not a Friend,
" Who my Signet would truſt, or a Moidore would lend;
" Brother *Vol*, (who has Skill to diverſify Shapes,
" Nor ſo wily is *Proteus*, or boaſts ſuch Eſcapes, 330
" Who

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

ing to *Wetſtein*, *Cùm libidine* Miræ *fatigatus receſſerit ſtipendio militari contentus.* This is the ſame Perſon, who in the third Book is called *Bombardomachides*. The Hiſtory of this Adventure is carefully preſerved in the Archives of the *Dublin* Barracks: And the Centry Box, now called the Temple of *Myra*, is ſhewn to all Strangers.

Ver. 327. *Now forlorn and deſpis'd* &c.

Pannos meos jam comedi:
Nec quis mî auxilio; ne Dî.
Nè vel aſſem mutuum dedit,
Nec per Syngrapham quis credit.
Ah! infelix Scheffer, *iſti*
Tute malè credidiſti.

That is, *How unhappy waſt thou, O* Scheffer, *to truſt this Knight, when no body elſe would truſt him.* I could not well tranſlate this Soliloquy without interrupting Sir *Mars* in his Speech. But I muſt deſire the Reader to remark it: For, as *Tir-Oen* aſſures us, *it ſerves to explain a great Part of the ſecret Hiſtory contained in this Poem.*

Ver. 329. *Brother* Vol, *&c.*

Vol Fraterrimus, qui catus
Cunctos fallere; mutatus
Nunc in novas formas; nunc
Hunc mentitus, atque hunc:
Hoc mentitus, atque hoc;
Et iſtunce, & iſtoc.
Modo *Vol Conſtabularius*,
Capitaneus, *Theſaurarius*,
Omnia magna elo-quitur;
Cœnam regibus largitur.
Jam *Cuniculus* carbones
Vol effodit: jam baronis
Tument buccæ *Vitriarii*.
Jam impurior os nefarii
Teſtis pejerat impunè:
Proteu, ſic impunè tune?
An effugias vinc'la Deus,
Quæ callidior iſte reus?

Proteus the Son of *Neptune* was the Keeper or Conſtable of the Sea. He could transform himſelf into any Shape he pleaſed; by which means he eſcaped his Purſuers. See *Ovid. Met. Lib.* 8. Some Mythologiſts make *Proteus* a cunning Politician, who deceived the People, and enriched himſelf with the Plunder of his Country.

Horace beſtows this Name on a crafty knaviſh Debtor, who could not be bound by any Obligations, or ſecured by the Hand of Juſtice.

Scribe decem a Nerio: non eſt ſatis: adde Cicutæ
Nodoſi tabulas centum; mille adde catenas:
Effugiet tamen hæc ſceleratus vincula Proteus.
Cum rapies in jus malis ridentem alienis,
Fiet aper, modo avis, modo ſaxum, & cum volet, arbor.

" Who a Conſtable, Captain, or Treaſurer ſhines,
" Or deſcends to blow Glaſs, or to delve in Coal Mines;
" Thus Uncol'nell'd, inſtructs me, to act a new Part,
" To pretend, I had learnt Cynogetical Art.
" And behold my Succeſs! where ſo groſs an Affront
" I had whilom receiv'd, I commenc'd the Chief Hunt.
" Well I wot, that above ye are moſt of Opinion,
" That we ought, who have over all Beaſts the Dominion,
" Or to hunt the wild Boar, or to rouſe the fierce Lion;
" But to leave fearful Bucks to the Handmaids of *Dian.*
" Yet the Youth of *Ierne* the Ranger revere,
" Who alone is intruſted to kill Royal Deer;
" Ever praiſing my Hounds: Nor a Pack of more ſpeed
" Or thy *Gratius* has ſung, or *Britannia* can breed.

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Bind him in Bonds: Or let the Knave confeſs
A Judgment: Yet the Debt ſhall ne'er be leſs.
Send him to Jayl: the next Day he eſcapes,
And ſneers his Creditors in various Shapes.
Now he's a Boar, a Crab Tree, or a Clod,
Anon a Collier, Captain, *or a* God.

I forgot to mention before, that *Vol* was ſome time Conſtable of *Dublin* Caſtle.

Ver. 344. *Or thy* Gratius *has ſung,* &c.

Tuus Gratius quos cantavit,
Seu Britannia generavit.

Gratius was an excellent Poet of the *Auguſtan* Age, and contemporary with *Virgil* and *Ovid.* He wrote a Poem upon Hunting called *Cynogeticon.* *Ovid* in the laſt Elegy of his fourth Book *de Ponto,* where he regiſters the Wits of his Age, ranks this Author with *Virgil.*

Tytirus antiquas & erat qui paſceret herbas;
Aptaque Venanti Gratius *arma daret.*

" Dogs

" Dogs, you know, in my Glory were ſacred to *Mars*;
" And are now the good Creatures, I chuſe for Converſe.
" Be recorded my Pets, all ye Nations Canine!
" Be your Manners, and Genius' the Emblems of mine!"
Here the Ranger concluded, and ſeem'd to wax wroth;
Mutter'd ſomething, and trembling, turn'd white as the Cloth.
When *Apollo* rejoin'd.—(But the God firſt knock'd under;
And the Table reſounded, as if it were Thunder.)
" Lo!

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 345. *Dogs, you know*, &c.

Nonne populos caninos,
Uſque coluêre qui nos,
Cum cœlicolus fuiſſem,
Noſtri gregis tùm ſcripſiſſem?
Exulantis idem Dei
Socii, *Petti* audiant mei;
Queis ingenium, mens *Martialis*,
Feri mores, mihi quales.

It was uſual for the *Pagan* Gods to ſelect and conſecrate to themſelves ſome particular Beaſts and Birds (whoſe Qualities and Manners (as they conceived) nearly reſembled their own; which were therefore judged to be proper Symbols and Hieroglyphicks of the Divinity, by whoſe Favour they were thus diſtinguiſhed. *Dogs* and *Wolves* were ſacred to *Mars*, and are generally honoured by the old Poets with the Title of *Martii* and *Martiales*. We need only conſult *Homer* to be informed what Analogy and Similitude of Manners there was between the Warrior and his Beaſts.

Petti, *Pets*, a Word uſed in this Country to ſignify any Creatures that are our Favourites; ſuch as *Monkeys*, *Dogs*, *Parrots*. 'Tis probably derived from the *French Petit*.

Ver. 349. *Here the Ranger* &c.

Jam finierat Venator:
Cùm, ut ſolet, iraſcatur.
Quidpiam muſſat; exſanguiſque
Olli facies, ſimiliſque,
Menſæ queis inſtratæ, mappis;
Aut (*nè rythmus deſit*) *pappis*.

Pallidus irâ; (ſays *Tir-Oen*,) *He was pale with Anger*. For Sir *Mars* always ſpoke in a Paſſion, although the Subject Matter of Converſation was jocoſe and trifling, and did not in the leaſt relate to himſelf.

Pappis. The Down or Flower of a Thiſtle.

—— *Pappoſque volantes*. Lucret.

Ver. 351. — *But the God firſt knock'd under*.

Subternaque, ter pulſante
Phœbo, quaſi fulminante,
Menſa ſonuit quaſſata:
Turpi *Mirâ* recantata.

When a controverted Point was yielded up

" Lo! I give up my Toast; and enough has been ſaid,
" To convince me, your Conſort's unworthy your Bed:
" I confeſs, I was dup'd by *George G—n—lle*'s Report;
" Yet the Dame you deſcribe, made a Figure at Court:
" In the Circle no Belle was ſo Gorgeous, and Gay;
" And, by Wax Light, ſhe ſeem'd neither Wrinkled, nor Grey.
" Long ago we had heard your unmartial Exploit:
" But the Cauſe was unknown, why you're thus unadroit.
" I'm amaz'd the good Maid, rather apt to careſs,
" Than inſult an old Friend — or a Foe in Diſtreſs,
" Should a Stripling incite (horrid Deed!) to cudg-el you:
" If he is not a *Greek*, how could ſhe know *Jack Bellew*?
" But hereafter be ſafe; eat and drink, live at Eaſe;
" And in ſpite of *Minerva*, act juſt as you pleaſe:
" While

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

up to the Knight, which was frequently done, in order to put a Stop to his Noiſe and Clamour, he obliged his Opponent to knock under the Table in Token of Submiſſion and Recantation. Hence it became a Proverb in the Provinces of *Leinſter* and *Ulſter*, — *I knock under*; that is, I give up the Argument.

Ver. 361. *I'm amaz'd, the good Maid,* &c.

Virginemque benevo-lam
Miror adverſari ſolam.

By the *good Maid* he means *Pallas*, whom he ſeems to juſtify, inſinuating the great Improbability of her aſſiſting Mr. *Bellew*, ſince he was not a *Greek*, and conſequently unknown to her.

Ver. 365. *But hereafter be ſafe!* &c.

" While the Man-making Knave I reward for his Pains;
" For I'll ſend him a Vulture, and lay him in Chains.
" As for hunting the Buck, which you ſo much delight in,
" Tho' I think it low Game —— yet 'tis better than fighting.
" But to make more important your Office of Ranger;
" And ſo bold ſince you ride, that you mayn't ride in Danger;
" I'll prevail on Lord *John* to ſalute you at Court,
" And I'll order my Siſter to favour your Sport."
The Debate was thus ended: New Toasts went about,
Till the Wine taſted flat, and their Wit was all out.

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Poſthæc gratior eat Dies:
Benè paſtus, potus ſies;
Dum Minervâ inco-lumis
Vel invitâ facies, ſumes,
Quicquid vis tu, quicquid quis tu;
Et hìc ſis tu, quicquid vis tu.

' This is a double *Entendre*. And *Phœbus* ſneers the Knight, while he ſeems to comfort him. To act in Oppoſition to *Minerva* was a Proverb among the *Romans*, alluding to thoſe who undertook a Buſineſs, which they were neither formed by Nature, or qualified by their Education to perform.

Tu nihil invitâ dices faciesve Minervâ. Hor.

Ver. 368. *For I'll ſend him a Vulture*, &c.

Nebulonem hunc conjiciam
In vin-cula rurſus: bis-iam
Pectus paſcat Prometheum
Jovis ales. *Sic in Deum*
Malè audet? Quis non Reum!

The Poets feign, that *Jupiter* reſenting the Actions of *Prometheus* ordered *Mercury* to chain him to Mount *Caucaſus*, where a *Vulture* or *Eagle* came every Day and eat up his Liver, which grew again every Night. He was at laſt delivered by *Hercules*, who ſhot the Eagle with one of his Arrows.

Quis non reum? i. e. quis non iſtum Prometheum reum coarguit?

Mars

Mars began an old Tale of a little *Welch* Queen;
Of a Battle and Siege, which he never had ſeen:
Like a *Tully* he'd ſpeech it!— like *Phœbus* he'd ſing!—
And the World ſhall be mended —— when he is a
King! —— 380
Vol, who likewiſe was tipſy, talk'd out of his Trade;
Of the Vows, and the Cures, and the Horns he had made:
He'd

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 377. Mars *began an old* &c.
Nunc anilem *Mars* fabellam
Garrit; Regis *Ap* fæmellam
Laudat; clamat; *modo mingit*;
Obſidiones, bella fingit;
Marcum ſuperat dicendo;
Phœbum ſuperat canendo;
Orbem moribus ornaret,
Regnum ſiquis ſibi daret.

I will praiſe the great God Mars, *for of all*
Gods he's moſt worthy to be prais'd.
And I'll ſing Deeds ſo mighty, as ſhall cauſe
ev'ry Reader to ſtand amaz'd.
I'll relate, how he was much ſtouter than
Horſa, *who firſt landed in* Kent;
And how he made better Speeches than any
Member of Parliament.
How that he cou'd have a Counteſs or twain,
when his Honour inclin'd to kiſs:
And that he cou'd write better Verſes than
Homer: *for he himſelf wrote This.*

Sir *Mars* was a great Braggadocio, even when ſober; as remarked above, Ver. 183. But when a little mellow, which happened generally once a Day, he was outragious in his Converſation; and would exalt himſelf far above all other Gods or Men. At ſuch times, he was fully perſuaded, that he excelled, not only in Arms, but in all Arts and Sciences. *Tir-Oen* ſays, that he had peruſed a large Folio written by our Hero, entituled, *The Commentaries of Sir* Mars, *or the Hiſtory of his own Times*, which afforded him no ſmall Diverſion. And ſince I began this Tranſlation, I have ſeen the Firſt Book of a Poem compoſed by our Knight in praiſe of himſelf, which he calls the *Martiad*. I remember the firſt ſix Verſes, as follow.

It plainly appears from this *Exordium* of the *Martiad*, that our Hero deſpiſed *Apollo*'s Advice, and that he thought no Perſon ſo capable of writing his own Panegyrick as himſelf.

Ver. 381. Vol, *who likewiſe was tipſy*, &c.
Incudemque jam *Volcanus*
Ultra ſapit, Bacchi Anus:
Quæ effutit, omnia, vovit;
Mœchus, medicus quæ novit:
Mox martello cryſtallina
Faciet, pocula divina!
Dum fœcundant (olim ſeges
Erit) aſinarum greges

Newton

He'd invent a new Cryſtal! and hammer his Glaſſes!
And his Mountains improve by a Stock of She Aſſes!——
Phœbus here, looking out, feign'd a ſudden Sur-
priſe.—— 385
"Oh! my Friends, ſee the *Phoſphor* juſt ready to riſe:
"Tho'

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Newton montem, prata *P——t*.
Hoecin' illi nomen? Bat.

While *Vol* was ſober, he was ſecret and ſilent. But when tipſy, he would blab out every thing he knew. He then made Vows of Vengeance; preſcribed Cures for the Gout; bragg'd of his Intrigues with Women of Quality; and projected a thouſand extraordinary Whims. In one of theſe Fits he publiſhed that pompous Advertiſement recited by *Tir-Oen*; in which our Bottle-maker undertakes to produce a Sort of Glaſs, that ſhould be equal to Cryſtal; and declares, that he had recovered the Art of making it malleable. *Vitrea Vaſa facturus tenacitatis tantæ, ut ſi in Pavimentum maximo impetu projiciantur, colliſa forent, at non fracta,* ſays *Tir-Oen*. *That he would make Glaſs Veſſels of ſuch Solidity, that although they ſhould be thrown upon a Stone Pavement with the greateſt Force, they would be only bruiſed, but not broken.* This extravagant Boaſt raiſed the Expectation of all People; and we hoped to ſee Rivers of Gold flow into our Country, in conſequence of ſuch an uſeful Invention: When ſome malevolent Dæmon viſited poor *Vol*'s Glaſs-Houſe, and in one Night extinguiſhed his Fires, broke his Pots, Pans, *&c.* and diſperſed his whole Train of Workmen and Confederates. It is an Opinion commonly received in the Provinces of *Munſter* and *Connaght*, that this Deſtruction of the Glaſs-Houſe was wrought by the Incantations of *Myra*, who imagined the *Volcanos* of *Vol* to reſemble *Purgatory*; the Thoughts of which always made the Sorcereſs tremble. But this I take to be a Monkiſh Fable. The moſt probable Account is the following, which I have lately received from my worthy Friend the learned Dr. *Lewis Anthony Oneil*;— *Civibus quibuſdam facta Dublinenſis Volcani propius explorantibus facilè innotuit Veteratorem iſtum omnia moliri & magna loqui ad captandum Populum. Quapropter extinctis ſubitò ignibus, occluſiſque fornacibus Cyclopas omnes vitriarios expellere ſtatuerunt. Some of our Citizens, who more nearly inſpected* Vol's *Conduct, diſcovered all his Tricks; and plainly perceived, that he had no other Intention than to amuſe and deceive the People. Wherefore, they immediately reſolved to ſhut up the Glaſs-Houſe, and drive away all the Bottle-Makers.*

Aſinarum Greges. *Vol* had a Mountain Farm called *Newtown P.* which he ſtocked with She Aſſes; and was the firſt who taught that Method of improving Lands in *Ireland*.

Ver. 386. *Oh! my Friends, ſee the* Phoſphor, *&c.*

Sic, amici, ſi potemus,
Tango-menas faciemus.
Ecce (ſigna novi) Phoſphorus jam ortus erit noſter.

Prodromus

" Tho' I'm tipling with you ſo remote in the Weſt,
" I muſt ſet out exactly at Six from the Eaſt:
" And beſides —— I have promis'd to call by the Way,
" With the Muſes to chat, ere I open the Day.
So the God took his Leave, flying ſtrait to *Parnaſſus*;
To the Lodge drove Sir *Mars*, and *Vol* trudg'd to his Glaſs-Houſe.

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Prodromus quid me abſente?
Ego quid in occidente,
Cùm ad ſextam ab oriente?

Phoſphorus is the Morning Star, which riſes juſt before the Sun. *Phoſphore redde diem.* Martial.

Tangomenas facere, is *to make a Debauch*, or *to drink till Day Light*. Pet. Arb.

Ver. 391. *So the God took his Leave*, &c.

Deus vale dicens deſiit;
Fugit, ac Parnaſſum petiit:
Ædes ſuas *Mars* Equeſter,
Fornacemque *Vol* Pedeſter.

Ædes ſuas. —— To his Lodge in the *Phœnix* Park near *Dublin*, where Sir *Mars* then lived.

Vol *Pedeſter.* —— *Vol* after his Bankruptcy affected great Humility, and all outward Marks of Poverty: He appeared meanly clad; he pretended to feed on Roots and other Vegetables; and generally walked the Streets, even in the midſt of Winter. Thus *Tir-Oen*, *Claudicat licet Vol, pedibus tamen ſe portat ſuis, pluviarum incurſus & brumalis frigoris patiens.*— And then he quotes the following Lines out of that famous Ode ſaid to be written by *Trulla*, the Mud-Nymph, in Praiſe of *Vol*, with which my Countryman concludes the ſecond Chapter of his Commentary.

Sexageſimum agens, atque opulentior
Craſſo, nunc Vitreus ſe patitur vafer
Uri, nunc Luteus ſub Jove frigido
Eblanæ peragrat loca.

Crafty Vol, *tho' waxen old,*
And as rich as Conſul Craſſus,
Foots it now in Wet and cold,
Now is frying in a Glaſs-Houſe.

THE

THE
TOAST.
BOOK THE THIRD.

Indicio SOLIS — *Quis* SOLEM *fallere poſſit ?* Ovid.

Γυνὴ μετὰ γυναικὸς ὡς Ἀνὴρ ἀνδρογύνες ἔρωτας ἀσχημονοῦσα. Lucian.

Apollo *ſubveni mihi atque adjuva* ;
Confige ſagittis Fures Theſaurarios. Plaut. Aululár.

BOOK THE THIRD

THE SAGA

THE

TOAST.

BOOK THE THIRD.

MIGHTY Goddeſs, who whilom thro' *Hudibras* ſpoke,
You, who taught Frier *Ihon*, and *Pança* to joke;
To

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 1. *Mighty Goddeſs*, &c.
Quæ formâſti *Hudibras*,
Magna Dea; tu, quæ das
Riſus, Atticoſque ſales,
Habet IHON, PANÇA quales,
(*Armiger Armigerorum*,
Monachuſque Monachorum)
Eja age, verſus unde-
libet joculares funde.
Nec in te ſit ulla mora;
Nec exorſa longiora;
Nec nos, Dea per ambages,
Ut ut opus majus magis,
Ficto carmine teneto:
Veſtro vati O faveto!
Monti-colæ mî favete
Muſæ omnes! exhibete
Phœbi turpem —*tiſſam* anum,
Et *Vol* Theſaurarium planum.

The chief Action of the Poem begins with this third Book, the firſt and ſecond being little more than an Introduction.

Phœbi turpem —*tiſſam* anum.

The Commentators are at a loſs how to explain this Verſe. They all imagine that *tiſſam* is an Error of the Preſs. *Tir-Oen* therefore reads it *miſſam*, and underſtands it, as it is uſed by *Suetonius* in this Phraſe, *miſſam facere uxorem*, that is, the old Toaſt, whom *Phœbus* repudiated or recanted. Mr. *Cuper* thinks it ought to be *ſciſſam anum*, the old Woman, who is rent and torn, or as we commonly ſay, pulled to Pieces — by *Scheffer*'s Satire. Or by *ſciſſam anum*, ſays the ſame Commentator, may be underſtood the Wrinkles and Furrows in old *Myra*'s Face, in the ſame Senſe as we uſe *ſcindere humum*. Mr. *Wetſtein*, who does not approve theſe Interpretations, will have it to be *fiſſam anum*; and is of Opinion, that it

To my Cottage repair, and my Carol renew:
Let the Prelude be ſhort, and the Story be true:
Let me borrow your Spirit to dight the old Toast,
And advance a foul Kern to a Treaſurer's Poſt.
Half remains yet unſung, and I grieve 'twas delay'd:
'Tis a Tribute I owe, and the Debt muſt be paid.
O! do thou, moſt redoubtable *Piercy*, attend,
Whilſt a Column I raiſe to thy Miſtreſs and Friend.

Nor

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

was the Fault of the Compoſitor or of the Tranſcriber of the Manuſcript, who not underſtanding *Latin*, read a *(t)* for an *(f)*, which was a very eaſy Miſtake. *Wetſtein* explains *fiſſam anum*, by theſe Lines of *Horace*;

Hietque turpis inter aridas nates
Podex, velut crudæ Bovis.

But with Submiſſion to my learned Brethren they are all wide of the Mark. If they had ſufficiently obſerved the Manner in which ——*tiſſam* is written, with a Daſh before it, they had perceived, that it is only half a Word. I ſupply the Vacancy with *Comi*— and this makes the Senſe very plain.

Ver. 7. *Half remains yet unſung*, &c.

Carmen, rectè cùm moratum,
Cur moratum, dimidiatum?

That is, why was this Poem, in which the Characters are ſo aptly repreſented and expreſſed, divided into two Parts, and the Publication of the ſecond Volume ſo long delayed? *Carmen rectè moratum* in the firſt Line is ſynonymous to *Fabula rectè morata* in *Horace*. The Reader will here obſerve a *luſus verborum*, which, as I have ſaid before, we frequently meet with in this Work. I do not know whether I need add as a farther Explanation of this Paſſage, that the two laſt Books of *Scheffer* were not publiſhed till a Year after the firſt Volume appeared, for which our Author makes an Apology in this expoſtulatory Addreſs to his Muſe.

Ver. 9. *O do thou moſt redoubtable Piercy &c.*

Et tu funge, ferox *Perſeu*,
Haud ut olim ægrè fer, ſeu
Binas ſtatuo tuæ columnas vetulæ & *Vol*;
Seu in te exemplum, Hol.

Mr. *Scheffer* here addreſſes himſelf to a certain tall Captain, who in the Reign of the D. of *D.* was Surveyor General, and was knighted by that Grace. This Man was *Myra*'s chief Agent, and a great Enemy to our Author, whoſe Works he pretended to criticiſe; though he did not underſtand a Word of *Latin*, and had ſo little Skill in Poetry, that in order to judge of the Goodneſs and Propriety of Verſes, he meaſured them with a Maſon's Rule.

He

Nor impatient, as whilom, my Merit deny:
Such a Builder as thou; ſuch a Poet am I.
Tho' a *Goth*, and unbred, and unfaſhion'd by *Vol*;
In our Manners I trow, the Reſemblance is ſmall.
To the Great I ne'er cring'd; nor am dubb'd by his Grace;
Nor betray'd my old Friend to ſucceed to his Place;
Nor the Stranger's Poſſeſſions unjuſtly I ſought;
Nor my Verſe is the Work of another Man's Thought.

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

He aſſerted, that there could not poſſibly be any Wit in a Poem, where the Verſes were all too long or too ſhort.

Hol. i. e. *O Holophanta*, a Word uſed by *Plautus* to ſignify a Knight of the Poſt.

Ver. 16. *Nor betray'd my old Friend* &c.

Me ingratum dixit quis? quis
Me prædonem? ex meis quis
Arte meâ proditur, cùm
Prodidiſſes bonum *Burkum*?

The baſe Manner in which Sir *Piercy* uſed his Friend and Predeceſſor Mr. *Bourke*, is a Story ſo well known in *Dublin*, that I need not enlarge on it in this Place. I ſhall only take leave to ſay, that although our Knight were a Perſon of Intereſt in the Vice-roy's Court, yet he was never held in any great Reputation among Men of Honour. But after he had *perjured* himſelf in the Face of the whole Town (as is related in the following Note) he was deſpiſed and deteſted by his own Friends and Relations.

Ver. 17. *Nor the Stranger's Poſſeſſions* &c.

An quis vates, O *Per-ſeu*,
Fuit, fecit, nunc quod tu?
Eccas falſas lites creas!
Ut cùm ædes *Scheffereas*
Violâſſes, expugnâſſes,
Litigâſſes, *pejerâſſes*.

Our Author here alludes to Sir *Piercy*'s famous Expedition, when at the Head of a Troop of Banditti, armed with Carbines, Piſtols, Hatchets, &c. he forced the Poſſeſſion of Mr. *Scheffer*'s Houſe: And when afterwards this Violence was complained of to the Court of Chancery, our Knight made an Affidavit, that he uſed no Force, but on the contrary, that quiet Poſſeſſion was delivered to him by Mr. *Scheffer*'s Servants. And to corroborate this Oath, and obviate all Difficulties, he ſwore further, that Mr. *Scheffer* himſelf had aſſured him, that he *did not deſire the Poſſeſſion of his own Houſe*.

On occaſion of this heroic Exploit, a young Lad of the College addreſſed a congratulatory Ode, in Imitation of *Horace*, Book I. Ode 6. *To the Chevalier* Piercy, which the Reader will find in the Appendix.

And

And do thou, O Lord *Pam*, thy Anathemas ſpare,
And to ſecond Sir *Piercy*'s rude Inſults forbear:
Nor be mov'd, if I ſtand at thy Elbow next Winter;
Nor endeavour to bribe, or to frighten my Printer:
Nor pronounce me prophane, and my Poem a Libel;
Since Hermaphrodites no where are found in the Bible.
For, unſeemly if thus on a Tribad you fawn,
And unhallow the fair Hierarchical Lawn;

Or

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 19. *And do thou, O Lord* Pam, &c.

Et quid cenſeas, velim, nolim,
Pamme, papa, paſtor olim,
Reverende modo quodam,
Reverende nunc admòdum,
Parciùs dic: ten' adverſari?
Tene *Perſeum* imitari?

The Perſon here intended was a famous B. known through the whole Kingdom by the Name of Lord *Pam*. He was a great Enemy to our Author, and indeed to all Men of Wit and Learning, being himſelf the moſt ignorant as well as the moſt vitious P. of all who had ever been honoured with that Title from the Days of the Apoſtles to this preſent Year of the Chriſtian *Æra*. *He was promoted*, ſays Tir-Oen, *by the Iniquity of the Times, Non tam providentiâ divinâ, quàm temporum iniquitate* **** *E—ſcopus.*

Ver. 21. *Nor be mov'd* &c.

Nec te moveas, quòd impurus
Scheffer jamjam rediturus?
Nec tu noſtro dic, *nè da foras hæc ſcripta* Typo-grapho.

When the ſecond Edition of Mr. *Scheffer*'s Poem was advertiſed, Lord *Pam* ſent for ſeveral Publiſhers and Printers, and endeavoured to prevail on them by Bribes or Threats, not to publiſh or ſell it, beſtowing on our Author at the ſame Time, all thoſe ſcurrilous Appellations, with which his low Education had furniſhed him.

Ver. 25. *For, unſeemly if thus* &c.

Nam, ſi ſagæ fautor tu ſis,
Comes ire nec recuſes
Al nequiſſimæ Tribadi;
(Tibi talia curanda Dî?)
Si dum linteatus, lacer;
Si lacertus ſacer, ſacer;
Si ridendo æſtu effer-
veſcis, latras, rodis *Scheffer*.
[Rodis — latras — an latrare
E—ſcopus? Patriſſare.]
Noſtri ſi nunc vim car-minis
Verbis ruſticis, caninis,
Convitiiſque redar-guis;
Tuo capiti hæc ſuis.
Quid quòd Arch' E—ſcopatum
Tu obtineas, vel Primatum?
Me canente Hiſtrioniam
Facies, dignè facies, quoniam

Con-

Or defame the good Bard, to exalt the black Frow,
In the Language thou learn'ſt from thy Father at Plow;
I'll record thee in Farce: Tho' again thou'rt * tranſlated,
And again, and ſo oft, till your *Pamſhip*'s Primated;
I'll tranſlate thee once more, leſt thy Works ſhould eſcape us,
And create thee High-prieſt of our *Iriſh Priapus*.
HERE, by changing the Scene, now my Fancy grows ſtrong,
O aſſiſt me, my Muſe, to embelliſh my Song!
As a *Sibyl* pronounce, but without Agitation
Of your Body or Mind, SCHEFFER's Vaticination.

For,

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Conſecraſti aſininum
Miræ diræ Priapinum.

Many Perſons have expreſſed their Surprize, that a B. ſhould ſo warmly intereſt himſelf in the Cauſe of two ſuch infamous Creatures, as *Myra* and her Imp. *Quidni autem pergat, quò cœpit* (ſays *Tir-Oen*) *nempè ſervire Veneficæ, cujus incantamentis dignitatem adeptus eſt? Why ſhould not he go on, as he had begun, to ſerve the Sorcereſs, by whoſe Incantations he obtained his Preferment?* The ſame Commentator tells us, that *Myra* had gained to her Party ſome others of the Clergy, by flattering their Ambition, and pretending by the Power, which was given her, that ſhe was at all times able to reward her Favourite with a Mitre. Did not theſe Men believe what a great and witty Author ſaid on another occaſion, *That there is ſome Analogy between* cloven Tongues, and cloven Feet?

Hiſtrioniam facies. This alludes to a Farce, which Mr. *Scheffer* had then begun, and which he has ſince finiſhed. It is written in *Latin*. Lord *Pam* is a principal Perſon of the *Drama*. See Part of the firſt Act in the Notes on the Epiſtle to *Cadenus*.

* Lord PAM hath been twice tranſlated ſince the firſt Edition of this Poem.

Ver. ‡ 33. *Here, by changing*, &c.

Muſa, tanquam ipſa illa
Sis Cumæa tu Sibylla,
Rhythmos ede: digrediare.
Fas ſit mî vaticinari:
Opus queam quî ornare.
Facias, fingas verſus, modos,
Epos magnum, ſeu epodos;
Carmen laudis habeat ſatis,
Si, qui ſcripſit, verè'ſt vates:

For, of Epode or Epic higher rais'd is the Merit,
In the Bard if there breathe a prophetical Spirit.
Nor obſcure be my Numbers: no Cenſure I fear:
'Tis *Apollo*, who whiſpers theſe Truths in my Ear.
When the P——y ſhall loſe all its Splendor and Power,
And a brutal *Beotian* command in the *Tower*;
When the Lords of the Mountains their Forces aſſemble,
And *Britannia*, as ſhook by an Earthquake, ſhall tremble;
When the Drums eccleſiaſtic, unheard in this Age,
Beat to Arms in all Pulpits, and kindle our Rage;

While

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Id ſi gravius, doctius, preſſius,
Is futuri ſi non neſcius.

The old Poets valued themſelves much on the Spirit of Prophecy, with which they pretended to be inſpired:
Eſt Deus in nobis; ſunt et commercia cœli.
Ovid.
Hence they aſſumed a Name (*Vates*) which ſignifies both a Poet and a Prophet.

Ver. ‡ 42. *And a brutal* Beotian &c.

Ex *Bœotiâ* cuſtos is? At
Sanè pol *Hiberniciſſat*.

Ver. ‡ 43. *When the Lords* &c.

Tempus erit, cùm monticolæ
(Hos honore tu om-ni cole)
Cogant ſuos, gaudeant caſtris,
Ducibuſque novis aſtris.
Horum motus quantus! quotus
Enim quiſque horum motus
Non formidet, herclè quales
Terræ motus exitiales?

When I tranſlated this Poem, which I finiſhed and publiſhed in the year 1736, I rejected this Part of it called the Prophecy, which I conſidered as an impertinent Rhapſody, and foreign to my Author's Subject. But, what I then deſpiſed I now admire, and begin to think, Mr. *Scheffer* was really inſpired; ſince I have lived to ſee (in *April* 1746, when I am writing this Note) every Part of this wonderful Prediction fulfilled. I have therefore, after ſo many Years, made it *Engliſh*, and, in this ſecond Edition, I have inſerted the Text and my Verſion in its proper Place.

Ver. ‡ 45. *When the Drums* &c.

Hos, et illos ſacerdotes,
Parvos, magnos tibi notes.
Cavillantur, criminantur,
Scitè pol ſycophantantur.
Preces, iras, diras fundunt,
Tympanaque ſua tundunt.
Fundunt, tundunt, quare? quò? nefariâ ducti ambitione.

In one of our Author's MSS. the two laſt Verſes run thus,

Fundunt, tundunt quur, vir bone?

Malâ

While the Warrior A——p his Province alarms,
And inſtructs Saints and Sinners to handle their Arms,
And impels Knights and Squires, whether ſober or Sots,
To renounce the Fox-chace, and to hunt down the *Scots*;
When unmilitant PEERS by a warlike Cockade,
Or, allur'd by the Gain, ſudden Heroes are made;

When

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Malâ ducti ambitione.

But the various Readings do not alter the Senſe. I ſhall here obſerve, that the Zeal, which the Clergy have manifeſted at this Time, and at all Times, in Defence of the Church of *England*, is very commendable. But, when I meet with any of their Sermons (and I believe there have been lately more than an hundred publiſhed, all in the ſame Strain) filled with Calumnies or low ſcurrilous Invectives, or, what is more nauſeous, ſtuffed with the moſt fulſome Praiſe and groſſeſt Flatteries; I cannot perſuade myſelf, that the Authors of ſuch Diſcourſes are the Miniſters of God: I am ſure their Language is not the Language of the Goſpel of *Chriſt*.

Ver. ‡ 47. *While the Warrior* &c.

Tu es, *Archi*, ô quàm bellus
Concionator, *Colonellus!*
Peditesque convo-cas,
Equitesque hero-as,
Qualis erat *Hudibras*;
Quibus nullæ hærent maculæ,
Sed tres militares caculæ,
Sui cuique. Vulpes (puto,
Brevis mora'ſt) ſint in tuto.
Laudem hi venentur, notos
Hoſtes pol venando *Scotos*.

Tu es, *Archi*, ô quàm bellus
Concionator, *Colonellus!*

Theſe Lines are a juſt Panegyric on the preſent A——p of *Y.* who firſt raiſed that Spirit againſt Popery, which hath ſince ſpread itſelf over all *England*. By his Influence the famous Troop of *Yorkſhire* Fox-hunters was formed; who were invincible Champions all, both Knights and Eſquires; three Eſquires attending on every Knight, as well armed and mounted, as their Maſters. For a full Account of their magnanimous Reſolutions, their perilous Expeditions, Battles, Sieges, Purſuits and Retreats, and all their notable Feats in Chivalry, by which they acquired the Appellation of the *Britiſh* Worthies, I muſt refer the reader to our *Engliſh* Annals.

Ver. ‡ 51. *When unmilitant* Peers &c.

Hic tribunus, et centurio,
Marti aptus, nec Mercurio,
Quo repentè fortis, furio-
ſus ſit, dic, quo, Muſa, modo
Sit militiæ gnarus. Prodo:
En, hôc militari nodo.
Hôccin'? Hic, ſi Pallas nectat,
Tantùm pueros delectat.
Is ad lucrum ſolum ſpectat,
Seu tribunus, ſeu centurio,

When a Group of young TEMPLARS ſhall act a grave Farce,
And bedight Father *Coke* with the Armour of *Mars*;
And the ſtout LEATHER-SELLERS no Perils ſhall ſhun, ‡55
Since *Bellona* has taught'em to ſhoot in a Gun;

When

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Seu vir fiet, ſeu longurio:
Sic, ſi Marti non, Mercurio.

I. e. *Mercurio aptus.* Our Author here foretels the Creation of a Number of Heroes at once in a new and extraordinary Manner; not, as the Fox-hunters, by an A——p's Bleſſing, but by a Charm conſiſting in a Knot of Black Ribands, neatly fixed to the Button-hole of the Hat. It hath been found by frequent Experience, that this Charm, in a Quarter of an Hour, hath inſpired as much Courage and military Skill, as could have been acquired in twenty Campaigns. However, it is not at preſent in ſuch high Reputation, as not being ſo efficacious, as it was formerly, by reaſon of a Counter-charm, lately invented by a *Scotch* Wizard, of the ſame Matter, Shape and Size, but of a different Colour. For the Ribands, which compoſe the Counter-charm, are white, a Colour, which is more eſteemed, and will generally prevail over black. White is the Colour of Mirth, the other of Mourning. White is an Emblem of Virtue and Innocence; the other of Malice and Wickedneſs; and we cannot deſcribe a bad Man in ſtronger Terms, than by ſaying, he has a black Heart, or a black Soul. *Hic niger eſt*; *hunc tu*, Romane, *caveto*. Yet, after all, I have been aſſured by an old Officer, that a Charm hath ſometimes been uſed, which was an artificial Mixture of three Colours, which hath overpowered the white. And this Charm was practiſed by the Ancients; as we may learn from the *Pharmaceutria* of *Virgil*,

Nectle tribus modis ternos, Amarylli, *colores.*

Ver. ‡ 53. *When a Group* &c.

Quum armorum malas artes
Diſcit pater *Cokus:* partes
Ita ſanè aget *Martis*,
Uti ſuo cum faſciculo,
Bombardâque, gladio, ſpiculo,
Omnibus ſit deridiculo.

This Part of our Author's Prediction hath been literally fulfilled. In the Months of *January* and *February* in 1745, I ſaw a valiant Set of Lawyers play the Soldiers, every Morning, in the *Middle-Temple* Hall. They were at laſt ſo perfect in their Parts, that they acted by Beat of Drum, without the Aſſiſtance of any other Prompter.

Ver. ‡ 55. *And the ſtout* Leather-ſellers *&c.*

Hos pellarios timidiores
Leporeque fugaciores
Spectans, dixi, En qui jactant,
Qui virilia arma tractant!
Tu, *Mars*, cave, tormen-ta cui des:
Si quis tamen *Bombomachides*

Forſan

When the City is govern'd by Time-ſerving *H*——,
And the Nation is farm'd by a *G*——*n* and *G*——;

When

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Ver. ‡ 57. *When the* City *&c.*

Hic, qui magnæ urbi præeſt,
Sibi hercle nunquam deeſt,
Numularius ille *H*——.
Numularius ille *G*——
Mihi, tibi, cuique quid ἐὸν
Aurum aufert? Auri *G*——*n*
Pacto quantum vult nefario
Doli architectus pari, ô
Dî, decuſſit ex ærario.
Vafer doli architectus
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In the laſt Lines our Author wiſhes a Puniſhment to the Money-monger, which I think he does not deſerve half ſo much, as thoſe who employed him.

Ver. ‡ 59. *When the* Patriots *are Placemen* &c.

Magnus ille quum ſenator,
Clarus ille quum orator
Nauci, nihili pendantur,
Quòd et emant et emantur,
Quòd corrumpant, corrumpantur.
At, at, nos ingenuatos
Videas nunc collutulatos.
Si queramur; inforamur,
Elinguamur, exculcamur.
Adverſamur? ſuſpendamur.

Is there an honeſt Man in *England*, who is not moſt heartily grieved, when he conſiders, that by a Defection of ſuch a Number of Patriots, that honourable Appellation is now become a Word of Reproach and Contempt? In Truth theſe Gentlemen have done more Hurt to the Cauſe of Liberty, than Sir *R. W—pole*'s long and corrupt Adminiſtration: Since they have convinced us, that (in their Opinion) Virtue is only a Name, and, by the Love of their Country, they never meant any thing but the Love of Money.

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Ver.

When the Patriots are Placemen, the People are Slaves;
When the *P——s* are Kings, and the——s are Knaves; ‡60
When a Youth (this I add, leſt ye fancy, I rage,
As the Prophets, who always dire Evils preſage)
Crown'd with Laurel appears, who, the Deſtinies tell us,
If his Thread they ſhall lengthen, will be a *Marcellus*;
Then expect, in the Senate, where LÆLIUS ſhall ſit, ‡65
For his Virtues rever'd, and renown'd for his Wit,

On

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. ‡ 60. *When the* P——s *are Kings*,
Quum poteſtas penes miros
Siet omnis Duumviros,
Potentiſſimos *P——s*;
Regi qui injiciunt camos.

I am ſomething puzzled how to explain theſe Verſes. Have we ever ſeen a Duumvirate in *England?*

Ver. ‡ 60. —— *and the* ——*s are Knaves.*
En, qui nobis olim cultus,
Fit repentè turpis, ſtultus!
Dumque vocem, vultum mutat,
Suos prodit, grave nutat,
Πολιτεύεσθαι ſe putat.
Quin bovinum fratrem, ellum,
Cui deeſt cerebellum,
Dic—Pol dic utrumque **Schelm.**

Schelm is a *Dutch* Word, a Term of the greateſt Reproach and Ignominy. It has always been applied to thoſe, who have loſt their Honour by betraying their Truſt, their Friends, or their Country; or to ſuch as have deſerted their Colours, and have been guilty of notorious Cowardice in the Day of Battle. Thus Colonel *Appius*, and the other *Dutch* Officers, who ran away at the Battle of *Fountenoy*, were declared **Schelms**; and this was Part of the Sentence of the Court-Martial. Our Author does not here give us the leaſt Hint, againſt whom this Part of his ſatirical Prediction is pointed. He only inſinuates, by the *bovinum fratrem*, that they were two Brothers, who looked like a Pair of huge Oxen. But their *Bovinities* may be well ſatisfied, while they are not diſtinguiſhed by any other Mark.

Ver. ‡ 61. *When* a Youth *&c.*
En, *Marcellus!* annos olli candidius fatum ſi det.
Quo nil majus, melius Sol
Oriens occidenſve videt:
En, Mavortis gladio cinctus,
Lauro triumphali vinctus!

Si quà fata aſpera rumpas,
Tu Marcellus *eris:* Virgil. L. 6.

Ver. ‡ 65. *Where* LÆLIUS *ſhall ſit.*
Ubi *Lælius* meus ſedit,
Ubi ſæpius verba dedit
Suis, nobis, rex *Atrides*;
Aptum doctis ſcamnum vides.

LÆLIUS

On the Bench, for rare Merit deſign'd, ſhall be ſeen
Other PAMS, puff'd in Lawn, but ignoble their Mien;
Who diſdaining, like *H——t*, old Apoſtolic Marks,
Are become ſacred Biſhops, yet never were Clerks. ‡70
How the Goddeſs, who rules the vaſt *Dunciad*, will ſmile,
When ſhe robes with bright Ermin her *M——*, and *L——!*
When, around the old K-— while her Bat-wings are ſpread,
She adorns with a Mitre a Buſto of Lead!

Judge,

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

LÆLIUS is the Name, by which our Author, in all his *Latin* Works, has deſigned the preſent Earl of ORRERY. See his Lordſhip's Character in the *Scamnum*, and in the firſt and ſecond Book of the *Templum Libertatis*. But more particularly in a Preſentation Speech, delivered in the Convocation Houſe in *Oxford*, when this learned Nobleman was admitted to the Degree of Doctor of Laws.

Ver. ‡ 68. *Other* PAMS *&c.*

Eccos alios *Pammos* putres!
Ex his, Muſa, jube tu tres
Prodeant, tumeant tanquam utres.
Perge, Muſa, porrô dic,
Hic, et hic, et alter hic
Non (hoc ſubolfacio) quo modo jam caudex ſit, non homo;
Sed cur (voce omnium utor)
Sit epiſcopus, non ſutor.
Quem ſi forſan quis catholicum,
Nemo ſentiet apoſtolicum.

I have been aſſiſted in my verſion of theſe Lines, as well as of thoſe which follow in the next Note, by my worthy Kinſman Mr. *Andrew M^c^donald*, a Native of the Iſle of *Skye*, who is generally eſteemed to be a gifted or ſecond-ſighted Man.

Ver. ‡ 71. *How the* Goddeſs *&c.*

Ride, gaude, O Moria!
Rideam, gaudeam quare? Quia
Tuum *Johan-nulum* Daff,
Tuum *Johan-nulum* Saph,
Watque, atque *Gilbertinos*
Plumbeos omnes (nôſti, qui nos)
Pallâ, mitrâ ornes tali!
Ornem quali? matronali?
Bombax! Pol epiſcopali.

My Kinſman Mr. *M^c^donald* aſſures me, that Daff, Saph and Wat are the *Gothic* Names of three leaden Statues, which will be honoured here as Peers of the Realm, before the Beginning of the next Century.

Judge, my Friends, of the reſt by the Men I here name,
And believe ev'ry PAM-*Prieſt* in *Britain* the ſame: ‡76
Nor an *Argus* can ſpy in that Caſt any Odds,
Who ſubmit to all Kings, and who worſhip all Gods.
Is a *Hengiſt* our Ruler? the Croſs they abhor,
And begin a *Te Deum* to *Woden* and *Thor*. ‡80
Or ſuppoſe a young *Bacchus* (obſerve, 'tis a Thing,
Which I only ſuppoſe) here receiv'd as a King;
They attend on his Car with *Evohes* and *Hollas*.
Or, is *Mahomet* come? they are *Mufties* and *Mollas*.

Be

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Century. At the ſame Time many other wonderful Things may be expected to happen in this Iſland. How far my *Scotch* Kinſman may ſee into Futurity, or whether his Divinations be juſt, will be proved by many Perſons, who are now born. In the mean time, I think myſelf much obliged to him, by whoſe Help I have made the moſt obſcure Part of *Scheffer*'s Prediction intelligible to an *Engliſh* Reader.

Ver. ‡ 76. *And believe* &c.

Præſul, preſbyterve qui ſit,
Ex *Pammorum* fæce ſi ſit,
Studia ſprevit, ſacra riſit.
Hujus faſciæ omnes quidem
Faciunt, garriunt, ſentiunt idem
Deque Deo, deque te, Rex,
Deque (me immiſceam) me Rex;
Volunt ſed, tu velis quæ, Rex.

Hujus faſciæ, of this Bundle, or Bench, or Bunch, or Caſt, or Tribe. *Petron.*

Ver. ‡ 79. *Is a* Hengiſt *our* &c.

Nobis ſi *Hengiſta* dux ſit;
Pammis odio *Chriſti* crux ſit:
Rhythmicam incipiunt oden,
Celebrantque *Thor*, et *Woden*.

Hengiſt and *Horſa* were the firſt *Saxons*, who ſettled in *England*. *Woden* and *Thor* were two of their principal Deities; who ſtill retain ſo much Honour among us, that two Days of the Week are conſecrated to their Names.

Ver. ‡ 81. *Or ſuppoſe* &c.

Adſit *Bacchus:* Regem puta.
Puta: Eſt oratio tuta.
Regem quem cognoſcunt, amant,
Eum Deum *Pammi* clamant.
Evohe! titubantque pedes:
Evohe! Gaudia quæ, *Bacche*, des!
Quid ſi veniat *Mahumedes?*
Thyrſos ponunt & corollas:
Pammi fiunt *Muftis*, *Mollahs*.

Evohe!

Be a *Pharaoh* the Lord of the *Britiſh* Dominions: ‡85
Lo! the PAMS offer Incenſe to Oxen and Onions.
Or, imagine a *Tartar* poſſeſs'd of the Throne;
See 'em croud to a Pagod, and worſhip a Stone!
Nor accuſe, ye great Prieſts, my oracular Rhymes:
Nor alledge, that all Craftſmen conform to the Times: ‡90
Nor inſiſt, thro' all Changes this Merit you've gain'd;
When your Gods have been falſe, all your Prayers have been feign'd.
I contend, (and I borrow my Logic from *Paul*)
If ye honour one Idol, ye honour 'em all.

And

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Evohe! Evan! Acclamations, which were often repeated by the Prieſt of *Bacchus*, when they celebrated his Feſtival.

Muſties, *Mollahs*, or *Moullas*, are the dignified Clergy, as alſo the Judges and Magiſtrates, among the *Mahometans*.

Ver. ‡ 85. *Be a* Pharaoh *&c.*

Pharaoh, ſeu quis *Ptolemeus*
Angliæ rex ſit; quis tum Deus?
Qui ex agris arceſſatur,
Aut in hortis qui naſcatur.
Bos, aut cepe en! colatur.

The *Ægyptians* worſhipped *Apis* (who is alſo called *Serapis*, and *Oſiris*) in the Shape of an Ox. They even placed in the Number of their Deities the Leeks and Onions, which grew in their Gardens.

O ſanctas gentes! quibus hæc naſcantur in hortis
Numina. Juvenal.

Ver. ‡ 87. *Or, imagine a* Tartar *&c.*

Furiæ nos donârint rege,
Qui ex *Tartarorum* grege;
Quò ſe vertent noſtri *Pammi?*
Chriſto infeſtiores, quàm mî,
Saxeum adorabunt ſignum,
Saxeum numen, aut ilignum.

The ſeveral Nations of *Great Tartary* are Pagans, and worſhip Stocks and Stones.

Ver. ‡ 90. *Nor alledge, that all Craftsmen* &c.

Quis antiquis vivit moribus?
Quis non ſervit nunc temporibus?

And there is (nor it moves you, that two or three *Jews*,
Or the wild *Cameronians* Obedience refuſe) ‡ 96
What your PAMSHIPS approach with Rev'rence and
Pleaſure:
'Tis the Image ſet up by King *Nebuchadnezzar*.
Whether *Engliſh* or *Iriſh*, young PAM-*Prieſts* and old,
Ever worſhip in Truth, if the God be of Gold. ‡ 100
" Future Acts, through thy Favour, while thus I relate;
" Is it lawful to aſk, What will be my own Fate?

" Shall

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Quis non, artifex ſi probus,
(Reges duo ſint) duobus?

The learned Reader will obſerve, not only in this Place, but in many others, I have not been able to expreſs the Strength and Beauty of the Original.

Ver. ‡ 95. *And there is* &c.

Hunc et *Angli* et *Ierni*,
Quem a ceteris ſecerni,
Poſuit quem *Nabuchadonoſor*,
(Quid? quòd reicit Idolôn oſor
Shadrach, *Meſach*, *Abednego*,
Scotus ille, planè ego)
Uno ore *Pammi* volunt;
Ac non fićto ore colunt.
Quid ſit vivere, ne-ſciat;
Eum ſiquis repu-diat,
Qui ex auro Deus fiat.

I ſhould be extremely concerned, if this prophetical Digreſſion were miſunderſtood; or, that any Men of Senſe ſhould ſuſpect, my Author here intended to caſt a general Reflection on the *Engliſh* Clergy. This was far from Mr. *Scheffer*'s Thoughts, who in all his Writings, as well as in his whole Converſation, hath ever expreſſed the greateſt Reſpect and Reverence for pious and learned Clergymen; and with ſome of that Order he hath cultivated a ſtrict Friendſhip and Correſpondence. This Part of our Poet's Invective is plainly levelled againſt bad Prieſts, who by the Iniquity of the Times have attained to the higheſt Dignities in the Church. Is any Perſon ſo properly an Object of Satire, as a proud, illiterate Prelate; who treats his poor Brethren with the greateſt Inſolence and Contempt, when at the ſame Time he is a moſt abject Flatterer of all in Power, Men and Women too of all Denominations? I have ſeen B. *G.* make a lower Bow to Miſs *Skerret*, than he ever made at the Name of *Jeſus*.

Ver.

" Shall my Eyes, ſacred *Pæan*, theſe Wonders behold?
" Will thy Kindneſs ſtill laſt, if I live to be old?
" My Predictions, I fear, will be hardly believ'd, ‡ 105
" Or in Jeſt, as a Star-gazing Knave's, be receiv'd;
" If ſo knowing I ſeem, to myſelf yet unknown;
" If I tell others Fortunes, unſkill'd in my own.
Thus, unleſs 'twas a Viſion, his Godſhip I tried;
Thus, methought, from his Tripod *Apollo* replied. ‡ 100
" In thy Days will all happen, which here is foretold:
" Nor my Favour ſhall fail thee, when thou art grown
" old.
" Where the Muſes and I oft have choſen our Seat,
" I'll provide thee ('twas always thy Wiſh) a Retreat.

" Unambi-

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver ‡ 106. *Or in Jeſt*, &c.

Similiſque iis videar,
(Videar hercle, et irridear)
Qui, per aſtra docti, doceant
Me, quæ mihi proſint, noceant;
Bona, quæ a Diis donentur.
Sibi aſtra quæ minentur,
Planè neſciunt; niſi quæ ſciunt,
Viri callidi hæc neſciunt.

Tu pol, ſi ſapis, quod ſcis neſcis neque de Eunucho &c. TERENT. EUNUCH.

The Tricks of pretended Aſtrologers are ſo well known, that I need not ſay any thing of them here.

Ver. ‡ 113. *Where the* Muſes *and* I &c.

Tu a puero quàm rectè!
Sedes meæ ſit ſenectæ!
Hæc, quam noſmet nobis legimus;
Hæc, cui magnam gloriam dedimus.
Hæc, en volumus quàm rectè,
Tuæ ſedes ſit ſenectæ.

Tibur Argeo poſitum colono
Sit meæ ſedes utinam ſenectæ! Horat.

Our Author means the Univerſity of *Oxford*, which he calls the Seat of *Apollo* and the Muſes.

" Unambitious, unſtain'd by Corruption thy Breaſt, ‡115
" And the Paſſion, which moſt has diſturb'd thee, at
" Reſt;
" Looking down on the Great, and deſpiſing thy Foes,
" There enjoy, O my SCHEFFER, a learned Repoſe.
" And, as now you diſcuſs, with a Freedom of Mind,
" What is worthy yourſelf, what is due to Mankind; ‡120
" I will hallow thy Lips with a Spark of my Fire,
" And the Love of thy Country the Theme ſhall inſpire.
" Lo! to *Britain*'s great Goddeſs a Temple you raiſe:
" Lo! I deck thee, old Bard, with a Chaplet of Bays.

" While

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. ‡ 115. *Unambitious* &c.

Tibi otia Dî fecêre:
Cujus animum movere
Nulla potuit ambitio,
Nulla potuit largitio.
Heic tu veteres diurnâ
Manu verſa, et nocturnâ.
Viridis ſenectæ dices
Solas literas altrices:
Iis ſolis delectere.
Tibi otia Dî fecêre.

Letters are certainly the moſt rational Pleaſures of Youth: but they are the real, and, indeed, the only Pleaſures of old Age. *Senectutem oblectant*, ſays CICERO.

Ver. ‡ 116. *And the Paſſion* &c.

Balnea fugiens, cuncta quin ea
Tela ſpernens Cupidinea,
Dixis, animo quieto,
Mihi, illi, Gallo, Pæto;
Solus Phyllida habeto.

Et Phyllida ſolus habeto. VIRGIL.

The Paſſion our Author means is ſufficiently intimated in theſe Lines, and is indeed generally quieted by old Age.

Ver. ‡ 123. *Lo! to* Britain's *great* Goddeſs *&c.*

Pia ſacra (ſic in fatis)
Colas, canas LIBERTATIS.
Britannorum magnæ ædem
Ponas Deæ. Dumque, quæ dem,
Laureis ſertis exornaris,
Deque iis tu gloriaris,
More ſenum; dum ſorores
Templo dona et honores

Novem

" While the Muſes their Tribute to Liberty bring; ‡ 125
" And, protected by us, you may cenſure a King.
" As you ſink into Age, you ſhall riſe into Fame;
" And the nobleſt of *Britons* ſhall honour thy Name:
" FANE, and TUFTON, and LEE to thy Verſe ſhall attend;
" And a BOYLE ſhall be known thy Companion and
" Friend. ‡ 130
" Then, whene'er thou'rt perplex'd, or of Buſ'neſs afraid,
" See ARISTO! how kindly he lends thee his Aid:
" How polite and humane! in his Honour what Truſt!
" Did he e'er urge the Cauſe, which he knew was
" unjuſt?

" Did

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Novem ferunt; tutus næ tu es,
Nec a regibus quid metues.

This alludes to a *Latin* Poem, entituled *Templum Libertatis*, which our Author publiſhed about the Year 1741. We ſee ſeveral other *Latin* Poems by the ſame Hand, all written in Defence of Liberty.

Ver. ‡ 128. *And the nobleſt* &c.

Viris en eruditiſſimis,
Et iiſdem nobiliſſimis
Tua pagina quàm grata!
Carminaque quàm probata!
Laudes tibi quis negârit,
Modò ATTICUS laudârit?
Carmen tuum quis culpârit,
LEE, et TUFTON ſi amârit,?
Si divinus ille LÆLIUS,
Quo amico nil fidelius?

By ATTICUS our Poet intends the preſent Earl of WESTMORELAND, to whom he hath given the ſame Name, in a *Latin* Epiſtle. TUFTON and LEE are the Earls of THANET and LITCHFIELD, and by LÆLIUS, as I obſerved before, the preſent Earl of ORRERY is deſigned. Theſe four Noblemen are not more beloved for their Integrity, and their ſteady Adherence to the Cauſe of Liberty, than they are admired for their fine Parts, and their excellent Taſte and Judgment in all Branches of polite Literature.

Ver. ‡ 131. *Then, whene'er* &c.

Si,

" Did he ever fair Virtue and Merit expoſe, ‡ 135
" Like IERNE's rude Pleaders, like—and B—s?
" Tho' unread in no Law, for the Bar how unfit,
" Who with Truth mingles Learning, and Manners
" with Wit!
" Nor forget thy old Chum; who, whene'er thou
" complain,
" Still attends thy ſick Couch, and relieves thee from
" Pain. ‡ 140
" That a Spirit ſo blith in thy Numbers is found,
" And at Sixty thy Mind, as thy Body, is ſound,
" To his Skill and his learned Preſcriptions you owe:
" What *Machaon* was once, ſuch is now my MONRO.

This

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Si, quâ nihil gravius peſte,
Quocum tibi ſint moleſtæ
Lites, adeſt rebus tuis
En, ARISTO; nec quid duis.
Seu nugatur, convivatur;
Sive nunc rhetoricatur;
Omnia dicit eruditè
Et ornatè, et politè.
Et (in aurem hoc, vir bone)
Semper uſus qui ſermone
Docto, comi, et decoro,
Quàm non aptus ille foro!

ARISTO was an eminent Lawyer, an intimate Friend of my Author; whom he aſſiſted in his Law Affairs. ARISTO was an honeſt Man, and a polite Scholar. He could never be prevailed on to undertake, or defend an unjuſt Cauſe; or to engage in any dirty Job: which, as I have frequently obſerved, the greateſt Men of his Profeſſion have not declined, if the Fee or Reward were proportioned to their Labour.

Ver. ‡ 139. *Nor forget thy old Chum* &c.

Sed glorieris tu de ceteris
Quicquid, *Scheffer*; ſemper veteris
Memor ſis contubernalis,
Et amici, et ſodalis:
Qui *Machaon* qualis, talis.

Qui

This obſervant I heard, and was pleas'd with the
Theme: ‡145
Yet, if haughty Court-Chaplains imagine, I dream,
And pronounce my prophetical Proem a Crime,
I appeal, to confound all their Cavils, to Time.
But I'm ſure, I'm awake, while my Tale I purſue; ‡149
And the Wonders, which follow, are known to be true.
IN THE Champain above, which old Poets deſcry,
Overlooking vaſt Worlds, and adorning the Sky,

Stands

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Quî fit, ut (quo nihil rarius)
Vates ſis ſexagenarius?
Inſit lepos, et in ore
Vis dicendi? In cor-pore
(Pol apertè hoc explano)
Quòd mens ſana eſt in ſano.
Quòd eſt, par eſt te fateri,
Meo MONRO id deberi.

Ver. ‡ 146. *Yet, if haughty* &c.
Si ſuperbi ſacerdotes
Forſan voti jam com-potes,
Non virtutum, neque laudis,
Tibi, SCHEFFER, ſtruant fraudes:
Quòd hic meus ſermo 'ſt ſerius,
Et augurio nihil verius,
Scibitur, quum ſcient, quò nos
Aptè reſervârit χρόνος.

Dr. JAMES MONRO had his Education in the ſame College with our Author: and they were for ſome Time Chamber-fellows. Their Friendſhip, which began in the Univerſity, continued to the End of their Lives. Dr. MONRO was a Man of Parts, a very agreeable Companion, and an excellent Phyſician. He was charitable and generous, and always lived with great Hoſpitality. He had, in his whole Converſation and Behaviour, that Kind of Openneſs, which never fails to engage, and is generally the Index of a good Heart.

I have tranſlated, *ſuperbi ſacerdotes*, Court-Chaplains, becauſe to me they ſeem to be the proudeſt Men in *England*. I do not mean, that they are proud of their Birth, or their Learning, but of their Place and Office. I remember the good Advice, which was given to *G.* and *L.* when they were made Biſhops, by a great Man, to whom, in ſome Meaſure they owed their Preferment: "Try, my Lords, to become "as humble *Biſhops*, as you have been "proud *Chaplains*, and then you may "perhaps

Stands a ſpacious fair Palace, poſſeſs'd by the Sun;
Built before Time was meaſur'd, or Ages begun;
And, as Connoiſſeurs own, in an excellent Taſt, ‡155
Of Materials ſo firm, it for ever muſt laſt.
Nor to this be compar'd any Fabric below,
Whether faſhion'd for Uſe, or invented for Shew:
Nor the new Houſe of Commons, nor *Parmeno*'s Folly,
Nor the College, or Caſtle, or Villa-*Conolly*; ‡160
Nor *Britannia*'s ſtrong Towers, where reſide the Lord-Jaylors,
Nor the Courts ſhe has made for her Kings and her Sailors;

Nor

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

"perhaps recover ſome Degree of that "Reſpect and Reverence, which is due "to your Function."

Ver. ‡ 151. *Stands a ſpacious fair Palace* &c.

Celſa erat, cœli decus,
Regia Solis. *Nemo ſecus*
Dicet, ni ſit Miræ *mœchus.*

See the Deſcription of the Palace of the Sun in Ovid's *Metamorphoſis*, B. 2.

Ver. ‡ 159. Parmeno's *Folly*,

Neque *Parmenonis* ædes,
Grata quæ Moriæ ſedes.

Tir-Oen informs us that this was the Houſe of a new Lord which was built without any Taſte, and very ill ſituated.

Ver. ‡ 161. *Where reſide the* Lord-Jaylors.

Neque turris Londinenſis.
Cave, intres: cave dentes
Lupi; namque præeſt lupus:
Cujus cave, Scheffer, *tu pus*,

The three laſt Verſes, which are printed in *Italics*, I have not tranſlated, becauſe in this Place they ſeem to leſſen the Dignity of the Poem. However, I ſhall beſtow a ſhort Note on them, as they ſerve to illuſtrate the Character of the preſent Deputy-Governor of the T. of *L.* whom our Author, *ỳ*. 42. calls a *Bœotian*, but at the ſame Time, by the Word *Hiberniciſſat*, intimates his true Country. This Man was formerly an Apothecary,

Nor a *Chatſworth*, or *Blenheim*, nor *Paul*'s Houſe of Prayer,
Nor the Manſion deſign'd for a *London* Lord-Mayor;
Nor the Plans, which on Paper *Palladio* projected, ‡165
Nor the Structures Friend GIBBS hath ſo neatly erected;
Nor the Chapels of *Rome*, or the Inns of *Almain*,
Nor the gaudy *Verſailles*, or *Eſcurial* of *Spain*;
Nor a *Nero*'s huge Pile (may we never behold
Such an Architect here!) cover'd over with Gold. ‡170

Much

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Apothecary, or a Barber-Surgeon. Having got ſome Money in the laſt Reign, he purchaſed this Poſt, in which he behaves himſelf with the greateſt Inſolence and Cruelty. And I am well aſſured, there is not a more rapacious Jaylor in the *Britiſh* Dominions. This Character is indeed very agreeable to his low Education; (*Aſperius nihil eſt humili* &c.) But then, it certainly renders him very unfit for ſuch an Office; which ſhould never be exerciſed but by a Man of great Humanity and Good-manners, by a Gentleman and an ENGLISHMAN.

Ver. ‡ 166. *Nor the Structures Friend* GIBBS *&c.*

Quas ædificavit mille,
Quas *Vitruvius* alter ille,
Meus GIBBS, vir eruditus,
Rerum veterum peritus.

JAMES GIBBS, an excellent Architect; which the many elegant Fabricks he hath raiſed in *England*, as well as the Plans he hath publiſhed, ſufficiently teſtify. He is a Man of great Humanity and Good-nature, a polite Scholar, and a particular Friend of our Author.

Since the firſt Edition of this Poem Mr. GIBBS hath finiſhed the *Ratcliff* Library in *Oxford*, which will be a laſting Monument of his great Skill, as it is, without Exception, the nobleſt Room in the *Britiſh* Dominions.

Ver. ‡ 167. — *or the Inns of* Almain.

Nec *Germaniæ*, quæ emporia
Lauta jactat, diverſoria.

In ſome of the *Hans*-Towns in *Germany* the Inns are very ſpacious and magnificent: particularly in *Augsburg* there is an Inn, which is capable of receiving and entertaining a ſovereign Prince and his whole Court.

Ver. ‡ 169. *Nor a* NERO's &c.

Much inferior I deem that magnificent Houſe,
By *Aladdin* contriv'd, to oblige his fair Spouſe;
Or the vaſt *Pandæmonium*, in Story ſo fam'd,
Which the Cunning of *Mammon*, or *Milton* hath fram'd.

All

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Nec quid ultra meditari
Poſſunt reges; (fas ſit fari)
Nero ſi ædificaret,
Aurea tecta vel novaret.
Abſit nobis ô feralis,
Abſit architecton talis!

Nero's golden Houſe was a moſt extravagant Work, and coſt ſuch immenſe Sums, that *Suetonius* ſays he oppreſſed the People as much by his Building, as by any other act of Tyranny. *In nullâ re damnoſior, quàm in ædificando.* And *Nardini*, in his *Roma Antica*, after having particularly deſcribed this Fabric, with the Offices, Gardens, Fiſh-Ponds, &c. makes the following Reflection: *Vi ſi raffigura al vivo l'immanità di Nerone forſe non minore in queſta fabrica che nell' incendio poi commeſſo della città. From hence one might form a juſt Notion of* Nero's *Inhumanity: And perhaps he did not give a greater Proof of it, when he burnt the City, than when he built this Houſe.*

Otho expended in finiſhing a ſmall Part of it *Quingenties H. S.* which amounts to 403645*l.* 16*s.* 8*d.* of our Money.

The two laſt Verſes (Abſit &c.) which I have tranſlated in a Parentheſis, contain a pious Ejaculation, proceeding from the Patriot Spirit of our honeſt *Swede*; and in which every one, who is a Lover of his Country, will moſt heartily join. Princes of *Nero*'s Caſt, who diveſt themſelves of all Humanity, in which Number I rank thoſe Heroes and Conquerors, who make their Glory conſiſt in the Invaſion of their Neighbours Territories, and in plundering and murdering the Inhabitants, are very properly called by *Seneca*, Lions and *Bears*; *Quæ alia vita eſſet, ſi* Leones Ursique *regnarent?* But yet, it would more juſtly expreſs their Character, if we were to compare them to a Plague, or Peſtilence; ſince they ſacrifice Millions to their Ambition and Cruelty, and ſpread Deſtruction and Deſolation as far, as their Power reaches.

Ver. ‡ 171. *Much inferior* &c.

Neque *Pandæmonium* vatis,
Nec his ædes conferatis,
Quas *Aladdin*. His im-pares,
Nec ſic ſui ſiti Lares,
Nobiles quas colunt Muſæ;
Seu quas habitant empuſæ
Tuæ, *D'Anois*; ſeu quas ſtellis facturus *Sydrophel*;
Seu quas delineavit *Piercy*
Reip. bono; ſeu quas *Circe*
Suis mœchis. Cedant iſtæ,
Quas aërii *Alchymiſtæ*.

I muſt

All the Seats, where rich Muſes have lodg'd their own *Lares*,
And the Domes Madam *D'Anois* has rais'd for her Fairies;
All erected by *Syd* for the Planets' Debate;
All invented by *P——ce* for the Good of the State;
All the Grottos, where Witches for Solace repair,
And the Caſtles, which Alchymiſts build in the Air.
But perhaps you'll ſuſpect, that my Song is a Fable,
When I tell you this Hotel is only a Stable;
That capacious Gold Mangers, with Rubies thick ſet,
In the Salon are plac'd, like a modern Buffet;

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

I muſt refer the Reader to *Milton* for a Deſcription of the *Pandæmonium*, or the Stadt-Houſe of the Devils, and to the *Arabian Nights Entertainments* for a Deſcription of *Aladin*'s Palace, which was built by Magic, and adorned with Gold and Jewels of ineſtimable Value. The Fairy Houſes of Madam *D'Anois* are contrived much after the ſame Model. But I am a little at a Loſs where to find the Habitations of the rich and noble Muſes: Perhaps the Poet alludes to the *Sic ſiti lætuntur Lares*, which we read in *St. James*'s Park.—— The Planetary Houſes, the Grottoes of Witches, and the Caſtles of Alchymiſts, are all ſufficiently deſcribed by ſeveral learned and ingenious Aſtrologers, Hiſtoriographers, and Poets. But I muſt own I am not ſo well acquainted with theſe inchanted Fabricks, as with thoſe which our Author intimates, were erected for the Service of the State by the late Surveyor Sir *E. P. Tir-Oen*, who is of Opinion, that Mr. *Scheffer* does not intend any Compliment to the Surveyor by ranking him in this Claſs of Builders, affirms very ſeriouſly, that Sir *E. P.* knew ſo little of his Trade, that he bought all his Models from the Paſtry Cook, and particularly, that a great Gooſe Pye ſerved for the Model of the new Parliament Houſe. From hence a merry Friend of mine, who loves punning, took occaſion one Day to vindicate our Knight's Skill in Architecture, and to prove that he had a *Grand Goût*. —— However, I have heard a different Relation of this Matter, and that one Mr. *Caſtles* furniſhed the Surveyor with the Plan, by which this Houſe was built: See *Scheffer*'s Epiſtle to *Cadenus*.

That his Godſhip's fair Daughters ſweep clean all the Rooms,
And, excelling all Houſe-wives, are Hand-maids, and Grooms;
That his fiery fierce Steeds, with *Ambroſia* high fed,
At their Pleaſure theſe Virgins can guide with a Thread;
That ſo ſwift are the Courſers, they think it mere Play,
Or a Breathing —— to meaſure the Globe in a Day.
Nor unween I, that modern *Copernican* Sages
Ridicule the *Sun*'s Hotel, his Chariot and Stages;

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 57. *That his Godſhip's fair Daughters* &c.

Filiæ *Solis*, ſed & illæ
Solis etiam ſunt ancillæ,
Bellæ *Horæ*; indies curant
Solis equos, & ſat-urant.

The *Horæ* or Hours were the Daughters of *Sol* and *Chronis*: And the Sun himſelf was called *Horus* by the *Ægyptians*. According to *Heſiod* they were the Daughters of *Jupiter* and *Themis*. But notwithſtanding their high Birth and Quality, *Ovid* tells us, they were the Servants and Hand-maids of the Sun, and had likewiſe the Care of his Horſes.

Jungere equos Titan velocibus imperat Horis.
Juſſa Deæ celeres peragunt: ignemque vomentes
Ambroſiæ ſucco ſaturos præſepibus altis
Quadrupedes jungunt, adduntque ſonantia fræna.

He bade the Light-foot Hours without Delay
To join his Steeds. The Goddeſſes obey.
And from their lofty Mangers forthwith led
His fiery Horſes with Ambroſia fed. Sandys.

Ver. 63. —— *that modern* Copernican *Sages*, &c.

Flocci faciunt maledici
Sectatores *Copernici*
Regiam *Solis*, currum, equos,
Solis omnia, omnes, quæ, quos *&c.*

According to the Syſtem revived by *Copernicus*, the Sun is ſuppoſed to be fixed and placed in the Centre, and the Planets with the Earth are ſuppoſed to move about the Sun.

And

And pretend, with their Glaſſes his Nags may be ſeen;
That they travel above, like our Horſe on the Green,
Made to prance and curvet with ſo martial a Grace,
Yet unable to move half an Inch from his Place.
But advance theſe new Sophiſts ſuch Doctrines as liſt 'em;
Let the Poet adhere to Dan *Ovid*'s old Syſtem.

Now it dawn'd — and the vigilant Purple-face *Morning*,
Of the *Sun*'s near Approach, gave his Houſhold due Warning.
All the *Horæ* look'd out; drove away ev'ry Star,
And, before his Arrival, got ready his Car.
Tho' ſo late he had tippled, he had not miſreckon'd:
When he mounted, of Six it juſt wanted a Second.

In

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 66. —— *Like our Horſe on the Green*, &c.

Viden' Regem glorioſum?
Viden' equum bellicoſum?
Verum equum hunc putares,
Vultum Regis formidares
Trucem. Sed heu! quid Rex? nil is.
Equus quoque immo-bilis.

The Poet in this Place alludes to the Equeſtrian Statue of K. *William*, which ſtands on College Green, over againſt the P. H. *Tir-Oen* is of Opinion, that the prancing Poſture of the Horſe, is the Hieroglyphick of a verboſe, tautological Speaker, who declaims in the Pulpit or Senate with great Volubility, but without any Meaning. If ſuch was the Intention of the Founders, this Statue is appoſitely placed.

Ver. 71. *Now it dawn'd — and the vigilant* &c.

Vultum vigilis *Auroræ*
Rubeſcentis vident *Horæ*;
Quæ acceſſûs ſigna dabant
Dei, aſtra dum fugabant.

See hereafter an Account of *Auroræ* (the Morning) in the Note on the firſt Verſe of the fourth Book.

Ver. 76. *When he mounted, of Six* &c.

In his Mounting what Grace! in his Driving what Skill!
Nor his Horſes he ſpar'd, tho' the Way was up Hill;
Never ſtopping to kiſs a young Wife, or to drink;
Never whiſtling or ſwearing, —— becauſe he can't think.
As he urg'd on his Stage, he revolv'd in his Mind
All the Toasts of laſt Night, — how his own was defin'd:
And reſolv'd to inſpect, ſince ſhe liv'd in his Way,
If, as *Mars* had aſſerted, his Conſort was Grey.
For in Matters important, the God is too wiſe,
When his own are the beſt, to truſt other Folks Eyes.
Well he wot too, the Warrior was apt to defame
Holy Rites of young *Hymen*, and ev'ry chaſte Dame;

To

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Sextæ haud momentum deeſt.
O *Sol*, *quis exactior te eſt?*

By this Paſſage we learn, that the Sun's Viſit to *Myra*, was either at the Vernal or Autumnal Equinox.

Ver. 87. *Well he wot too the Warrior* &c.

Jura *Mavors* caſta ſolet
(Noſtro *Phœbo* hoc ſub-olet)
Hymenæi infamare;
Convivaſque nunc captare,
Nugas tumidas dicendo;
Nunc ſeipſum, repetendo.
Ratas ſic fabellas iri
Putat, neque ſe mentiri.

Sir *Mars* (as *Tir-Oen* obſerves) was ſo great an Enemy to *Hymen*, that he did not conſummate with *Myra* till two Months after their Marriage, which gave Occaſion for the following Sonnet of *Benedict Mulhollan*, which I have tranſlated from the *Iriſh* Original.

Sir Mars *had now been two Months wed,*
And felt ſome Symptoms in his Head,
When in the Circle it was ſaid,
His Spouſe had juſt miſcarried.

This put our Knight into a Flame:
He ſwore, tho' ſtill he lov'd that ſame,
He never had enjoy'd the Dame;
Not — not — ſince they were married.

But by the Way, this is a direct Con-

To relate an old Tale, but to ſwear it was new;
And repeat it ſo oft, till he fancied 'twas true.
True ſuppoſe it; his Spouſe fail'd in conjugal Duty;
Was expenſive and lewd, yet ſhe might be a Beauty.
Many Belles are obſerv'd to lead whimſical Lives,
And ſome excellent Toaſts, who are very bad Wives.
So to judge for himſelf, and the *Donna* ſurvey;
As he roll'd over *Dublin*, he ſtopt on the Quay;
And diſpelling the Clouds, which obſtructed his Sight,
Darted in at her Bed-Chamber Windows his Light.
There he ſaw — How unpleaſing the Scene I unfold!
But the Tale will be ſpoil'd, or the Truth muſt be told.

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

tradiction to the Story of the Philtre. See the Note *Ver.* 157. *Book* II. And as it is not mentioned by either of the *Dutch* Commentators, I conjecture it was written by the Druid to railly the old Knight, whom he did not love, and for the Sake of the double *entendre* in the laſt Verſe.

Ver. 90. *True ſuppoſe it* &c.

Prodiga, libidinoſa!
Quid tùm, conjux ſi formoſa?
Et quid mirum (ſit acutus)
Eques ſenex ſi cornutus?

The Poet here ſpeaks in the Language of our *Iriſh* Gallants, who excuſe all Faults in a beautiful Woman.

Ver. 99. *How unpleaſing the Scene* &c.

Dicam crimina turpiſſima,
Sed & crimina veriſſima;
Mordax carmen, & ingratum;
Sed ſic opus fore ratum.
Mordax carmen factito non
Sine causâ; ſine quo non.
Mithra, ſemper mî colende,
Arcum tende, vim detende.

It cannot paſs unobſerved here, that Mr. *Scheffer* has inſerted this *Apoſtrophe* to apologiſe in ſome Meaſure for the Liberties of the Satire, which immediately follows. But I ſhall enlarge on this Matter hereafter.

Sacred

Sacred *Mithra*, ſince now I have brought thee ſo nigh,
Be propitious —and keep me a while in thine Eye:
Nor thy Name I invoke, (well I know the vaſt Odds)
As before I addreſs'd to thoſe fooliſh old Gods.
Be propitious; for lo! the rude Satire I frame
Adds a Topic of Praiſe, and enlarges thy Fame.
Since to emulate thee, the foul Fiends I defied;
Give me Courage: — But ſtill let me fight by thy Side.
So ſhall I, unappal'd, meet HERMAPHRODITES Form,
Tho' ſhe rides in a Whirl-wind, and ſpouts out a Storm,
Arm'd

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 103. *Nor thy Name I invoke* &c.

Dones rite quæ precamur!
Neque vos nunc veneramur,
Sicut hoſtes tuos, meos,
Quos jocoſè dixi Deos,
Homunciones, ſceliones,
Et nequiſſimos prædones.

Mr. *Scheffer* here plainly tells us, that his Invocation or Addreſs to Sir *Mars* and *Vol* in the firſt Book, is a mere Irony.

Ver. 109. *So ſhall I, unappal'd*, &c.

Sic apolactizem Sagas,
Et quas tendunt, malas plagas;
Metuens nec, Hermaphroditi,
Vel E—ſcopis muniti;
Sive equitat in ventis
Furens, ut in mœchis lentis:
Dum ex ore torrens ruit
Fœdo, & me fœdè ſpuit.
Sive blennum *Vol* capiſtrat;
Sive *Perſeus* nunc miniſtrat;
Aut qui quit, ſcit τα απαντλα,
Iſte alter Holophanta.
Induat arma ſi feralia,
Furialia, Avernalia;
Queis tres viros occidiſſe
Aut inſanos quos feciſſe
Fertur. *Tres num? Corrige nos:*
Mœchos, Muſa, dic trecenos.
Nec nos terreat, quæ *S—— organ*
Habitat, pumilio Gorgon;
Cùm devoveat caput meum,
Quaſſet ſuum vipereum,
Jaciat angues: haud me μια;
Tute tete, O Harpyia.

In this Place we are informed by *Tir-Oen*, that immediately after the firſt Volume of this Work was publiſhed, the Sorcereſs threatned to poiſon the Author,

Arm'd with all the dire Spells, which three Husbands
deſtroy'd,
When the Wretches grew weak, or the Beldam was
cloy'd;
Tho' ſhe comes, well ſupported by all her black Hoſt,
By the *Piercy*, and t'other fierce Knight of the Poſt;
Felly raging, and vengeful, imputing to me,
That unbid, I recorded thy righteous DECREE.
Nor I'll fear the IMP-FURY, tho' dreadful ſhe ſhakes,
And commands her black Locks to be chang'd into
Snakes:
On herſelf ſhed the Venom, unable to ſting
Any Bard, who from thee has a Licence to ſing.
But beware, my good Muſe, leſt thy Work grow too
long,
And, digreſſing ſo oft, thou embarraſs the Song.

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

this being a Trade in which ſhe was very expert, and by which Means, it is ſaid, ſhe had deſtroyed three Husbands, and a great Number of her Gallants. In the mean time, her Imp *Ali* was employed to invent Calumnies, and pour out her Maledictions in all Places, where ſhe was ſuppoſed to have any Credit or Influence. Without all doubt, ſhe was capable of doing Mr. *Scheffer* great Injuries, with thoſe eſpecially, who were unacquainted with his Character. I believe he was truly ſenſible of the Effects of her Malice, ſince in the little he has ſaid of her, he has treated her with more Acrimony (if poſſible) than her Miſtreſs *Myra*. Some Military Men, who could not ſpell, and *B. H.* who could not read, were indeed at all times ready to depoſe upon Oath, that the Imp *Ali* had a great deal of Wit; and that if ſhe pleaſed, ſhe could be a Match for our Author at his own Weapons. *Tir-Oen* pleaſantly ridicules the Judgment of theſe fine Fellows, whom he calls *Bardos Buccones, qui ingenium latere putant in inguine*, and aſſures us, that if the Imp had any Wit, it was like her Beauty, borrowed or counterfeit.

To

To the Quay, where you left our great Maſter, repair;
And be bold to report what his Godſhip ſaw there.
THERE he ſaw the huge Maſs tumble out of her Bed;
Like *Bellona*'s her Stature, the *Gorgon*'s her Head; 126
Hollow

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 125. *There he ſaw the huge Maſs* &c.

Carnis en! de cubi-li de-
ſcendit maſſa ſubran-cidæ,
Ingens bellua, Bellona,
Ore referens Gor-gona.
Cava (nihil utar tropis)
Torquet lumina Βοῶπις.
Cana coma: frons turpata
Cruſtis, rugis exarata.
Rari dentes. Denſis-ſima
Barba, capræ ſimil-lima,
Cogitur in mentum. Cutis
Scabra, lutea; corium putes.
Gibbus. Putres mammæ tales,
Ubera equina, quales.
Valga: Craſſos οἱ δίσχιδες
Poſtes ſuſtinebant pedes.

I tranſlated this Part of my Author's Poem with much Reluctancy. The Deſcription of *Myra*'s Perſon, and of her Morning Exerciſes; and the Figure and Character of her Imp are a little too groſs, and I fear will ſhock the Politeneſs of ſome Men, who have my Way of thinking: For I profeſs to have the greateſt Veneration for the fair Sex. And therefore, I ſhould certainly have omitted many of the Verſes which I have juſt now quoted, as well as thoſe which follow, if ſuch a Chaſm would not have rendered the whole Work lame and imperfect. Thoſe Paſſages, which gave me the greateſt Diſguſt, ſuch eſpecia ly as I found would not break the Thread of the Narration, I have entirely left out. And the reſt of my Verſion I have managed in ſuch a Manner, that I hope it may now be read without giving any great Offence to a modeſt Ear; however, it may offend a weak Stomach, or (as I ſaid before) be diſagreeable to ſuch Perſons, as pretend to a very refined and polite Taſte. Having made this Apology for my ſelf, I muſt beg the Reader's Indulgence, while I offer ſome Excuſe for my Author. He was born in a Country, where the People have little Delicacy either in Writing or Converſation. *Les Laponnois*, ſays a *French* Traveller, *ſont ſi groſſiers, qu'ils ne ſçavent nommer les choſes que par leur nom. The* Laplanders *are ſo barbarous, that they call every thing by its proper Name.* This was the Manner of all the *Gothic* Nations; and is ſtill practiſed by ſome of the Northern People, who would not be thought to want Breeding. Even among the *Engliſh*, till towards the End of Q. *Elizabeth*'s Reign, the plaineſt Speaker was reckoned the moſt honeſt Man. But particularly the old *Engliſh* Poets made no Scruple of deſcribing Things, as they really were: eſpecially when they repeated another Man's Story. And for this Reaſon *Chaucer* excuſes all that Ribaldry, which we find in his *Canterbury* Tales. I may borrow his Words, where he apologizes for making his Wife of *Bath* ſpeak ſo broad, to juſtify Mr. *Scheffer*'s Deſcription and Character of *Myra*.

—— I pray you of your Courteſy,
That ye ne arrette it nought my Villany,

Thouzh

Hollow Eyes with a Glare, like the Eyn of an Ox;
And a Forehead deep furrow'd, and matted grey Locks;
With a toothleſs wide Mouth, and a Beard on her Chin,
And a yellow rough Hide in the Place of a Skin;
Brawny Shoulders up-rais'd; Cow-Udders; Imp's Teat;
And a Pair of bow'd Legs, which were ſet on Splay Feet.
With the Figure the God was ſurpriz'd and offended,
When he mark'd how theſe various Defects were amended;
How her Back was laid flat with an Iron Machine,
And her Breaſts were lac'd down, with a ſweet Bag between:

How

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Though that I plainly ſpeak in this Mattere,
And tellen you her Words, and eke her Dere.

I have obſerved before, that Mr. *Scheffer*, though he was a Man of Fancy and Invention, has related his Story juſt as it happened: But particularly in this third Book, in which he has characteriſed the old Matron, he has adhered as ſtrictly to the Truth, as if he had ſtood in the Preſence of his High EXCELLENCY the Lord CHANCELLOR of *Ireland*. Our Poet was ſenſible, that all the Deeds he has recorded, were performed within the Memory of many of our Citizens, who are ſtill living, and who muſt likewiſe well remember the Perſon and Figure of the great Enchantreſs. He would not therefore beſtow upon her any other Dawbings than ſuch as he found on her own Toilet, (theſe indeed he has uſed with no unſparing hand) or put any other Words into her Mouth, than ſuch as made a Part of her daily Oraiſons. Yet after all, I wiſh there had not been Occaſion to introduce this Character. But a Writer of *Heroics* will ſcarce ever think his Work compleat, unleſs ſome eminent Witch or Enchanter has a principal Share in the Action. And the greateſt of all our modern Bards, good Chriſtians and Catholicks, have not ſcrupled upon ſome Occaſions to call up a whole Legion of Devils for their Heroes to encounter. Our Author has here raiſed only one and a half: And they were ready made to his Hands. I muſt own indeed, that they were as wicked and deformed, as he could in Conſcience deſire them to be. So that he could not poſſibly have been better furniſhed from his own Invention.

Ver. 136. *And her Breaſts* &c.

How ſhe ſhaded her Eyes, and the ſqualid black Beard
Was ſo ſmoothly ſhav'd off, ſcarce a Briſtle appear'd;
How ſhe clear'd the old Ruins, new plaiſter'd her Face,
And apply'd Red or White, as it ſuited the Place:
With a Set of *Watts'* Teeth, and a Cap of *Deard's* Hair,
Like a Virgin ſhe bloom'd, and at ſixty ſeem'd Fair.

Thus

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Eademque rufæ facit;
Ac quâcunque olida ſit,
Plus odoribus, quàm ſatis
Se ſe ſuffit medicatis;
Suffit alas, mammas, nates.

Eadem rufæ facit.

i. e. *Eadem facit ac rufa.* She does what a Red-head is uſed to do.

Nempè eadem facit (ac ſcimus facere omnia) turpi. i. e. *ac turpis.* Lucret.

Tir-Oen, in explaining this Paſſage, makes uſe of a very ſtrong Expreſſion, *Et hircus in alis cubat, & hircinâ libidine fœtet venefica.*

The learned Reader will obſerve, how carefully I avoid all Occaſions of giving Offence, by leaving out many curious Paſſages both in the Poem itſelf, and in the Notes of the *Latin* Commentators.

Ver. 139. *New plaiſter'd her Face*, &c.

Frons rugoſa incruſtata;
Mox fucata, ceruſſata:
Αζαλέας ἢ δέψησε
Παρηίδας. *Gallo-Græcè.*
Patiens *Dærdinus* pect-inis
Celat aſcititius crinis
Et impexam hîc canitiem,
Et deformem hîc calvitiem.
Læves, candidos præbente
Dentes elephanti dente;
Quos Pigmæus operator
Tornat *Wattus*, dentium ſator.

The Attitude in which Mr. *Scheffer* hath placed the Sorcereſs at her Toilet, gives us greater Offence than the Deſcription of her Perſon, when ſhe was getting out of Bed: And therefore, the Poet does not make *Phœbus* angry with her, becauſe ſhe was old and ugly, but becauſe ſhe endeavoured to appear young and handſome.

Dærdinus Crinis; *vel* Deardinus.

Perriwigs or Locks of falſe Hair, made by the famous *Deard*, who keeps a Toyſhop in *London*, and ſells all Sorts of Ornaments or Implements for the Uſe of Ladies of Quality or Pleaſure.

Pigmæus *Wattus*.

Mr. *John Watts*, a famous Operator for the Teeth, is a very little Man.

Ver. 142. *Like a Virgin ſhe bloom'd*, &c.

Thus you ſee an old Hulk &c.

Sic Juvencula formoſa,
Anus modò quæ rugoſa.
Ut, ſi fortè reſtauranda,
Corbitaque corbitanda &c.

Tir-Oen

Thus you ſee an old Hulk, many Years Weather-beaten,
All the Timbers grown rotten, the Plank all Worm-eaten;
Which the Owners, who doom her to make one more Trip,
Scrape and calk, tar and paint, till ſhe ſeems a new Ship.
But alas! for the Wretches, whoſe Gods have forgot 'em,
That are bound to adventure in ſuch a foul Bottom.
Here his Godſhip (inclin'd to examine the whole,
Which compos'd this odd Creature) look'd into her Soul.
He conceiv'd a faint Hope, that within he ſhould find
Hidden Beauties, good Senſe, and a virtuous fair Mind:
Which, he knew, for Exteriors would make full Amends,
And enrol her a TOAST among *Platonic* Friends.

But

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Tir-Oen obſerves, that this Simile juſtly correſponds in all its Parts and Circumſtances to the Thing before deſcribed. *Corbita* properly ſignifies a great old foul Ship. *Corbito* is a Word uſed by *Plautus*, and ſignifies, to freight or lade a Ship, or to fill an huge Paunch: This Word is aptly applied to the Character of *Myra*, who, as *Scheffer* tells us in another Place,

Mille viros potuit totumque vorare Priapum.

Ver. 154. *And enrol her a Toaſt* &c.

Cyathoque (anum ſigna
Die *Plato*) riſu digna
Philoſophico bibatur;
Cùm Philoſophus potator.

Platonick Love, is a Love abſtracted from all corporeal and ſenſual Appetites, and conſiſts wholly in Contemplation. So that a *Platoniſt* may be allowed to fall in love with an old Woman for the Sake

But again he was baulk'd: — For a Soul he eſpy'd
Full of Envy, black Malice, baſe Leaſing, and Pride;
Hypocritical, ſordid, vain-glorious, ingrate;
In her Frienſhips moſt falſe, and relentleſs in Hate.
He beheld, at one View, all the Acts of her Life;
How experienc'd a Miſs; how abandon'd a Wife!

That

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

of her Mind. But few Poets are able to comprehend the Nature and Excellency of this exalted Paſſion. Mr. *Cowley*, though he was a modeſt Man and a good Chriſtian, has raillied this Sort of Love in his Anſwer to the *Platonicks*.

So Angels love; ſo let them love for me, &c.

Ver. 155. — *For a Soul he eſpied* &c.
Mentem vidit Dî Dî qualem!
Exitialem, furialem &c.

According to *Tir-Oen*, this is a very modeſt and imperfect Deſcription of *Myra*'s Soul. For he tells us, that Mr. *Scheffer* has not given us a Catalogue of half her Vices and bad Qualities.

Ver. 160. *How experienc'd a Miſs*, &c.
Quos puellulæ calores,
Nuptæ vidit quos furores!
Quæ libido, cùm vetu-la,
Inflat tetra & *Maſcu-la!*
Meſſalina ſi certaret,
Meſſalinam ſuperaret
Mira, Priapeium decus,
Mœchi, mœchæ, mœcha, mœchus.
Quid, quòd juvenes protervi?
Quòd ſuorum rigent nervi?
Tribadem dum *Shylockiſſa*,
Venere non intermiſsâ,
Miram patitur, amorum
Haud indocilis novorum.

If I have not exactly preſerved the Sentiments and Images of the Original in my Tranſlation of this Paſſage, the Reader muſt impute it to the Modeſty of my Muſe.

Libido *Maſcula*.

Tir-Oen, who is well skilled in the Doctrine of Witchcraft, aſſures us, that all Witches, whether black or white, or of what Order or Degree ſoever, have that ſame maſculine Appetite, which Mr. *Scheffer* aſcribes to *Myra*, and by which the Sorcereſs *Folia* is particularly diſtinguiſhed in *Horace*.

Non defuiſſe maſculæ libidinis
Ariminenſem Foliam
Et otioſa credidit Neapolis,
Et omne vicinum oppidum.

Mr. *Dacier*'s Note on this Place will beſt ſerve to explain our Author's Meaning. Folie *eſt le nom propre d'une ſorciere. Horace dit, qu'elle etoit* maſculæ libidinis, *c'eſt à dire, qu'elle amoit les femmes, comme les hommes les aiment, qu'elle etoit Tribade.* Folia *is the proper Name of a Sorcereſs.* Horace *ſays, ſhe was a Woman* maſculæ libidinis, *that is to ſay, ſhe loved*

That advancing in Years, all her Wants ſhe ſupply'd,
By an Art, which the fam'd *Meſſalina* ne'er try'd.
Tho' her Gallants were few, or not made to her Mind;
Yet her Joyance was full, if the *Jeweſs* was kind.
While the God, that no Room might be left for a Doubt, 165
Turn'd her upſide and down, and then inſide and out;
And

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Women in the ſame Manner as Men love them; ſhe was a Tribad.

Meſſalina ſi certaret.

The famous Story of *Meſſalina*, Wife to the Emperor *Claudius*, is told by *Juvenal* in his ſixth Satire, tranſlated by Mr. *Dryden*. I refer the Reader to that Paſſage, in order to form a right Notion of the Powers and Abilities of *Scheffer*'s *Myra*.

Shylockiſſa.

All the *Latin* Commentators have ſtumbled at this Word, and offer various Conjectures concerning the Etymology of it. But in my Opinion, the Matter does not admit of the leaſt Doubt. *Shylockiſſa* is not a proper Name, as Meſſieurs *Cuper* and *Wetſtein* conceive. But in this Place, it ſignifies a Jeweſs, or one who is the Daughter of a Jew, and is a Derivative from *Shylock*, the wicked old Jew in *Shakeſpeare*. The Reader may be aſſured, that the Poet here deſigns the ſame Perſon, who in the ſecond Book is called *Frow puſilla*, the little *Dutch Frow*, and who hereafter is characteriſed by the Name or Title of *Myra's Imp*.

Ver. 165. *While the God, that no Room* &c.

Dubitatio quo tollatur
Omnis, *Miræ* dum miratur
Faſtum, formam, fucum, frontem,
Modum, molem, mentem, montem;
Et quæ ultra haud effari
Fas ſit, nec quæ meditari
Cupit Deus: ——
Ah! offendit cogitantis
Secum, ſibi indignantis
Aures Sagæ vox lethalis,
Horiſon', Harpyiæ qualis;
Bonos diris agens. Dira
Deteſtatio veſtra, *Mira*,
Cui ſit inaudita, quâ vetus jam expugnatur AVE?

I found it impoſſible within the Compaſs I have all along preſcribed to myſelf, to tranſlate the four firſt Lines of this Quotation literally; but I think I have expreſſed our Author's Meaning.

Faſtum, formam, *&c.*

There are many Verſes in *Scheffer*'s Poem in which every Word begins with the ſame Conſonant. The learned Dr. *Hickes* informs us, that the Northern People were always fond of this Manner of Writing, and eſteemed ſuch Ingeminations to be the

And ſurvey'd all her Parts —— many more, than is fit
For the Bard to deſcribe ; — but ſtill found himſelf bit:
While he ponder'd, by Turns, much enrag'd and aſham'd
To behold the fine Toast, which his Highneſs had nam'd:
Heark! the Voice of a Fury invades his nice Ear ;
And ſo dreadful her Curſes! — he trembled to hear.
Such the Morning Oraiſons ſhe us'd to repeat,
Since the Bead-roll of *Aves* were grown obſolete.
She began with great *Jove*, whom ſhe curs'd for his Spleen,
Here to fix her Abode, and not make her Vice-Queen:
And ſhe curs'd him again for his Meanneſs of Spirit,
Who aſſign'd her a Penſion far ſhort of her Merit.
Then,

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

the greateſt Beauties in their poetical Compoſitions: Some Examples of which he has exhibited in the old *Runick* Language. Since the refining of the *Engliſh* Tongue, the ſame Thing hath been practiſed by our beſt Poets, and is thought to add no ſmall Harmony to their Numbers.

Harpyiæ qualis.

Like the Voice of a Fury. *Tir-Oen* informs us, that the Sorcereſs *Myra* had an harſh, hoarſe, hollow Voice, ſuch as exactly reſembled the Voice of her Siſter-Witches in *Mackbeth*.

Expugnatur Ave.

The Poet here inſinuates, that *Myra* had formerly profeſſed herſelf a Chriſtian and a Catholick.

Ver. 178. *Who aſſign'd her a Penſion* &c.

Divitiarum cui affatim,
Parcâ manu annuatim
Libras dat. *Quid tricentenæ?*
Parva merces tali lenæ.

We are told by *Tir-Oen*, that notwithſtanding the Sorcereſs was poſſeſſed of a Rent Charge of 1200 *l. per annum*, ſhe had the Addreſs to procure a yearly Penſion of 300 *l.* —— The unequal Diſtribution of Royal Favours muſt ſurpriſe a Man, who does not give himſelf Leiſure to reflect, that a great Prince cannot poſſibly be acquainted with the real Circumſtances of all thoſe Perſons, who receive his Bounty: Otherwiſe it could not happen,

Then, becauſe at Threeſcore ſhe was out of her Prime,
And her Treſſes were hoary, ſhe curs'd Father *Time.*
Ought her Head, like Mount *Ætna*'s, be cover'd with Snow,
While ſhe feels the fierce Flames, which conſume her below?
Then ſhe curs'd her next Kin, who refus'd to *abjure,*
And the uſeleſs old Matrons, untaught to *procure.*
All the Bankers ſhe curs'd;--for they weigh foreign Gold:
And ſhe curs'd the poor Players; — for their Houſe is too old.

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

happen, that any Part of the Revenue of ſo poor a Country ſhould be applied to ſupport the Pride and Luxury of ſuch a Creature.

Ver. 181. *Ought her Head, like Mount Ætna's &c.*

Capitis dum nives rides,
Ætnæ pol cacumen vides,
Tunc, cùm nullæ juvent artes:
At at, infra quæ ſunt, partes,
Quibus fœtor, ſordes, ſqualor,
Coquit vel *Ætneus* calor.

The Tops of Mount *Ætna* are covered with Snow all the Year.

Ætneus calor.

Sappho, in her Epiſtle to *Phaon* tells him, that her Love is as hot as the Fire of *Ætna*.

Me calor Ætnæo non minor igne coquit.
Ovid.

Since the Days of *Sappho*, this Expreſſion hath been familiarly uſed by all Tribads.

Ver. 185. *All the Bankers &c. And ſhe curs'd the poor Players; &c.*

Argentarios, & Daniſtas;
Hiſtriones, iſtos, iſtas:
Argentarii exa-minant
Nummos aureos, & tru-tinant.
Hiſtriones — faciunt quoniam,
Ubi ſolent, hiſtrioniam.

All foreign Coins (and there are ſcarce any other) are received in *Ireland* according to their Weight.

At that Time, the old Theatre was ſtanding. But a new Play-Houſe hath ſince been built in *Dublin*, under the Direction of that *wiſe and honeſt Architect*, who built the new Parliament-Houſe. In the latter, you cannot hear, and in the new Theatre you can neither hear nor ſee.

Then ſhe curs'd from her Soul, ſince her Luck was ſo ill,
Ace of Hearts, and Groom Porter, and odious Quadrille;
All the Duns, who want Manners, or Patience to wait;
All the Rich, who paſs by, and the Poor at her Gate;
Little Prieſts, and great Prelates, who fix the Church-Pales,
From the Red-Hats of *Rome*, to the Fidlers of *Wales*;
All the Belles of this Iſle, who abhor the *French* Mode;
And the Bards, who addreſs an old Witch in an Ode.
Next, the *Morning* ſhe curs'd, 'twas ſo hot and ſo light;
(If the Sun had been ſet, ſhe had then curs'd the Night)

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 193. *All the Belles of this Iſle* &c.

Execratur jam pulchellis
Furias invocans puellis,
Quæ nec Gallicarum mores
Colunt, fuco nec colores
Mentiuntur. *Tu adores.*
Tunc devovit *Poetillam*,
Supplex qui rogavit illam,
Blandi-loquens vene-ficam,
Probam vocans & *pudicam.*

Myra firſt taught the *Iriſh* Ladies the Uſe of *French* Waſhes, Paint, *&c.* She aſſured them, th t in all polite Courts, a natural Beauty was looked upon as a very ill-bred Woman. Is it any Wonder that a Fiend ſhould endeavour to ſpoil the faireſt Part of God's Creation?

Ver. 194. *And the Bards, who addreſs* &c.

Myra here alludes to a famous Ode, which was addreſſed to her and ſung about the Streets of *Dublin*, while Mr. *Scheffer* was there. It was written by an *Engliſh* Gentleman who had ſuffered greatly in his Fortune by her Witchcrafts and Subornations. As this Ode is now become very ſcarce, and was never before publiſhed from the Author's own Copy, it will not perhaps be unacceptable to the Reader to ſee it reprinted in the Appendix: eſpecially, ſince it ſerves to illuſtrate this Part of the Poem, and is indeed an excellent Picture of the old Sorcereſs.

Little

Little thinking Don *Phœbus* that Inſtant was near her,
That the God, whom ſhe thus was blaſpheming, could hear her.
Let us honour the God, who to Mortals ſo kind,
Order'd all her vain Curſes be ſtopt by the Wind!
And I fancy, ſince now he hath mark'd her mad Airs,
He'll enforce this Command, if ſhe offers up Prayers.
Here ſhe ceas'd for a while to unlock the Canteen:
Sure Relief! when loud Talk has created the Spleen.
Twas the Price ſhe receiv'd for a Virgin betray'd,
Fill'd with Liquor nectareous, true *Eau de Barbade.*
When, imbibing freſh Vigour, the Dame at a Sup
Had exhauſted the large aromatical Cup;
How her hollow Orbs redden'd, recruiting their Ire,
And her Breath from her drinking redoubled its Fire!

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 207. *When imbibing freſh Vigour &c.*

Verba, vires duplicat, cùm
Largius citreum, aromat'cum
Poculum exhaurit *Mira.*
Anûs jam crudeſcit ira;
Oculoſque ſcintillare,
Halitumque exudare
Ore gravem, ſulphureum
Sentit *Phœbus. Terret Deum.*

When our Author wrote theſe Lines, I imagine he had juſt read (*Phillis Drinking*) in my Lord *Lanſdown.*

While Phillis *is drinking, Love and Wine in Alliance,*
With Forces united, bid reſiſtleſs Defiance:
By the Touch of her Lips, the Wine ſparkles higher,
And her Eyes by her drinking redouble their Fire.
Her Cheeks glow the brighter recruiting their Colour, &c.

At leaſt, by making a cloſe Tranſlation of theſe Verſes of *Scheffer*, I fell into a kind of Parody on Lord *Lanſdown*'s Song. 'Tis an eaſy Tranſition from the Eyes to the Mouth, and from the Cheeks to the Eyes.

Now ſhe ſwells with new Matter, devoting whole Nations;
And the Caſtle re-ecchoes her dire Imprecations.
But behold what a Change Love is pleas'd to perform!
[Nor a Power leſs mighty, could quiet the Storm]
She has heard the ſoft rap. Lo! her Gallants appear:
Firſt approaches majeſtic the tall Grenadier.
All her Fury the Sight of ſuch Manhood ſuppreſs'd;
And a train of ſoft Paſſions re-enter her Breaſt.
She embrac'd the great Soldier; ſhe meaſur'd his Length;
Into Action ſhe warm'd, and experienc'd his Strength:
Nor ſo much had falſe *Dalilah*'s Spouſe in his Locks:
Nor the Witch was more pleas'd, when ſhe ſtrove in the Box.
Introduc'd in good Order, ſucceed to the Fight
A Mechanic, a Courtier, a Collier, and Knight:

As

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 216. *Firſt approaches majeſtic the tall Grenadier.* &c.

Intrat *Bombardomachides*:
Quantus! Qualis! Fronti fides.
Rabiem, logos, mores feros
Vertit *Priapeius* Heros.

The Hiſtory of *Myra* and her Grenadier is related before in the Note on *Ver.* 326. of the ſecond Book.

Ver. 224. —— *a Collier and Knight:*

Et tum Aulicus, pediſſeques,
Carbonarius *Vol*, & quis eques.

It ſeems, though *Vol* always railed at the Sorcereſs in Publick, and ſeconded the Invectives of his Brother *Mars*, yet he was wholly devoted to the old Dame, and was employed by her in all her private Pleaſures and domeſtic Negotiations. For this Purpoſe, he went every Morning and Evening

As he finiſh'd to each ſhe aſſign'd a new Day,
And, extolling his Labours, advanc'd a Week's Pay.
Thus diſmiſs'd the Male Gallants, in-crawl'd her own *Imp*
In a ſcaly ſmall Body, contors'd like a Shrimp.
In a Rapture ſhe ſtroak'd it, and gave it the Teat,
By the Suction to raiſe ſympathetical Heat.
Then by *Hecate* ſhe ſwore, *ſhe was ſated with Men*;
Sung a wanton *Sapphoic*, and ſtroak'd it agen;

And

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Evening to receive her Commands, generally diſguiſed and muffled up in an old Red Cloak and a Weather-beaten Wig. Tho' he was paſt the Labour of a St--ion, yet he was a very proper Introductor. *Tir Oen* concludes this Part of *Vol*'s Character in the following Words. *Inſidioſus ſimul ac impuriſſimus iſte Veterator quotidiana* Miræ *adulteria, meretriciam diſciplinam, domeſticum lenocinium, ac barbara veneficia multùm adjuvabat.*

Pediſſeques;

Signifies a Footman; and the Poet here deſigns one *Maccar*, who had ſerved the Sorcereſs in that Quality. He was afterwards a Mechanick in *Dublin*, and was retained by *Myra* to ſuborn Evidence for the Purpoſe of her Law Suits. This Fellow had like to have been hanged for raviſhing an old Woman. See a further Account of him in the Epiſtle to *Cadenus*; and hereafter in the Addreſs to *Ondillus* or *Dill.*

By *quis Eques*, or the Knight, the Poet means Sir *Piercy* or *Cacus.*

Ver. 229. — *She gave it the Teat.*

Mammam Saga cui mammoſa
Putrem dat. *Libidinoſa*
Quæ mammoſa; ſit annoſa.

Ales at, cui mammam dat
Hæc annoſa, quid ſugat?
Libi-dinem. *Ohe! Sat.*

I muſt own, that my Verſion of theſe ſix Lines, which I have compriſed in a Verſe and a half, is very defective, and that I have neither given the full Senſe, nor entered into the Spirit of the Original. In ſome future Editions I may perhaps be able to perform better.

Ales. This is the Name of *Myra*'s Imp, who is likewiſe called *Ali* and *Al* in other Parts of our Author's Work.

It is allowed by *Glanville* and others, who have written learnedly of Witches, that every Witch is attended by an Imp, who is called her Familiar, and who aſſumes any Shape to do her Pleaſure or Service. As ſoon as the Imp approaches her, the Witch immediately gives it the Breaſt. This is a Ceremony which muſt be conſtantly obſerved. Without it, all her Spells and Incantations would be ineffectual.

Ver. 231. *Then by* Hecate *ſhe ſwore*, &c.

Longo ludo haud laſſata,
Viris licet ſatiata,

And agen — And then thrice ſhe erected her Rod:
(For the Numbers in Magic muſt always be odd.)
See the Force of her Spells mighty *Circe*'s ſurpaſs,
And the Beldams, which made *Apuleius* an Aſs!
See a Reptile transform'd to a Shape near the Human,
And the Imp, that erſt enter'd, reſemble a Woman!
Not a Woman — like thoſe, which the Muſſulmen uſe,
Or the Grandees of *Britain* for Miſtreſſes chuſe:
The indelible Mark, on her Forehead impreſs'd,
God's Revenge, and old *Shylock*'s curs'd Lineage confeſs'd;

With

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Jam per *Hecaten* jurabat;
Obſcœnaque jam cantabat,
Lesbium carmen. *Sic amabat.*

Hecate was a Goddeſs, the Daughter of *Night*. She was skilful in Poiſons and Philtres. She poiſoned her Father, and married her Uncle. She was the Patroneſs of Witches, and preſided in all their Aſſemblies. In *Shakeſpeare*'s *Macbeth*, the Figure and Office of this Goddeſs are properly repreſented.

Myra, whenever ſhe would be thought to ſpeak Truth, ſwore by the Name of her Miſtreſs *Hecate*, whom ſhe always propoſed as the beſt Pattern for her own Imitation.

Ver. 235. —— *Mighty* Circe's *ſurpaſs*, &c.

Seu quæ ſocios *Ulyſſei*,
Seu quæ formam *Apulei*
Mutant. *Et mox petant me hei!*

The Companions of *Ulyſſes* were changed into Swine by *Circe*, who was a powerful Sorcereſs. She poiſoned her Husband the King of the *Scythians*: And was the lewdeſt Woman of her Age. There is a great Analogy between the Actions of *Circe* and *Scheffer*'s *Myra*.

Formam Apulei.

Apuleius has given us the Relation of his own Metamorphoſis, and of all that happened to him under the Figure of an Aſs. 'Tis a witty and inſtructive Story. He borrowed the Plan of it from *Lucian*.

Ver. 238. *And the Imp, that erſt enter'd* &c.

Hæc, Dæmonium quæ intravit
Cubi-culum, Succuba ſit.

Succuba is a Devil that aſſumes a Woman's Ship to lie with a Man, or to lie with a Woman, when the Act of Tribadiſm is to be performed, as in this Place. *Succuba* likewiſe ſignifies any notorious Adultreſs. 'Tis a Word, which is very properly applied to the Character of *Myra*'s Imp.

Ver. 241. *The indelible Mark* &c.

Lutea

With the Locks of a Negreſs half mingled with Grey,
And a Carcaſe ill-moulded of dirty Red Clay;
Clammy, livid, cold Lips, with a crooked long Noſe;
And a Skin full of Spots from her Head to her Toes.
Nor a Daughter of *Eve* has a Body ſo foul;
Nor has *Envy* herſelf ſo envenom'd a Soul.
But to *Myra* moſt dear! nor ſo fair in her Sight,
Was *Anacthon* or *Cydno* thus form'd for Delight:

O ma

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Lutea, ac incompo-ſita,
Sicut Maura, eſt crinita;
Αἱ λευκάι δε. Signat eam
Dei ira: Frons *Judæam.*
Τά μεν χείλη πελιδνά δε,
Νεκρικά δε· ῥὶς μακρά δε·
(Turpia hæc, ridemus quæ nos!)
Ὅλη δ' ἀπὸ τοῦ ἀυχένος
Ἐς τὰ γόυαλα παρδάλει
Εἴκει ΔΗΜΩΝΑΣΣΑ *Ali.*

Ali, *Myra*'s Imp, is here called *Demonaſſa*, which *Tir-Oen* imagines is a Derivative from *Dæmon* or *Dæmonium*, and is uſed by Mr. *Scheffer* to expreſs the Qualities of an *Imp* or *Familiar*. But I rather think, our Author borrowed this Word from *Lucian:* For in his Dialogues of the Courteſans, we find a Woman of this Name, who had the ſame uncouth Appetites, and was exerciſed in the ſame Manner, as *Myra*'s Imp is uſed in this Place. I therefore chuſe to refer this Appellation to the Act of Tribadiſm.

In this third Book, we meet with many *Greek* Verſes. By thus blending the Languages, our Author, it may be, conceives, that he has added a greater Dignity to his Work.

Ver. 248. *Nor has* Envy *herſelf* &c.
Olli mens *Invidiæ* qualis;
Qualis *Mira*, *Ales* talis.

See the Deſcription of *Envy* in the ſecond Book of *Ovid*'s Metamorphoſis.

Ver. 249. *But to* Myra *moſt dear!* &c.
Miræ viſa eſt divina
Impuriſſima *Frokina:*
Ecca nunc pumilio *Al*
Sal eſt, tota merum ſal:
Quam nec Lesbides viciſſent,
Neque toties potuiſſent,
Dum tu *Sappho*, Suada ſuades,
Præſtantiſſimæ Tri-bades,
Anacthone, ſeu, quæ quid noviſſet rectiùs, bella Cydno.

Anacthon (or *Anactorie*) and *Cydno*, were two of *Sappho*'s Miſtreſſes. *Ovid* has introduced her making a Sacrifice of theſe Ladies to *Phaon.*

Vilis Anacthone, Vilis mihi candida Cydno;
Non oculis grata eſt Atthis ut ante meis,
Atque aliæ centum, quas non ſine crimine amavi.

Sappho

O ma Vie, ma Femme! What a Shape, and a Face!
Then impatient ſhe ruſh'd to a cloſer Embrace.
Let the reſt be untold!— And thus ever forbear,
Leſt thy Numbers, O *Scheffer*, offend the chaſte Fair.

And

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Sappho was a famous Tribade, as appears by the Teſtimonies of all the old Poets, but particularly from that beautiful Ode (addreſſed to one of the Ladies, with whom ſhe was in Love) which *Longinus* has preſerved, and which has ever been ſo highly eſteemed by all the Critics. But tho' ſhe had acquired ſo much Glory by her Verſes, as to be ſtiled the Tenth Muſe, yet ſhe acknowledges, that her Love of the *Lesbian* Women had deſtroyed her Reputation,

Lesbides inefamem *quæ me feciſtis amatæ.*

As amorous and vicious as the *Greeks* were, yet they accounted this a moſt infamous Paſſion. And there ſeems to have been a peculiar Act of Juſtice in the Puniſhment of *Sappho*, who killed herſelf at laſt for the Love of a Man.

Ver. 251. *O ma Vie*, &c.
O ma vie, O mon ame!
O ma mie, ma chere Femme.
Utriuſque oris decor
O quàm urit meum jecur!
Tu tapanta mî; & ſi me
Ames, Τὸ πὰν Ἀνήρ εἰμι.

I muſt here again confeſs, that I have not done my Author Juſtice in my Verſion of theſe Lines. The Truth is, I could not find out a Manner of expreſſing the four laſt Verſes in *Engliſh* Metre with a decent Propriety.

O ma vie, &c.
The Sorcereſs generally ſaluted her Imp in *French*, that ſhe might not be underſtood by her *Iriſh* Servants.

Tu tapanta mî;

Τὰ πάνλα, A *Factotum*, or as we ſay in *Engliſh*, ſhe is all in all with her. *Petronius* calls *Fortunata* the Wife of *Trimalchio*, his *Tapanta*.

Τὸ πὰν ἀνήρ εἰμι.

That is, *I am all Man.* This Expreſſion is borrowed from *Lucian*, who in one of his Dialogues introduces an impudent Woman of Quality, who is there called γυνὴ δεινῶς ἀνδρικὴ, and makes her explain herſelf in this Manner, Ἡ γνώμη δὲ, καὶ ἡ ἐπιθυμία, καὶ τάλλα πάνλα ἀνδρὸς ἐσί μοι —— τὸ πὰν ἀνήρ εἰμι. *I have all the Appetites and Deſires of a Man, I am all over Man. Tir-Oen* acquaints us, that the *French* Refugees, who lived in *Dublin*, when Mr. *Scheffer* publiſhed his Poem, gave *Myra* the Sir-name or Title of *Homeſſe* or *Homaſſe*, *quia tribas diffamata fuit.*

Ver. 252. *Then impatient ſhe ruſh'd* &c.
Let the reſt be untold! &c.
Corpus avidè adfigit,
Et in furias ruit: viget
Flamma mutua. *Al* ſubare,
Sed haud pondus tolerare,
Salientis. —Semipagan'
Ohe! ſat. Si amplius, Ἄγαν.

I have

And do thou, O my *Clara*, this Freedom excuſe;
Since a Vengeance ſo juſt has created the Muſe;
Or a Paſſion more noble. I hang out my Lights,
To direct foreign Sailors in dreery long Nights:
I expoſe to their Ken (and dear-bought was my Wit)
Both the Pools, which ingulph'd me, and Rocks, where I ſplit.
When a Pair of foul Tribads I rudely unveil,
'Tis *Charybdis* I ſhew you, 'tis *Scylla*'s Dog-Tail.

Shall

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

I have likewiſe compriſed the Senſe of theſe ſix Verſes in one Line and a half, for the ſame Reaſon which obliged me to ſhorten my Tranſlation of the ſix Verſes which immediately precede them.

Semipagan'
Ohe! ſat.

i. e. *O Semipagane Poeta.*

Ver. 255. *And do thou, O my* Clara, *&c.*

Injuriæque noſtræ gnara
Parce Vati, mea *Clara.*
Veri-dicos, ſi non terſos,
Facit indignatio verſus.
Indignatio: ſed & ratio:
Quippe vos commonefacio,
Quâ ſolertiâ moli-minis,
Si quis exeat patrios fines,
(Hyeme quum navigatur)
Scopulos prætervehatur,
Ego olim queis illiſus:
Arti noſtræ nauta fiſus
Et nunc æquor iterare,
Et incolumis tranare
Queat, quaſi levis cortex,
Ubi vel exæſtuat vortex;
Crebro quo & ipſe tortus,
Rapidoque ſum abſorptus.

Here again Mr. *Scheffer* makes an Apology for his Satire. Firſt, he intimates, that the great Injuries he had received from *Myra* and her Aſſociates, had provoked him to this Manner of Writing, and ought to juſtify him in the Opinion of all his Friends. But immediately ſeeming to recollect himſelf, he declares that he had a more generous Deſign in expoſing the old Sorcereſs, *viz.* That his Example might warn others to avoid the Rocks and Quick-ſands, where himſelf had ſuffered Ship-wreck. — If this were his principal View, I am of Opinion, that his perſonal Satire is not only excuſable, but ought to entitle him to publick Favour.

Ver. 262. *'Tis* Charybdis *I ſhew you* &c.

Shall it therefore concern me, who blames or commends?
Friends to Virtue, I know, will be ever my Friends.

For

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Scylla is a dangerous Rock in the Straits of *Meſſina*. The Poets feign, that *Scylla* was the Daughter of *Phorcus*, and was changed by *Circe* from the Navel downwards into a Company of barking Dogs, at the Horror of which ſhe caſt herſelf into the Sea and was turned into a Rock. Near this Rock is a dreadful Whirlpool formerly called *Charybdis*, now *Calo Faro*. The Poets ſay, that *Charybdis* was once a paſſionate lewd Woman, or as *Ruæus* calls her, *meretrix voraciſſima, a moſt voracious Strumpet*. The great Heroes and Warriors of Antiquity, who plundered all the reſt of the World, were plundered by her. She ſtript even *Hercules*, and took from him all his Cattle. For this Fact ſhe was Thunder-ſtruck by *Jupiter*, and changed into this Abyſs. *Myra*, who is more voracious, and hath been guilty of as many Thefts and Robberies as *Charybdis*, is very apprehenſive that ſhe ſhall one Day ſuffer the ſame Fate. And therefore, ſhe is ſeized wiih a Panick, whenever it thunders. The fine Deſcription of *Charybdis* in the third *Æneid*, is judiciouſly applied by *Tir-Oen* to *Myra*, when ſhe is in the Heat of Action.

Imo barathri ter gurgite vaſtos
Sorbet in abruptum fluctus, rurſuſque per auras
Erigit alternos, & ſidera verberat undâ.

Scylla and *Charybdis* being ſo near each other, occaſioned the Proverb

Incidit in Scyllam *cupiens vitare* Charybdin.

As we ſay in *Engliſh*, *He leaps out of the Frying-pan into the Fire.*

Will. Burdon, a merry Companion, who was lately Surgeon of the *Dublin* Yatcht, paraphraſed it thus:

Helm alee! no nearer ſail,
Where the Monſter Harlots rule;
Leſt you're bit by Ally's *Tail,*
Or elſe ſink in Myra's *Pool.*

Ver. 263. *Shall it therefore* &c.

ΜΕ ΑΔΟΝΤΑ Δ' ΕΙΗ ΦΙΛΕΙΝ
ΚΑΙ ΤΟΙΣ ΑΓΑΘΟΙΣ ΟΜΙΛΕΙΝ.

Nec inſulſos pili facio,
Queis nec virtus, neque ratio.
Si quis noſtras damnet artes,
Tranſeat & in *Miræ* partes
Triveneficæ; nigellæ
Seu qui mœchus ſit matellæ;
Illi bellum jam denuntio,
Sit *Milordus*, ſeu homuncio,
Sit *Curculio*, ſeu *Hortenſius*,
Seu qui improbus impenſiùs.

Curculio was a Bully and a Paraſite. He was one of thoſe Criticks who cenſured our Author, tho' he could not read a Line in the whole Poem. After the firſt Volume was publiſhed, he threatned the Bookſeller, and fought with ſome of the Hawkers. Mr. *Scheffer* hath been blamed by ſome of his Friends, and I think very juſtly, for taking any Notice of ſuch an inſignificant Perſon: For the Man was of the loweſt Order of the Human Species, and was in Truth rather an Object of Pity than Satire. He was fed in the Family of *Myra*'s Imp, and was therefore obliged to bark for his daily Bread.

—— In

For the reſt — Let me view 'em with equal Regard,
Whether B——ps, or Bravos, who threaten the Bard:
For the vitious and proud, whether Stateſmen, or Fools;
Whether *Myra*'s old Gallants, or *Ali*'s new Tools,
Whether Red-Coats, or Black-Coats, are all of one Sort;
And we ſee in *Curculio* the Image of——
Now the God (and who doubts it?) grown ſick of his Station,
Paus'd a while — and then broke into this Exclamation;
" Could the Sins of thylke People make *Jove* thus ſevere,
" To unhallow the Land, and cauſe Venom live here?
" Who'd believe ſuch a Creature from *B——l* had ſprung?
" Or that this is the *Myra*, *George Gr—ville* hath ſung?

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

—— In *Miræ* partes
Triveneficæ.

Triveneſica ſignifies a *great Sorcereſs*. This Word is to be found in *Plautus*.

—— Nigellæ
Seu qui mœchus ſit matellæ?

That is, *Whoever is a Gallant to the little black Imp.*

Matella is properly a Chamber-Pot. But in *Petronius*, it ſignifies a little lewd Woman. It is uſed here in the ſame Senſe.

Ver. 273. *Could the Sins* &c.
Sic a populo peccatur?
Sic a Jove violatur
Iracundo, alienis
Calens inſula venenis?
Talem quis putaret bello
Natam eſſe *B——denello?*
An hæc illa *Mira?* an vil-
is hæc, quam canebat *Gr--ville?*

'Tis a thing well known, that no poiſonous Animal can breathe in *Ireland*: Wherefore, our Author imputes it to the Wrath of the Gods, that *Myra* had been permitted to live ſo long in *Dublin*.

Natam eſſe *B——denello?*

The Sorcereſs was deſcended from a noble Family in the Iſle of *Britain*, but ſhe was diſowned by all her Relations, who were Perſons of Probity and Virtue, and had a juſt regard for the Honour of their Houſe.

As he ſpake, to the Weſtward he hied him away;
Leſt beyond the due Bounds he ſhould lengthen the Day.
But his Steeds knew their Work; and ſo ſwift was their Motion,
That exact to a Minute they plung'd in the Ocean.
Here ſaluting fair *Thetis*, he ſunk in her Lap;
And, to act without Paſſion, he took a ſhort Nap.
For whenever he cenſures, he makes it a Rule,
That his Fancy be warm, but his Judgment be cool.
Then diſtinctly conſid'ring all Matters as predict,
He commanded his Heralds to publiſh this Edict.

FORASMUCH as *George G—ville*, forgetting his Duty,
Has impos'd a foul Creature on me for a Beauty;
And

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 277. *As he ſpake to the Weſtward* &c.

Dixit: & citato axe
Viam pervolat, ne hæcce
Longior dies imputetur,
Si diutius hic moretur.
Currus properat: equorum
Fervet opus anhelorum.
Sexta vix præteriit, (euge!)
Cùm in mare quadrijugi.
Χαῖρε *Theti!* bellè ſitum
Implet gremium. Tunc dormitum.

Thetis, the Goddeſs of the Ocean, was the favourite Miſtreſs of the *Sun*; and, as the old Poets inform us, he ſlept every Night in her Boſom. *Thetis* was charming both in her Perſon and Manners, and yet his Godſhip's Conſtancy is much to be admired.

Ver. 287. FORASMUCH *as*, &c.

Cùm egregiè impo-ſuit
Nobis G--*ville*; cùmque duit
Formam, gratiam virgi-neam
Turpi Sagæ: hæggenne Deam!

i. e. *Putat eſſe deam!*

hæggenne, or *Haegerre* is a *Saxon* Word, and ſignifies a Witch, or a wicked, deformed, old Woman. From hence is derived the *Engliſh Hag*. In the *Dutch* Edition 'tis Hockle *Deam*. *Hockle* is *Dutch*, and is the ſame with *Haggere*.

By the Way, I muſt obſerve, that the Charge which is brought here againſt my

And beſpoke me ſo fair, that I taught him my Trade,
And, as oft as he ſung, ne'er refus'd him my Aid:
And whereas modern Lays (to my Sorrow) diſcover,
That the blindeſt of all is the Rhythmical Lover,
Who implores my Aſſiſtance, unſeemly to laud
Or the crooked Coquet, or the Quality-Bawd:
Now, for better preventing ſuch heinous Abuſes,
I the Lord of *Parnaſs'* (with Advice of the *Muſes*)
Make it known to all People, both Commons and Peers,
From the Writers of Epic to low Sonneteers;
That hereafter no Bard, on Pretence he's in Diſtreſs,
Shall preſume on his Judgment, and chuſe his own Miſtreſs;
Or invoke mortal Females of any Degree,
Who have not been approv'd by the *Graces*, and me.

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ld. *L.* is very unjuſt, and occaſioned the Expoſtulation of *Venus* in the fourth Book. Ld. *L.* wrote in Praiſe of *Myra*, when ſhe was young, and when perhaps ſhe might be allowed to paſs for a Toaſt. Though, if you allow what Sir *Mars* ſays of her Ver. 150. Book II. ſhe never was handſome. But be this as it will, I am convinced if Ld *L.* had ſeen her in the Days of *Scheffer*, and had remarked her Actions and Converſation, he had probably treated her with as little Complaiſance, as our Poet has done.

Ver. 294. *Or the crooked Coquet* &c.
Sive curvam *Aleniſſam*,
Sive lenam *Comitiſſam* &c.

The *Latin* Commentators are not agreed about the Meaning and Etymology of *Aleniſſa*. Mr. *Cuper* derives this Word from *Ales*, *ſive quòd nigræ Aliti ſimillima* (as black as a Crow) *Sive quòd malæ linguæ uxorcula, & pica pulvinaris. Wetſtein* derives it from *Alec* or *Halec*, an Herring or Sprat, *quia mulier fœtida, & in piſcem deſinens.* But I rather agree with *Tir-Oen*, who is of Opinion, that *Aleniſſa* is not a proper Name, but is a Word invented by Mr. *Scheffer* to ſignify a little prattling wanton Woman, *quæ a lenâ ſtat, ſive quæ a lenâ ſecunda*, an Aſſociate or Aſſiſtant to the *Comitiſſa*. I have therefore rendred it in *Engliſh* a *Coquet*.

AND WHEREAS wicked *Myra* hath brought me to ſhame;
I command the ſaid *G--ville* to raſe out her Name,
And the beautiful *Clara* inſert in her Place,
Or the bright Patroneſs of the *Oxford Borlace.*
AND WHEREAS, maugre all the old Creature's Diſguiſes,
I diſcern her true Form, and unnatural Vices;
'Tis my Will, ſince to wayward Amours ſhe's inclin'd,
She be only permitted to mix with her Kind:
Tho' the Fates to an Hundred ſhould lengthen her Span,
Let the Matron no more be compreſs'd by a Man.

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 305. *And the beautiful* Clara &c.
Or the bright Patroneſs &c.

Et in locum (locus detur)
Miræ jam inauguretur
Clara, decus *Grenovici*;
Seu *Borlacii* amat dici
Quæ patrona *Oxonienſis*.
Quid tu de liturâ cenſes?

Clara, decus &c.

We find this Name mentioned in three Places, and always with great Reſpect. This Lady was much admired by our Author, and well deſerved the Character which he has given her.

Seu *Borlacii*.

The *Borlace*, is an Anniverſary Meeting of ſeveral Noblemen and Gentlemen in *Oxford*, on the eighteenth of *Auguſt*. Among other Cuſtoms, they chuſe a Toaſt Paramount, who is called the *Lady Patroneſs* of the *High Borlace*. This is reckoned a great Honour, and is always conferred by Balloting.

The laſt Verſe is an *Apoſtrophe* to the Reader.

Ver. 112. *Let the Matron no more* &c.

Nec matronam tangat *Tyro*;
Nec cui ſit conjuncta viro.

This Interdiction was the Cauſe of that famous Metamorphoſis, which the Poet has exhibited to us in the Beginning of the fourth Book. We read that the Emperor *Caligula* uſed the ſame Kind of Cruelty to his Wife *Paulina*. *Miſſam fecit interdicto cujuſquam in perpetuum coitu.*

Tir-Oen remarks, that *Tyro* is a Word very properly uſed in this Place; for the Sorcereſs was extremely fond of young Soldiers.

AND

AND WHEREAS I foreſee, that a Mind ſo impure
Will incite the decrepit old Dame to *procure*;

By

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 314. *Will incite* &c.

Haud nequitiæ modum ſuæ
Ætas ponet. Melli-fluæ
Cantilenæ, lenæ mores,
Seu veneficæ labores;
Seu pudicam ſi mentita,
Artis aulicæ perita &c.

This Prediction was fulfilled to a Tittle; and all the Commentators have been very copious in their Obſervations on this Place.

Jam Anus Mira Dublinenſium *meretricularum mater appellata eſt. Namque arti præfuit meretriciæ, adultaſque puellas in eâ inſtituens peregrinis & hoſpitibus, qui ſemet ipſam ob maturas rugas tangere nolebant, pro ſe ſubſtitit.* Tir-Oen. *Myra, when ſhe grew old, was called the Mother of the* Dublin *Courteſans. For ſhe inſtructed great Girls in the Arts of Harlotry: And ſhe had always a Number of them ready to ſubſtitute in her own Room for the Service of Foreigners, and for ſuch of her Gueſts as were too delicate to be ſatisfied with the Perſon of an old Woman.*

Mr. *Cuper* has applied to *Myra* theſe Lines of *Claudian.*

Juvenum flammis Coritanica Mira
E gemino ditata mari, dum ſerta refundit
Canities, dum turba procax, noctiſque recedit
Ambitus, & rarò pulſatur janua tactu;
Stat tamen, atque alias ſuccingit lena miniſtras;
Dilectumque diu quamvis longæva lupanar
Circuit, & retinet mores, quos perdidit ætas.

Myra, *long practis'd in the Harlots Wiles,*
Had drain'd the Youth of both the Britiſh *Iſles.*
But now unable to afford Delight,
To charm the Stranger, or to ſell a Night,
She trains up Dublin *Nymphs for publick Uſe;*
And ſtands confeſt the Mother of the Stews;
Feeding her Paſſions thus ſhe ſates her Rage,
And ſpite of Wrinkles, ſhe enjoys her Age.

Wetſtein compares old *Myra* to the Mule (which is mentioned by *Plutarch*) that always walked before the Chariots and other Wheel Carriages, in order to inſtruct and encourage the Beaſts who drew them. For which Reaſon, it was ordered by the Government of *Athens*, that this Mule ſhould be maintained at the publick Expence. The ſame Commentator is of Opinion, that *Myra*'s Penſion was obtained and continued to her through ſo many Reigns, for the great Services which ſhe rendered the Publick in that Quality, which *Apollo* has here condemned.

But after all, there is nothing which gives us ſo juſt a Character of this wicked old Woman, and ſo exact an Account of her Actions and Inclinations, when ſhe was bending under the Grand Climacterick, as a Letter from Mr. *Scheffer* himſelf. This Letter, which has ſince been printed in *Motraye*'s Anecdotes, was written in the Year 1729 to a *Poliſh* Nobleman in the Train of King *Staniſlaus* at *Chambord.* It ſeems the *Polander*, about forty Years before, had met our *Myra* in *Dido*'s Cave near the *Spaw*, and knowing that Mr. *Scheffer* was now in *Dublin*, he was curious enough to make ſome Enquiries about her. The whole Letter is too long to be inſerted; but the following Part of it will ſerve for a Comment on thoſe Verſes which are here quoted.

La Comteſſe * Goſpodiſnikurewska *ſe*

* *Goſpodiſnikurewska*, is a *Poliſh* Word of the ſame Signification with *Maquerelle* in *French*, or *Lena* in *Latin.*

By the Force of her Spells, with a forward Court Air,

And the Semblance of Virtue to ruin the Fair.

By a ſpecial Grace mov'd, I enjoin and command
You the Tutelar Gods, who bear Sway in that Land,
All her Actions to watch, all her Witchcrafts to croſs,
And to ſave other Nymphs, as ye ſav'd Lady *R-ſſe*.

THUS *APOLLO* DECREED—When to ſtop further Fury,
Who ſhould enter the Cloſet but little *Mer-cury*.

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

voioit toute delabrée, quand elle conſultoit ſon miroir. Elle ſentoit encore les flammes de l'impureté. Elle ſe plaignoit d'avoir toutes les envies laſcives de la Jeuneſſe, dans un corps preſque decrepit. Cela etoit fort facheux. And then reciting the various Stratagems which *Myra* uſed to enſnare the *Iriſh* Virgins, Mr. *Scheffer* concludes his Epiſtle with this Reflection. *Sa proſtitution etoit moins pernicieuſe que ſon maquerellage.*

Ver. 319. *All her Actions* &c.

Quicquid lena meditatur,
Nuptias malas ſi moliatur
Maleſuada ; vos objices ;
Ne ſint nymphæ meretrices.
Sagæ ſcelera arcete ;
Et acceſſus prohibete :
Omnes virgines tuemini ;
Sicut olim (ipſe memini)
Rectè ex inſidiis vos
Eripuiſtis pulchram *R-s*.

Lady *R-ſſe* was a beautiful and a virtuous Woman. The Snares, which the old Sorcereſs had laid to entrap her, the Courage and Reſolution of the latter in breaking through them at a very critical Juncture, and her Eſcape out of *Myra*'s Circle, are Anecdotes, of which no body is ignorant, who has lived any Time in *Dublin*.

Tir-Oen here obſerves very judiciouſly, that it was not difficult for *Apollo* to predict old *Myra*'s *Maquerellage*, ſince ſhe practiſed this Trade long before this Decree was pronounced. *Nova marita, neque adhuc barbata, omnibus ſui corporis copiam* Mira *fecit, omnibus quoque copiam effecit ad puellas & uxores alienas.* Tir-Oen.

Ver. 322. —— *Little* Mercury?

Quin de lenâ dum furebat,
Eccum fratrem, quem volebat
Maiâ natum : tum gaudebat.

Mercury was the Son of *Jupiter* and *Maia*. He had Wings on his Feet, and a golden Rod called *Caduceus* in his Hand. He was the Meſſenger of the Gods; and we find him making grievous Complaints (in *Lucian*) that he was over employed, and had not Time to take any Reſt either by Day or Night.

Here begins the Epiſode of the *Gridiron*.

As

Ken ye not the young Thief? —— But you'll think my
Head wrong,
If without a new Patron I ſing a new Song:
And *Thalia* conſents, that inſtead of a Fee
I inſcribe this quaint Epiſode, *Bocca*, to thee:
That with Patience I ſit, where —— dotes;
Where the *Regiſter Lion* ſcowls over his Notes,
And preſumes, tho' unaſk'd, his own Rules to report,
To inſtruct hoarſe *Iocco*, and biaſs the Court.

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 325. *And* Thalia *conſents*, &c.

Te, quod optes, explorante,
Me Thaliâ adjuvante
Eccos mitto aureorum
Verſus vice *Philipporum*
Tibi, *Bocca*, (ſic in fatis)
Tui μνημό-συνον vatis.

Bocca, or *Sol Bocca*, an illiterate Pleader. He was educated in a Cheeſemonger's Shop near *Billinſgate*, where he learned his Oratory, and collected all thoſe Flowers of Rhetorick, which he occaſionally throws out at the *Iriſh* Bar, to ſupply the Want of Law and Argument. In the 4th B. v. 38. our Author calls him and his Brother *Iocco* (Io and Bo) *incultos Oratores*.

aureorum —— Philipporum

Spaniſh Piſtoles, or ſome other Gold Coin of *Spain*.

Μνημό'συνον ſignifies a Pledge or Token ſent to a Friend, by which we deſire to be remembered.

Quod me non movet æſtimatione;
Verum eſt, Μνημό'συνα *mei Sodalis.*
Catullus.

Ver. 327. *That with Patience I ſit.*

Ut patienter, dum dormitat
*, aut magnas gerras citat, &c.

The laſt Verſe, both in the original Manuſcript, and in all the printed Copies, is left with an Aſterisk. So that I do not at preſent know how to explain it. I may perhaps be better informed hereafter.

Ver. 328. *Where the* Regiſter Lion, &c.

Ubi rogitabat nuper
Multa his & illis ſuper
Iſte leoninus C——
Cuncta malè notat: heu mos!
Numos meos maluit fumos,
Miræ maluit eſſe numos.
Maluit, interjecto nodo;
Maluit vel quocunque modo.

In this Place Mr. *Scheffer* cenſures the Behaviour of a certain Officer of the Court, where his Cauſe was pleaded, who was remarkably officious and partial in giving his Opinion unasked, and contrary to his Duty often prompted the Advocates, that were engaged againſt our Author.

While *Miracides* gapes like an Idiot at ſtool:
How unhappy the Bard, who contends with a Fool!
See the Orator there in his Glory appear!
See me tremble, great *Bocca*, to view thee ſo near!
Let the *Stagyrite* yield, when the Pleader diſputes;
And avaunt my black Hero, when *Bocca* computes!
When he proves by his Brief (and the Problem is new)
That a Dozen and ten will make Thirty and two.
Or, *if ten from the Thirty and two you ſubſtract,*
Nought remains. " *This, my Lord, is a ſtate of the Fact.*

Then

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 331. *While* Miracides *gapes*, &c.

Ubi ſedet cervicoſus
Quis *Milordus* odioſus;
Cui fuit ſaga mater,
Cui pol ignotus pater;
Verba rhetorum inflatu'
Captat oris qui hiatu.
Stultum dixeris amantem,
Stultum dixeris cacantem.
Nomen, Muſa, nunc illi des:
Sit a *Mira Miracides!*

Miracides was the Son of *Myra* the Hermaphrodite, *ignoto patre*, as is teſtified by other Writers, as well as our Author. After the Death of his Mother, *Miracides* proſecuted the Suit againſt Mr. *Scheffer*. He was vain of his Title and very covetous, with a very weak Underſtanding; ſo that he was eaſily drawn into the Confederacy by *Cacus* and *Myra*'s *Imp*.

Ver. 335. *Let the* Stagyrite *yield*, &c.

Tute ipſe major iſto
Eris, *Bocca Sol*, Ariſto-
tele; major Vol nigerrimo,
Meo *Vollo Vol* ſacerrimo.

The Reader will obſerve from theſe Lines, that *Vol* is to be underſtood by the *Black Hero*.

Ver. 337. *When he proves by his Brief*, &c.

Computat nam, lucri ne ſim
Ipſe reus, modo ſuo.
Decem ſed & duo-decim
Facient-quot? Triginta duo.
Decem ſi deducas totâ
Summâ, dic, pars manet quota?
Ne gry quidem, nec Iota.
Dedi ſic, quod erat dandum,
Ac quod erat demonſtrandum,
Demonſtravi. O! infandum!

How

Then behold how ſagacious he points out the Flaws,
While his Figures and Tropes heavy hang on my Cauſe!
To ſupply all Defects, and develope the *Truſt*,
How polite his Remarks, and his Reas'ning how juſt!
His Concluſion ſo apt, it admits no Reply!
For, my Lord, in a Word, the whole Deed is a Lie.
But alas! if your Logic, O *Bocca*, ſhould fail ye,
And the Judge turn averſe; Crier, call P—r—
To expound the *Knight's* Will, and ſupport the *Imp's* League,
Who of all the uncoiff'd is ſo fit as the *Teague?*

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

How abſurd and ridiculous ſoever theſe Computations may appear to the Reader, yet they were with great Warmth and Poſitiveneſs inſiſted on by *Sol Bocca* in the Courſe of his Pleadings, to invalidate our Author's Claim. I ſhould not indeed have believed the Orator had been in earneſt, if his Logical Reaſoning had been in any reſpect ſuperior to his Arithmetical Calculations.

Ver. 346. *For, my Lord, in a Word,* &c.

Verbo, magne Cuſtos, (tu notaſti omnia) dicam uno
Nequid ineſt pol *Schefferi*
Actis, factis, pactis veri.
Ne quid actis, factis, pactis;
Ne quid factis, pactis, actis;
Ne quid pactis, actis, factis.

The Poet in this Place gives us an Example of *Bocca*'s Scurrility of which other Suitors have frequently complained. The three laſt Verſes *Ne quid actis, &c.* where our Author rings the Changes, are plainly intended to expoſe the Pleader's tautological Manner of ſpeaking.

Ver. 347. *But alas if your Logic,* &c.

At ſi errat parum cavens,
Adſis, O Tegæe, favens!
Repetatque præco avens,
Adſis O Tegæe favens!
Quis ex venditariis hiſce
Linguis fœdus *Aleniſſæ*
Melius firmet? quis inventum
Miræ dolis *teſtamentum?*

The ſecond Verſe *Adſis O Tegæe favens*, is borrowed from *Virgil.* Georg. *l.* 1. *v.* 18. *Tegæus* or *Tegeæus* is one of the Names of *Pan* the God of Clowns, and Shepherds. *Pan* was ſo vain of his Skill in Oratory and Muſic, that he contended with *Apollo*, and in the Judgment

Hear *Iocco* and *Prime*! chuſe ye, Sirs, *utrum horum!*
Arrha! P——r is faſt after coming before 'um.
Tho' the DEAN laughs aſide, and *Apollo* deteſts
Teague's unmuſical Voice, and his wretched low Jeſts;
To the Force of his *Brogue* all his Brethren ſubmit,
And the *Juries* of *Connaught* have found him a Wit.
This Addreſs now ſuffice! nor repute it a Crime,
Since the Muſes can make my low Numbers ſublime;
Crown

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

of *Midas* excelled him; for which *Apollo* clapt on the Head of that fooliſh Judge a Pair of Aſs's Ears. I have tranſlated *Tegæe*, *Teague*; and I know no other Word, which can better expreſs my Author's Meaning.

Fœdus Aleniſſæ *the Imp's League*, alludes to the Practices of *Myra's Imp*, after the Death of the Sorcereſs. By *teſtamentum* the Poet means the Will of Sir *Mars*, of which I have ſpoken ſufficiently in other places.

Ver. 351. *Hear* Iocco *and* Prime, &c.

Maximiſque major qui orator es, & *Primo* prior.
Prior *Primo!* quin, Iocco
Si jam *Primus* erit, hoc oh!
Arrha! alios oratores
Poſteriores & priores
Longè ſequeris & præis;
Præteris, ſeu ſtas, ſi-ve is.
O quàm benè *Tegæ-e* is!

Theſe five laſt Verſes *Arrha alios*, &c. are that Sort of Nonſenſe, which the *Iriſh* call a Bull. I have endeavour'd to imitate the Original in this Line,

Arrha P--r is faſt after coming before um. I think the Provincial Criticks cannot juſtly except againſt my Tranſlation.

Ver. 353. *Tho' the* DEAN *laughs*, &c.

Ridet orationis genus
Amiciſſimus CADENUS:
Ridet verba, quæ mihi det
Cunque *Petrus*, Phœbus ridet.
Verùm iſte nomenclator
Ex *Connactia*, & jurator
Laudant, *Petre*, tuos ſales,
Ha! ha! he! ſeſquipedales,
Tinctos ruſtico lepóre,
Tali dignos oratore.

Amiciſſimus Cadenus.] Dr. SWIFT. See the Note below, *v.* 367.

Verum iſte, &c.] This *Teague-Pleader* ſeaſoned all his Harangues with Puns, Quibbles, Clenches, and Conundrums, which got him the Reputation of a great Wit among his Countrymen, in the Province of *Connaught*. But there is lately ſprung up in *Kerry* a certain Attorney, who in a late Tryal of Skill, excelled Maſter *P—r* in his own way.

Ver. 357.

Crown with Ivy my Head, and a Monument raiſe,
Tho' my Theme be deſpis'd!—tho' an Inſect I praiſe,
By Corruption produc'd, like a Mite, in old Cheeſe,
Or exhal'd by thy Sun-beams, *O W—ſt*, from foul Lees.
With *Apoſtrophes* thus, I repair my Neglects,
Thus I pay you, great Robemen, my grateful Reſpects.
Arioſto as oft his high Subject ſuſpends,
And deſerts all his Heroes, to honour his Friends.

And

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 357. *This Addreſs now ſuffice*, &c.

Hæc ſat erunt. Parva feci
Tibi infaceta, quæ, ſi
Velint Muſæ, maximaque
Tibi faciant jucundaque.

This is imitated from *Virgil*, Ecl. X.

Hæc ſat erit, Divæ, veſtram cecinisse poetam
Pierides. Vos hæc facietis maxima Gallo.

Ver. 361. *By Corruption produc'd*, &c.

Seu ex putri caſeo ſeſe,
Seu popelli tu ex fæce,
Weſte, tu creâſti virum
Impudentem, philargyrum,
Maledicum, lo-lo-loqua-
cemque iſtum *Bo-Bo-Bocca*.

Nothing moves our Indignation ſo much, as the Pride and Inſolence of a Man, who was baſely born, and who at the ſame time, he treats Gentlemen and Scholars with ill Language, ſhelters himſelf in an Office of Power, or under a Profeſſion. I have ſaid before, that a mean Deſcent is no Reproach, and ſhould never be objected to a Man of Merit. But to all the BOCCAS of the Age it may ſerve for a proper Monitory.

Weſte Tu.] Mr. *W—ſt*, who was formerly Chancellor of *Ireland*, introduced this Pleader into Buſineſs. But he was unacquainted with BOCCA's Talents. For, Mr. *W---ſt* was a Man of Modeſty and Learning, and therefore he would not, but thro' a Mis-information, have recommended an Orator, who wanted both.

Ver. 365. Arioſto *as oft*, &c.

Stant, ſtetêrunt loco, quo ſto,
Alii; certè *Arioſto*.

Arioſto was a famous *Italian* Poet, the Author of *Orlando Furioſo*; in which Work he frequently interrupts his Narration to make a Compliment to his Patrons. *Arioſto*'s Deſcriptions are very beautiful: But the Criticks object, that his Digreſſions are too affected, and too long; and that he ſays too much in his own Perſon contrary to the Rules of an Epic Poem. The ſame Faults may perhaps be imputed to our Author.

And a greater than he, learned Sirs, ye know who
Left the *Muſes* and *Phœbus*, to wait upon you.
But reſuming my Tale now again I begin.
While *Apollo* ſat frowning, young *Hermes* came in.

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 367. *And a greater than he*, &c.

Et noviſtis, talia ſi vos
Meminiſſe juvet, qui vos,
Et quo, tunc cùm riſit veſtram
(Et actores vos) orcheſtram,
Linquens (lector mihi credes?)
Phœbi ac Muſarum ſedes.
Hic eſt ille, qui (amavit
Noſmet tamen) occupavit
Muſis haud inferiores,
Phœbo proximos honores.

This is ſpoken of Dr. *S---t*, who attended in the Court, while Mr. *Scheffer*'s Cauſe was pleading, to keep a Stranger in Countenance; and perhaps, to give a publick Teſtimony of the Friendſhip with which he hath honoured our Author. It was a Matter worthy of remark, that the Preſence of this Gentleman reſtrained the Licentiouſneſs of the *Iriſh* Pleaders, and awed them into ſuch a Decency of Behaviour, as the Authority of the Lord C—— r could never before oblige them to obſerve.

Bocca indeed, was not much diſconcerted by the DEAN's Preſence, for he uttered a great deal of Nonſenſe very fluently, and loaded Mr. *Scheffer* with perſonal Invectives. Wherefore I think our Author's Reſentment is gentle and delicate enough, ſince he hath no otherwiſe revenged himſelf for the Inſults, which *Bocca* offered him, than by publiſhing them to the World. I remember once to have dined with this Pleader at the Table of a Man of Quality in *London*, where the *Marquis de* — a *French* Gentleman, a very good Judge of Men and Manners, was preſent. BOCCA entertained the Company with a Relation of his Travels in *Ireland*, and acquainted us with the Figure he made in that Country. He aſſured us, the *Iriſh* Lawyers were the greateſt Lawyers in *Europe*, and modeſtly inſinuated, that himſelf was the greateſt Lawyer in *Ireland*. Upon which the *Marquis* ſaid to me in a low Voice, *peut-être qu'en* Irlandois *ce Monſieur* BOCCA *eſt fort ſcavant & un grand perſonnage, mais en* Anglois *ceſt un grand Sot.*

Ver. 369. *But reſuming my Tale*, &c.

Illuc redi quo cœpiſti.
Longè, Muſa, divortiſti!
Longe mores mî ac iſti!

I. E. *Longè mores divortunt mihi ac iſti.*
Bocca's *Manners and mine differ greatly.*

This *Apoſtrophe*, or Addreſs to *Bocca*, is not to be found in the firſt Edition of our Author's Work. I believe the Incident, which occaſioned it, did not happen till ſome Years after the Poem was publiſhed. The Addreſs to *Ottor* and *Iocco*, in the beginning of the ſecond Book, is an Addition or Amendment of the ſame kind. All theſe Advocates (one only excepted) who were engaged by the old Sorcereſs againſt Mr. *Scheffer*, acted in ſo extraordinary a Manner, and mingled ſo much Malice in all their Pleadings, that a Man, who was capable of telling his own Story, could never paſs them by without a proper Animadverſion.

As

As it happen'd, the Courier, ſcarce ever at reſt,
Had by *Jove* been commanded to ſettle the *Weſt*;
To unite a Free-State, make the Prime Scientifick,
And to render a War-breathing Monarch pacifick.
For Mythologiſts ſay, that this excellent God
Can incline all to Peace by the Touch of his Rod;
Cauſe a Fleet or an Army to ſerve for a Shew,
And prevent the fierce Warriors from ſtriking a Blow:
Or in caſe he permits the hot Youth to engage;
'Tis a Battle in Jeſt, without Mixture of Rage:
As among the Train-Bands, not a Soldier ſhall fall;
And the Fight, as at *Mulberg*, ſhall end in a Ball.

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 328. *Can incline all to Peace* &c.

Pacem terris *Caduceus*
Semper dat. Si volet Deus,
Noſtra acies, & navalis
Gloria fiat Theatralis.
Si juventus militârit,
Pugnas ludicras pugnârit;
Placidoſque rotans enſes,
Sicut cohors *Londinenſis*;
Aut *Auguſti* exer-citus
Comptus, ſplendidè veſtitus,
Simulatis gaudens bellis,
Et idoneus mox puellis.

Mercury, by virtue of the *Caduceus*, could ſtop all Strife and Contention, prevent a War, that was juſt ready to break out, and in an Inſtant reconcile the greateſt Enemies.

Aut *Auguſti* exer-citus.

Mr. *Scheffer* here means the Army of the late King *Auguſtus* of *Poland*, which was encamped at *Mulberg* in *Saxony* in the Year 1727 or 1728, with no other Deſign but to ſhew the *Germans* the Magnificence of that Monarch, and to entertain the Ladies with the Sight of ſo many fine Fellows. I have been told by a *Saxon*, that the Balls and Entertainments during the ſhort Time of this Encampment, coſt more than 150,000 *l.* I do not know, whether our Author does not deſign in this Place to tax the Vanity of *Auguſtus*. Mr. *Scheffer* was a true *Swede*, and did not love the *Germans*.

When

When the *Nuncio* had ſped, and his Bus'neſs was done;
He reſolv'd, now ſo near him, to ſup with the *Sun*.
They ſaluted, as Gods well deſcended, well-bred:
How the Wit flew about! how polite all they ſaid!
One reported the Errand, on which he was ſent here,
And the other related his laſt Night's Adventure.
Thety raillied her Gallant about the old TOAST;
And ſhe vow'd, the Debauch made him look like a Ghoſt.
Much delighted ſhe ſeem'd (for a Goddeſs may judge ill)
With the Warrior's Miſhap, and the Tale of the Cudgel.
Tho' I hate (quoth young *Hermes*) that Bully Sir *Mars*;
And would fain unteach Mortals all Knowledge of Wars:
Yet diſgrac'd, and deſerted, I pity my Foe;
And we all ſhould be touch'd, when a God falls ſo low.
Had I known the Knight's Body unfitly was made,
Of Materials ſo courſe, ſo unſuiting his Trade;
When he march'd into *Dick*'s, I'd have mix'd in the Crowd,
And enwrap'd him, when *Bellew* approach'd, in a Cloud.

Better

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 352. *And enwrap'd him, when Bellew &c.*

Multo nebulæ amictu
Circum fundens, nullo ictu
Violandum. * * *Sic tu.*

Better furniſh'd was *Vol* — from his Cradle accurſt,
Ever conſcious of Guilt, and prepar'd for the worſt.
For the Moment our Smith-God had learnt his Diſgrace,
From an old Plate of Copper he cut out a Face;
Made a Scull of caſt Iron, and lin'd it with Lead:
Nor a Bomb is ſo heavy and hard, as his Head.
Then to me thus beſeeching — " Dear *Hermes* my Child,
" Since (how juſtly, Heav'n knows) I again am exil'd,
" And Mechanicks (hard Fate!) tho' divine is their Birth,
" Very rarely grow rich, or reſpected on Earth;

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

The Pagan Deities frequently ſcreened their favourite *Heroes*, and preſerved them from imminent Dangers, by throwing a Cloud about them, or (as we generally expreſs it) by caſting a Miſt before the Eyes of their Enemies. Thus *Paris* was preſerved by *Venus*, *Iliad.* 3. And thus *Æneas* was protected by the ſame Goddeſs, *Æneid.* 1. *However (ſays* Tir-Oen*) this is not always a Condition to be envied. I have known ſome Heroes and other great Men, who were very uneaſy, while they were under a Cloud. Nec heroas nec ipſos reges invideo nubibus, nebulis, nebulonibus circumfuſos preſſoſque*, &c.

Ver. 356. *From an old Plate* &c.

Ære faciem excuditque,
Ferreum ſibi induitque
Caput faber: quàm pulchellum,
Si haberet cerebellum!

For this Reaſon, while *Vol* was in the Army, he was called the *Copper Captain*, and ſometimes *Iron Head*. The latter is a Title of great Diſtinction, and was ſince given by the *Turks* to the late King of *Sweden* after the Action at *Bender*.

Ver. 360. *Since (how juſtly, Heav'n knows)* &c.

Cœlo rurſus me detruſit
Ζεὺς; ne faber, promus neu ſit;
Nec qui veſtros curet fœcos;
Nec qui vobis moveat jocos:
An hæc rectè, ipſe viderit.
Factum poſthac de me quid erit,
(Quoniam Βρότοις opi-fices
Cuncti ſordent) melius dices.

I have remarked before, that *Vol*, when he was an Infant, was kicked out of Heaven for his Deformity. When he was grown up he was baniſhed for high Crimes and Miſdemeanors. See Note Ver. 25. Book I. He would here inſinuate, that his ſecond Expulſion from the Seat of the Gods, was as unjuſt as his firſt.

" To a Brother be gracious; thy Science reveal;
" Tune my Voice to thy Notes, and inſtruct me to ſteal.
Much I pitied the Kern; and to ſcreen him from Want,
All my Craft I infus'd, and I taught him to cant;
How to bubble rich Bankers, and Senates deceive;
How to make a Retreat, when he ventured to thieve.
And ſo faſt he improv'd; tho' he ſeems a *non ſol*,
Not a Robber on Earth fares ſo well, as old *Vol*:
Many Cheſts of good Moidores are ſunk in his Hole;
And unenvy'd he keeps all the Treaſure he ſtole.

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 364. *Tune my Voice* &c.
Vocem tuâ forma voce,
Mi mellille: Furta doce;
Doce fratrem tuos mores,
Fraudes cunctas lucroſiores.

Mercury, who was the God of Eloquence, was likewiſe the God and Protector of Thieves and Robbers. He was himſelf ſo expert in the Trade of Thieving, that, when he was but an Infant, he ſtole *Apollo*'s Bow and Arrows, *Neptune*'s Trident, *Mars*'s Sword, and *Vulcan*'s Tongs. See *Lucian*'s *Dialogues of the Gods*. —— Monſieur *Huet*, in his Book *De la Demonſtration Evangelique*, will have *Mercury* and *Moſes* to be the ſame Perſon; and ſays, that the Pagans called *Mercury* the God of Thieves, from what they had read of *Moſes*, who inſtructed his People to rob the *Ægyptians*.

Ver. 366. —*and I taught him to* cant.
Veterator verba dare,
Parler Narquois, ſcius fari,
Fur quæcunque: qui novorum,
Et blandorum fur verborum.

All theſe Expreſſions ſignify the ſame Thing, *viz.* That *Vol* had acquired a particular Cant very ſuitable to his preſent Undertaking. *Fur verborum*, is a Phraſe uſed by *Suetonius*.

Tir-Oen obſerves upon this Place, That Mr. *Scheffer* has given us contradictory Characters of *Vol*: That he ſometimes makes him an heavy ſtupid Fellow, and here he inſinuates, that he was a Man of Addreſs, a cunning old Fox, and a Sharper. But theſe Characters are, in my Opinion, eaſily reconciled. At leaſt I have known many a cunning Fellow (as he was called) that is, one who was able to cheat all his Neighbours, and yet wanted common Senſe.

Donna *Thetis*, admiring how *Vol* got his Gold,
Here requeſted fair *Hermes* the Scheme to unfold:
Nor ſhe ask'd him in vain — For the wing-footed Youth
Thus began with a Smile; and his Tale was all Truth.
Many Figures and Changes poor *Vol* had eſſay'd;
But was ever by ſome Poetaſter betray'd:
Till at length having travers'd the Globe all around,
He ſelected a Spot of Unclaſſical Ground.
Such *Ierne* was then; till by *Jove*'s high Command,
All the Muſes deſcended to hallow the Land;
And a Genius aroſe, with a Voice ſo divine, [*To* Apollo.
We imagin'd his Numbers were *Clio*'s or * Thine.
Here aſſuming a Title, and changing his Name,
Vol addreſs'd the good Viceroy, a Man of great Fame.

As

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 378. *But was ever by ſome Poetaſter* &c.

Homeriſtis ſemper notus;
Aliis, ſi plus ſatis potus.

Vol after his Baniſhment from the Seat of the Gods, viſited all the great Cities of the Earth, and tried his Fortune in various Shapes, ſuch as he imagined would beſt anſwer his Purpoſe. But notwithſtanding all the Care he uſed to conceal his Birth and Quality, yet he was conſtantly diſcovered by the Poets; even by every one who had the leaſt Smattering of *Homer*: For ſo *Homeriſtis notus* is to be explained. *Vol* thought himſelf very ſecure in *Ireland*, but the ſame Fate purſued him here. However, before this happened, he had done his Buſineſs, and plundered the Country.

Ver. 383. — *With a Voice ſo divine*, &c.

Ecquis ille ore Dio?
Victam ſeſe dixit *Clio*;
Ego, *Phœbus* certe 'ſt: ſcio.

Our Poet means Dr. *Swift*, the preſent Dean of *St. Patrick*'s, to whom he has inſcribed his Work.

Ver. 385. *Here aſſuming a Title* &c.

As the Heroes and Gods, he was honeſt and brave;
Yet alas! he prefer'd both the Coward and Knave:
For the Man who ſpeaks Truth, is inclin'd to believe;
And a Fool, who can flatter, will often deceive.
Vol diſſembled his State, and cajol'd the *Grandee*,
By pretending long Service at Land and at Sea;
That he fled into *England*, and fought at the *Boyn*,
And is now an Adept in all Species of Coin.

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Et jam nomine mutato,
Tituliſque decorato &c.

Tir-Oen informs us, *That when* Vol *was firſt appointed Vice-Treaſurer, he took a Name of one Syllable, that he might not have too much Trouble in ſigning his Letters, Accompts,* &c. Vol Dublinenſis, *cùm primum Quæſtor factus ſit, nomen ſibi induit monoſyllabum, nè plus operæ ac laboris in obſignandis epiſtolis & numariis rationibus nunc atque olim,* &c. But the Commentator adds, *That* Vol *at the ſame time aſſumed many high ſounding Titles, and ſome of an immoderate Length. Varios autem ſibi titulos indidit magnificos & polyſyllabos*; nempè amabat dici, *Capitaneus, Conſtabularius, Pro-vice-Theſaurarius.* Even after his Bankruptcy, he diſcovered the ſame Vanity, and I find him denominated from his ſeveral Occupations, *Vitriarius, Archi-Carbonarius, Alcahueta-dor, Epiorkos,* &c.

Ver. 387. *As the Heroes and Gods* &c.
Quo nec videas juſtiorem,
Armis, bello nec majorem.
At at murcos, multos ſtultos,
Et ignavos, & incultos
Heu! amavit: ſceleratos
Heu! ditavit, & ingratos.

The Poet hear means the D. of *O.* who was *Vol*'s Patron, and raiſed him to the Poſt of Deputy-Treaſurer. It muſt be allowed that the D. of *O.* had many great and good Qualities, yet by a ſtrange Fatality, the moſt worthleſs Fellows of the Age in which he flouriſhed, were enriched by his Favour. 'Tis no wonder, that ſuch Wretches ſhould betray their Benefactor. They would have ſold him, if he had been their God.

Ver. 393. — *and fought at the* Boyn, &c.
Et ad *Boinam* tunc pugnabam;
Pro *Auriacoque* ſtabam.
Si quid dederis, deinceps
Pro te quoque, magne Princeps.

When *Vol* was introduced to the D. of *O.* he recommended himſelf to his Favour, by pretending he had ſerved in King *William*'s Army at the Battle of the *Boyne*.

Pro te quoque, i. e. *Pro te ſtarem.*

That

That he ever was firmly attach'd to his Grace;
As he ſoon would perceive —— if he gave him a Place.
So the good-natur'd Duke my Diſciple advances,
Makes him Sur-intendant of the Royal Finances.
Now behold him look big at the Head of his Board,
With the Sneer of a Courtier, and Train of a Lord;
But diſdaining like Men to grow rich by Degrees,
All his Craft well applying to multiply Fees:
Such a Craft, as to * * and me was unknown.
Let the Glory be *Vol*'s! for the Scheme was his own.
Thine, O *Vol*, be the Glory, and mine be the Bays!
While ſo trimly I ſing, and thus eccho thy Praiſe.
Criticiſing like *Piercy*, with 'ſdeinful Regard,
Ne aread me a mean, unmechanical Bard:
Tho' to arch the wide Dome, I perchance am unfit,
And diſtaſte the rough Works of Unclaſſical Wit;

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 405. *Thine, O* Vol, *be the Glory*, &c.

Singulari, joculari
Verſu tu; Apollinari
Laureâ egomet donandus;
Quicquid cenſeat nunc infandus,
Quicquid minitetur *Perſeus*,
Iſte ingens heros tertius.

Here the Poet interrupts *Mercury*, and addreſſes himſelf in an *Apoſtrophe* to *Vol*. He ſeems to have inſerted theſe Verſes for a *Memento* to Sir *Piercy*, who pretended to criticiſe our Author's Works, of which I have taken Notice above.

Heros tertius.

Scheffer here ſtiles Sir *Piercy* the third Hero. I take it for granted, that *Mars*, *Vol* and Sir *Piercy* formed the Triumvirate: And after the Departure of Sir *Mars*, his Place was ſupplied by Sir *Cæcus*, of whom hereafter.

Tho'

Tho' abhorring baſe Fraud, I have ſurely no Skill,
To *ſupplant the right Heir*, or *to frame a quaint Will*;

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 411. *Tho' abhorring baſe Fraud*, &c.

Nec alienum teneo ſedem ;
Nec hæredem exhæredem
Hæredipet' ego feci,
Teſtamenta dictans ; quæ ſi
Olim, haud impunè. Tamen,
Si ſim fraudis neſcius, amen
Amen, nati ut natorum,
Numeri ſic numerorum
Hi veſtrorum teſtimonia,
Et præconia ſunt idonea ;
Maximè idonea. Si εὖ
Πρᾶτ̃ειν dixis, vivant diu.

To explain this *Apoſtrophe*, it will be neceſſary to inform the Reader, that immediately after the Death of Sir *Mars* (for he really ſeemed to die, when he departed from *Ireland*, having left behind him his earthly Frame) a Will was produced, which was called Sir *Mars*'s Will, in which the Chevaliers *Piercy* and *Cacus* were appointed Executors. *Tir-Oen* ſays, *That the Sorcereſs* Myra *made this Will for her own Benefit*, *Venefica iſta ſenem captavit emolumento ſuo*, *& teſtamentum ſuppoſuit* ; and indeed it hath ſince appeared, that ſhe was to have the greateſt Share of the Profits, if by any means ſhe could contrive to make good the ſeveral Deviſes. *Cuper*, however, is not of Opinion, that the Will was forged. He tells us, that Sir *Mars*, whom he calls *ſenem improbum & impuriſſimum*, really ſigned this Will, hoping by that means to entail a Law-ſuit on our Author, his next Heir and neareſt Relation, and to whom he owed infinite Obligations. And ſo far this wicked Attempt ſucceeded, that Mr. *Scheffer* was actually deprived of his Lands in *Ireland*, which he did not claim by the Right of Inheritance, but which he had really and *bonâ fide* purchaſed with his Money. For when after the Death of Sir *Mars*, he was in Poſſeſſion of this Eſtate, it was forced from him by a Troop of *Banditti*, with Sir *Piercy* at their Head. *See the Note Ver.* 17. *Book* II. And our Author, to recover his Right, was obliged to proſecute a long expenſive Law-ſuit ; ſo expenſive indeed, that he ſpent more Money than the whole Concern was afterwards ſold for. Mr. *Wetſtein*, in the Account he gives of this Will, differs from both the other Commentators. He does not conceive, that the Will was made after the Death of Sir *Mars*, nor does he think the old Knight could be guilty of ſuch Inhumanity, as to contrive in his laſt Hours to do a ſignal Injury to the Man, who had given him his daily Bread for many Years. He rather believes, the Will was ſigned when Sir *Mars* was out of his Senſes, and that the old Sorcereſs conducted his Mind, though ſhe did not conduct his Hand. This I find is the Opinion, which generally prevails in *Dublin*. And our Author, I believe, means no more when he inveighs againſt the Iniquity of this Proceeding, and charges the Sorcereſs and her Accomplices with Forgery. For my Part, I cannot help thinking, that whoever will take the Advantage of another's want of Memory, and will influence a weak Mind, and determine it to any Acts of Oppreſſion and Injuſtice, would make no Scruple to counterfeit a Man's Hand and Seal to ſerve the ſame Purpoſes.

If the Reader will be pleaſed to conſider Mr. *Scheffer*'s Injuries, he will be at no Loſs to diſcover the Motives of his Satire, that Part of it eſpecially, which is interſperſed in the third, and fourth Books.

Yet,

Yet, if aught ſuch a Prophet as I can divine,
Long my Numbers ſhall live, to be Records of thine.
Near the Bridge, where, high-mounted, the Braſs
Monarch rides,
Looking down the rough *Liffy*, and marking the Tides;
Near the Dome, where great Publicans meet once a Day,
To collect Royal Impoſts, and ſtop their own Pay;

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 415. *Near the Bridge*, &c.

Prope pontem, Electori,
Fidei magno Defenſori,
Statua ubi conſecratur
Baſileo; contemplatur
Dum aheneus Rex immundas,
Ac *Libnæas* ſecat undas:
Juxta Dom. ubi quæſtores,
Publicani ſuperiores,
Nunc tributi leges figunt;
Vectigalia nunc exi-gunt,
Mercedeſque ſuas — Focus
(In ſeceſſu longo locus)
Eſt perennis. Ibi Dea
Cornucopiæ *Amalthea*
Nobili, ignobilique,
Ebrio, ſobrio, tibi, mîque
Indies miniſtrat, bubulas
Parvo venditans o-fulas
Toſtas, gratas; *Britannorum*
Turba quas carnivororum,
Cibos ſuos & agnoſcunt,
Et in brevia prandia poſcunt.

This is a Deſcription of *Sot's Hole* in *Dublin*, a famous Houſe ſo called, which is ſituated between *Eſſex* Bridge and the Cuſtom-Houſe. I am told that the Landlord of this Houſe has acquired a good Eſtate by ſelling nothing but Beef-Steaks, which he dreſſes in the greateſt Perfection. He is a Man of ſome Humour, and I have frequently heard him repeat the Converſation he had with *Vol*, when the latter carried off the Gridiron. He takes a particular Pleaſure in ſhewing Strangers the Box in his Kitchen, where *Vol* dined on that memorable Day.

Aheneus Rex.

He means the Equeſtrian Statue of King *George* the Firſt, which ſtands on *Eſſex* Bridge: But whether it be made of Braſs, or of what other Metal, I do not know.

——— immundas
——— ſecat *Libnæas undas.*

The River *Liffy* is called by the old Geographers, *Bubinda*, *Libinius*, and *Libnius*. It is a rapid foul Stream, which runs through the City of *Dublin*.

Cornucopiæ *Amalthea.*

Amalthea, was the Daughter of *Meliſſus* King of *Crete*, and the Nurſe of *Jupiter*, whom ſhe fed with Goat's Milk and Honey. *Jupiter*, when he was grown up, tranſlated the Goat and her Kids into the Sky, and gave one of her Horns to *Amalthea*, endued with this Property, that ſhe ſhould be furniſhed with all Sorts of Proviſion out of this Horn, and with whatever elſe ſhe deſired.

Far

Far within a Receſs, a large Cavern was made,
Which to *Plenty* is ſacred, the Place of Grilliade:
Here the Goddeſs ſupplies a Succeſſion of Steaks,
To Mechanicks and Lordlings, old Saints and young Rakes;
Here Carnivorous Kerns find a preſent Relief,
And the *Britains* with Glee recognize their own Beef.
By the Fame of the Houſe, *Vol* invited to dine,
(So the Fates had decreed it) here form'd the Deſign
Of accompting his Treaſure by Ferrumination,
Unaſſiſted by Figures, or Book-Calculation.
For the Collier, whoſe Stomach incites him to look in
Ev'ry Kitchen of Note, to remark on the Cooking,
(Where

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 429. *For the Collier, whoſe Stomach* &c.

Lautas cœnas ſi quis dat,
Vel injuſſus obit *P*——
Potat, vorat, vomit, nat.
Neque ſua officina
Sibi magis, quàm culina,
Quæ celebrior, nota. Parcit
Vol guloſus (pauper *Mars* ſcit)
Nec dîs dapibus paratis,
Nec dîs cadis deſtinatis.

Vol was an eminent Glutton, and was preſent at all great Feaſts, whether publick or private, where he generally devoured more than half a Dozen ordinary Mortals. He dined ſo frequently with his Brother *Mars*, that the Expence of his Table kept the great Hero always poor, which is what our Author means by *Pauper* Mars *ſcit*.

Vol was well skilled in the Art of Cookery, and often dreſſed his own Dinners, as (a little lower) he informs the Landlord of *Sot*'s *Hole*. *Wetſtein* will have it believed, that *Vol* had learnt his Cookery in the Army, where he was formerly a Sutler, and never arrived to an higher Poſt, tho' he has ſince, for ſome political Reaſons, aſſumed the Title of Captain. But I fancy the Dutch Commentator has related this upon Hearſay, and that it is a Calumny invented by *Vol*'s Enemies. For it is certain, he was eſteemed a moſt excellent Cook, even before his Fall; and *Apuleius* tells us, that he dreſſed that magnificent Supper, which was prepared for the great Council

Or the State being ſuch, that he could not retrieve it,
Nor recover the Money, he ſeem'd to believe it.
O! ye QUAESTORS hence learn, that no Peril environs
Wily Wight, who computes by the Help of Gridirons:
Who was ever convict of Male-adminiſtration,
That ſo rightly had judg'd, as to rob a whole Nation?
Thus the finny huge Monſters, the Pride of the Sea,
Fancy all the ſmall Fry were created for Prey;
Unreſiſted, unpuniſh'd, your Regions they ſcowr;
Like a Fleet of *Dutch* Buſſes, their Millions devour.

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Sed nec duri capitones
Supputare rationes;
Nec curare militares
Res, nec etiam familiares.

Vol did not conſider, whether he was fit for his Employment, but whether the Employment was fit for him. Indeed no other would have anſwered his Purpoſe.

Duri capitones,

Signify *hard Heads, Grout Heads, fooliſh obſtinate Fellows.*

Ver. 505. *Thus the finny huge Monſters*, &c.
Aſpice immania cete
Quæ Oceanum, & tete
Comitantur: quàm impura
Monſtra hæcce, tua cura!

The Whales are reckoned by *Virgil* a Part of *Neptune*'s Court, and in the firſt Rank of his Attendants.

Tum variæ comitum facies: immania Cete,
Et ſenior Glauci chorus, Inouſque Palæmon,
Tritoneſque citi, Phorcique exercitus omnis.
Æneid. 5.

Ver. 508. *Like a Fleet of* Dutch *Buſſes* &c.
Haud vel Batavorum claſſis
Plures vorat. Nunquam laſſis
Viæ, maris dant piſcari;
Batavis Dî præſtant mare.

The Herring Fiſhery is the chief Branch of the *Dutch* Trade; and according to a Computation which hath been lately made, brings yearly more Wealth into *Holland* than their *Indian* Fleet.

Sure the *Nereids* are cruel, and pleas'd with the Sport;
Or the Robbers have brib'd my good Uncle's whole Court.
Quick reply'd the Sea-Goddeſs: Youth, ſpare your courſe Gibes!
Nor the *Nereids* are cruel, or dare to take Bribes.
All he meets in Diſtreſs, the good Sea-God relieves:
Nor among us is found a Protector of Thieves.
I confeſs, as our Realms are well peopled, the Great
Make a Havock too oft — but 'tis only to eat.
And for this we exile 'em to *Greenland* by Troops;
Give their Fleſh to make Oil, and their Bones to make Hoops.
But I beg you look up, and behold the fine Things,
You entruſt with Command — Whom, I think, you call —

Who

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 514. *Nor among us is found a Protector* &c.

Nec prædonum hic patronus,
Ut in cœlis; neque onus
Noſtri Dî imponunt ſuis,
Quale Rex & tute tuis.

This is a Reflection on *Mercury*, the God and Patron of Thieves; and who juſt before had applauded *Vol* for robbing the *Iriſh* Treaſury.

Ver. 519. *But I beg you look up* &c.

Eccos quos dixiſtis Reges,
Nos Tyrannos (ubi leges
Cedunt armis) qui funguntur
Veſtras vices; qui coluntur;
Qui ſpoliant hos, & rapiunt has:
Pro ratione ſtat voluntas:
Plectunturque cives, ſive
Troes ſient, ſeu *Achivi*.

Our Author means thoſe arbitrary

Who oppreſs for their Pleaſure; whoſe Reaſon is might;
Who, where'er they get Footing, eſtabliſh a Right:
Who to Regions remote their new Weapons have hurl'd,
And to ſeize a few Toys, have unpeopled a World.
See the Deputy-Tyrants, your Godſhip extols,
Haughty *Vizirs*, and *Coſcias*, *Volpones* and *Vols*;
Who deſtroy what their Maſters in Conſcience may ſpare,
And attempt greater Ills, than a Monarch would dare;
Where they govern, ſuch Marks of fell Vengeance beſtow,
As the Furies hereafter ſhall deal them below.
Since the Rulers of Earth thus are ſuffer'd to plunder,
Unreſtrain'd by their Laws, and unſindg'd by your Thunder;
I ſuſpect, that Corruption hath reach'd all above,
And the Incenſe of * * has blinded great *Jove*.

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Princes, who know no other Law but their own Will and Pleaſure. *Scheffer* was not a Friend to abſolute Monarchy; and *Wetſtein* informs us, that immediately after the Death of *Charles* XII. of *Sweden*, he wrote ſeveral Pieces in Defence of Liberty, exhorting his Countrymen to reſtore their ancient Form of Government.

Ver. 523. *Who to Regions remote* &c.
Auro, gerris delectantur:
Novum orbem populantur.

He means the Conqueſt of *America* by the *Spaniards*, who, according to ſome of their own Hiſtorians, deſtroyed near twenty Millions of the Natives.

Ceas'd the Goddeſs, and frown'd. But her jocund young Gueſt,

Finding Matters grow ſerious, turn'd all to a Jeſt.
Soon the Fair one was calm'd by his Piping and Prating;
When a *Triton* gave Notice, that Supper was waiting.

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 436. —— *turn'd all to a Jeſt.* &c.

Canit cantilenam dulc', et
Novam Hermes. Deam mulcet.
Inſtat; conchâ ſonat Triton:
Cœna lauta (quid dî χρεῖττον;)
Apponenda, quando lubet:
Thetis nunc apponi jubet.

Dulc', et. *i. e.* Dulcem et *&c.* This Figure, called *Ecthlipſis*, our Author hath but ſeldom uſed. I have not remarked it in above three or four Places through the whole Poem.

Conchâ ſonat *Triton.*

The Tritons were the Sons of *Neptune* and *Amphitrite*. They ſerved the Sea-Gods in the Quality of Trumpeters. Their Trumpets were made of Shells.

THE

THE
TOAST.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

Eſt aliquid [Mirâ] *Miræ novitatis in iſtâ*
Alternare vices, & quæ modo Fœmina tergo
Paſſa marem eſt, nunc eſſe marem miremur.— Ovid.

———— *Ire per ignes*
Per gladios auſim, nec in hoc tamen ignibus ullis;
Aut gladiis opus eſt: opus eſt mihi CRINE.— Ovid.

THE

TOAST.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

THIS the laſt of my Works, this my nobleſt Deſign,
Now the Warriors are gone, haughty *Cacus*, be thine.

Hear

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 1. *This the laſt of my Works*, &c.

Nunc cùm *Martem* fata (flere
Quidni poſſim ?) rapuêre ;
Atque iſtum ducem furum
Habet Acheruns perjurum ;
Meum hoc extremum opus,
Operumque omnium ſcopus
(Nec quid majus poſſim) frater
Perſei, tibi deſtinatur ;
Tibi, *Cace* tarde, barde,
Dignitoſe *Edou* ——
Pugnas memorem, quas *Mars* iam,
(Nec centones tibi farciam)
Et quæcunque quit duellicâ
Arte contra Saga bellica.
O ſubveni mî — nec, qui ſim,
Quære ; ſed Muſarum vicem
Exple, imple, me canente,
Me reſponde reſpondente.
Parva enim vobis fides
Apud nos eſt, Pie-rides,
Dum ſublime feror : nota
Vobis, vatis vitia, vota :
Si quis mî ſit amiciſſimus,
Ego tunc importuniſſimus.

Mr. *Scheffer* intended to have addreſſed this fourth Book to Sir *Mars*, ſince the greateſt Actions of that Hero's Life are related here. But before the Work was finiſhed, *Mars* diſappeared, or according to the general Opinion, he died ; having firſt appointed Sir *Piercy* and *Cacus* his Succeſſors, and the Executors of his Vengeance. *See the Note, Ver.* 411. *Book.* III.

Some little Time after the Departure of Sir *Mars*, *Piercy* likewiſe died, having ſurvived the great Hero juſt long enough to ſhew the *Iriſh* Nation, that he was equal to the Office to which he had been nominated. [*See his Character in the Epiſtle to* Cadenus, *and what is ſaid of him in the third Book.*] *Cacus*, who had been Coadjutor to *Piercy* in his Life-time, was after

Hear the Battle I ſing; nor thy Succour refuſe
To the Bard, who invokes thee inſtead of his Muſe.
For, importunate ever, I dare not rely
On my Friends of *Parnaſs'*, when I'm ſoaring ſo high;
Or expect, the fair Virgins ſhould give me a Lift,
And obey ev'ry Call, as they wait upon SWIFT.
Nor diſtruſt, great *Patrician*, thy Force to inſpire;
Lo! thy Name makes me glow with Poetical Fire;
And thy Language ſo pure, tho' for Rhyming unfit,
Gives a Grace to thy Truth, and an Edge to my Wit:
For an Edge muſt be given by a Thing, which has none;
As a Razor, you know, muſt be ſet by a Hone.
But alas! if with wicked old *Vol* thou combine,
And the Spirit of *Piercy* be mingled with thine;

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

after his Death appointed by the Sorcereſs the ſole Manager of thoſe iniquitous Projects, which ſhe had formed againſt our Author. It was generally believed at firſt, that *Cacus* would have withdrawn himſelf from the Witch's Circle. For, being poſſeſſed of a good Eſtate, he did not want her Aſſiſtance; and on ſome Occaſions, he had endeavoured to appear a Man of Honour. He had likewiſe been frequently heard to rail at *Myra*; and among other Things he had ſaid in the Hearing of ſome eminent Citizens, *ſhe was become a publick Nuſance.* But the Sorcereſs, who knew his Paſſion for Money, bribed him with a ſmall Sum, and the Hopes of a new Office, to do all her Drudgery, even the moſt infamous Jobs.

See his Character in Mr. *Scheffer*'s Epiſtle to *Cadenus*.

Ducem furum. *Sir Piercy.*

Ver. 14. *As a Razor, you know*, &c.

Sic novaculæ cos dabit,
Quod non hercle ipſa habet.

This Simile is borrowed from *Horace.*

Fungar vice cotis, acutum
Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exſors ipſa ſecandi. Hor. Art. Poet.

If entic'd by the *Imp*, by thy Conſcience unaw'd,
Thou haſt ſought new Poſſeſſions by Rapine and Fraud;
If thy Juſtice and Honour be ſuch, as ne'er ſcorn'd
To aſſiſt the baſe Villains, whom *Myra* ſuborn'd;
To eſtabliſh the WILL, which her Witchcrafts had made,
And deny a plain Fact, *That the Money was paid:*
Then attend me, fair Fortune; revenge the great Wrong:
Or at leaſt—Here aſſiſt me to finiſh my Song.
For the Muſes, as all our great Criticks agree,
Often leave the beſt Part of their Buſineſs to thee.
Thou haſt aided old Monks, in *Unclaſſical* Times,
When their Heads were in Labour, to bring forth quaint Rhymes:

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 17. *If entic'd by the* Imp, &c.

Si amorem ſimulavit,
Si te *Succuba* captavit.

Tir-Oen ſays, that *Cacus* was not one of *Ali*'s Gallants, as our Author inſinuates, but that ſhe confirmed him in *Myra*'s Service, by promiſing him her Intereſt at the Caſtle.

Ver. 21. *To eſtabliſh the Will*, &c.

Teſtamentum ſi firmare,
Atque nummos abnegare, *&c.*

Our Author alludes here to Sir *Mars*'s Will, and the pretended Truſt; *of which ſee the Account*, Ver. 411. B. III. *and what is ſaid hereafter.*

Ver. 23. *Then attend me, fair Fortune*, &c.

Tunc, Fortuna, hunc incuſa,
Atque eris mihi Muſa:
Atque erit, ſi tu præis,
Honos verſi-culis meis.

This Addreſs to Fortune was occaſioned by an Obſervation which Mr. *Scheffer* could not avoid making during his Reſidence in this Country, That Preferments are very ſeldom beſtowed according to the Merit of the Candidates. Even Poets (as he has obſerved very truly) are ſometimes created and dignified by Chance and Favour. *Johnſon*, *Davenant*, and *Dryden*, were honoured with the Laurel, becauſe they were Poets, *C. C.* the Actor, becauſe he was the Child of Fortune. *Hunc incuſa*——*Sc. Cacum.*

And to humour our Taſte, or to honour theſe Days,
Thou haſt furniſh'd whole Epicks, and all the new Plays.
Unconcern'd, that *Apollo* thy Fancy explodes,
Thou haſt made the great Laureat, and all his Court-Odes.
And——to help a weak Bard ſhould not *you* be inclin'd,
Who ſo oft have exalted the Dregs of Mankind?
You adorn'd * * * *, whom Nature made ugly;
You aſſign'd a Lord's Table to paraſite——
To declaim in the C——l Lord *Traulus* you choſe;
You rewarded the Babble of * * and *.
In the College you ſometimes have made a Bear ſing,
And transfer'd gentle *E—wood*'s Politeneſs to——;

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 38. *You rewarded the Babble of* &c.

Ditas *IO* & *BO* majores,
Sed incultos Oratores;
Quos popellus dicat melleos,
Verum egomet *Vagellios*.

Sic dixiſſe fertur Io;
(*Euge! reſpondiſſe* Bo;)
" *Illius eſto tu defenſor*
" (*Quid ſi pauper vates cenſor?*)
" *Qui meliorem audax vocet*
" *In jus; jus ſi tibi proſit.*

Egomet *Vagellios*.

Vagellius was a *Modeneſe* Lawyer, whom *Juvenal* mentions in his Sixteenth Satire. For his Fee he would plead any Cauſe right or wrong.

Pauper vates cenſor.

Nempe poeta noſter, quem deſpiciebant, & agreſtem, indoctumque præ ſe putabant maledici iſti Oratores. Tir. Oen. *Meaning our Author, whom thoſe foul-mouthed Orators deſpiſed, looking on him as Illiterate, and a meer Ruſtick, in Compariſon of themſelves.*

Ver. 39. *In the College* &c.

Ut, ut homo, *K——us* dudum
Cultum ſimulat *E——woodum*.

Dr. *E—wood*, a Fellow of T. C. D. and Member of Parliament for the Univerſity, is a Gentleman of great Humanity, and a polite Scholar.

You

You eſpy'd, tho' we fancy, your Sight is ſo ſhort,
Rare E——pal Virtues in ** and *.
For another B——h too you have ſhewn a due Care,
Since, encoiff'd by your favour, *Dom Fuſcus* ſits there:

You

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 41. *You eſpy'd*, &c.

Pietate quali quali,
Certè tu ſacerdotali,
Literiſque *Hor* & *Ho.*
Imbuiſti. Oh! Oh! Oh!
Sed anteferendus uter
Utri, dice: utri neuter.
Novimus & qui te, Ho,
Teque HOR, *ſacello quo.*
Fuit olim hic, & ill' imus;
Fato, formâ pol ſimillimus,
Moribuſque, huic Ho *ille* HOR:
Aqua aquæ haud ſimilior.
Qui non odit pium H——
Herclè amet ſcium H——
Et eundem vel in mari
Jubeat Deus quis venari,
Vel in aere piſcari.

ill' imus, i. e. *ille imus*

There is not any Paſſage in the whole Poem, which hath puzzled the *Latin* Commentators ſo much as this. The difficulty is how to explain the two Monoſyllables *Hor* and *Ho. Tir. Oen* will have them to ſignify, *Hortatores Honoratos.* But this Interpretation is too general, and I may as well call them *Horridos Homunciones. Wetſtein* ſays, they are *Chineſe* Words, and Appellations of Honour, by which two of the High Prieſts of *Confucius* are diſtinguiſhed. *Cuper* modeſtly owns he does not know the meaning of the Words; but imagines, that Mr. *Scheffer* intending in this Place to compliment two great Men, who are eminent for their Piety and Learning, hath made uſe of Cant Names, and has left it to the Judgment of the learned Reader to apply his Deſcription.

It is proper to inform the Reader, that the Verſes which are printed in *Italic* Characters, are ſuppoſed to be ſpurious. For *Tir-Oen* affirms, they are wanting in the original Manuſcript. But for my part, I think, they are as much in Mr. *Scheffer*'s Manner, as any other Parts of the Poem. I have therefore thought it proper to tranſlate them; tho' in deference to *Tir-Oen*'s Judgment, I have not inſerted my Verſion in the Text.

Novimus & qui te, Ho, &c.

Be it Ho, *be it* HOR; *they are equal in Fame,*
And their Manners, and Fortune, and Figure the ſame.
Like to Like, *as you know who ſaid thus to his Brother*;
And the Man who loves this H, *muſt honour the other:*
And the ſame ſhould be ſent, would the Gods grant my Prayer,
Or to hunt in the Sea, or to fiſh in the Air.

In mari venari, in aere piſcari, ſignify in *Plautus*, *to attempt impoſſibilities, or to labour in vain.* Here theſe Phraſes mean ſomething more.

Ver. 43. *For another* &c.

Tu alterius curas *B——ci*
Res, haud nunc, ut olim, manci.

You ſupply'd him with Law, which had never been us'd,
And a Stock of *Socratical* Patience infus'd: 46
Nor could elſe ſo much delicate Honour have born it,
When the skinny old Wife had ſeduc'd the young Cornet.

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Tua providentia bardi
Iſtius ornat caput——
(*Sit Dom. Fuſcus: hoc no-men do,*
Nè me petat innuendo.)
Quem feciſti virum-Trium;
Cui dediſti eſſe ſcium,
Et callere leges: Quas? non
Anglicas. An *Iernas?* non.
Has? illas? non. An ullas? non.

Fuſcus was the Name of a Judge mentioned by *Martial* and *Juvenal.* The latter in his Twelfth Satire, likewiſe mentions the Wife of *Fuſcus*, but not much to her Honour; for he places her in Company with *Pholus* the Centaur. In the Margin of the Manuſcript, from which *Grierſon* publiſhed the firſt Edition of this Poem, I read the following Note under the Word (*Fuſcus*), which I think is to be found ſomewhere in *Buſſy Rabutin*'s Letters, *Je voudrois bien vous faire connoître le perſonnage ſans vous le nommer. Il n'eſt pas ſi beau qu'* Aſtolfe *ni que* Joconde, *mais en recompenſe il eſt quatre fois plus malheureux. Ne le connoiſſez vous pas à cela? C'eſt un Mari tout à fait inſenſible.* 'Tis certain, that *Fuſcus* is a borrow'd Name, as our Author himſelf tells us in that Parentheſis *(Sit Dom. Fuſcus*, &c.) but whether it be applicable to any particular Perſon, or whether this Character is Panegyrick or Satire, I will not determine. *Tir-Oen*, tho' he knew no more of the Matter, than I do, has yet had the Aſſurance to fill up the Blank at the end of the fourth Verſe; and aſſerts that *Fuſcus*, or by what other Name he is pleaſed to call him, was an Enemy to Mr. *Scheffer*, and upon ſome occaſion treated him with great Rudeneſs.

Ver. 46. *And a Stock of* Socratical &c.

At uxoris fit amentia
Levior viri patientiâ:
Uxor enim illi quippe,
Qualis Socratis Xantippe.

Xantippe was the Wife of *Socrates*, and a very bad one. When *Socrates* was asked, how he could bear with her, he anſwered, ſhe exerciſed his Patience, and ſo uſed him to endure the Humours of other troubleſome People. However I do not find, that *Xantippe* was falſe to her Huſband's Bed: And therefore the Poet had done better, if inſtead of comparing *Fuſcus* to *Socrates*, he had compared him to *Cato*, who was ſo complaiſant, as to lend his Wife to a young Fellow of his Acquaintance, who was in Love with her.

Ver. 48. *When the skinny old Wife*, &c.

Urbe totâ mæcha nota,
Oſſa atque pellis tota:
Quæ dum vexillarium vexit,
Virum palpans flexit, rexit:
Sit cornutus, ſi judex ſit.

Oſſa atque pellis tota, *ſhe is nothing but Skin and Bones.* This Expreſſion is as ancient as *Plautus*, and is uſed by him in two or three places.

Stop

Stop a while here, old Bard, to conſult the *Sieur Dill*;
Leſt he cenſure your Work, by reviving the Bill:
Leſt he ſpy in your Proem *Scan. Mag.* or Sedition,
And diſcredit your Tale by a quaint *Depoſition*.
Can you queſtion his Conſcience, or Art to enſnare,
Who inſtructed the Collier and *Myra* to ſwear;

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 49. *Stop a while here*, &c.

Pergin, ſenex, quo cœpiſti?
Quoniam in judicium ſiſti.
At at (credo) facies nil, ὀνον ni conſulas tu——
Ventrioſum: ille illa
Omnia poſſiet: ecca *Billa*
Renovata; & clientes
Eccos *Dilli* jam petentes
Falſas lites teſtimoniis
Falſis, ſibi ſed idoneis.
Tuos, hic eſt, bellicoſos
Verſus reddat qui doloſos;
Mores moros, & moroſos.
Olli quotuplex ſcientia,
Conſcientia, ac ſententia?
Vollo, *Miræ*, haud incuriâ,
Sua dictat qui perjuria;
Qui humanam plumbo dedit
Vocem; Deum qui comedit;
(Deum quem? egenum *Martem*)
Fungum viri qui *Mc* artem,
Fruſtum viri ſceleſtiſſimum,
Cruce ædepol digniſſimum,
Docuit: docuit, ſi non bibere,
Mortuum loqui, ſed & ſcribere.

Dill, or (as he is called in the Epiſtle to *Cadenus*) *Ondillus* was a tall fat Lawyer, who without any kind of Learning or Skill in his Profeſſion, had cunning enough to create Suits in all Places, where he was admitted, and to turn them to his own Profit. He adviſed the Method of cheating Mr. *Scheffer*, and drew that infamous Bill, by which it was pretended, our Author's Purchaſe was in Truſt for another. To ſupport the Allegations of this Bill, he ſuggeſted to *Vol* and *Myra* all the Matter, out of which he framed their *Depoſitions*: And to ſecond this Evidence, he choſe for their Aſſociate the greateſt Villain in the Kingdom; a Fellow who had formerly been *Myra*'s Footman, and was ſuſpected to conduct the Aſſaſſins, who were hired to murder our Author. *See the Note*, Ver. 224. Book III. *Tir-Oen* gives us a Character of *Dill* in the following Words, *Haud pejor alter uſquam eſt gentium, quàm iſte* Dillus, *qui ſceleſtis conſiliis & fallaciis dilaceravit res* Schefferi, *mœchos, fures, prædones lenones, ſicarios &* Acherunticas *ſagas ſemper paratus juvare, ſi, quod dent, habent.*

Qui humanam plumbo dedit
Vocem.

In this and the laſt Verſe, the Poet alludes to Sir *Mars*'s Will, which according to common Fame, was made after the Warrior was departed. *Tir-Oen* ſays, that by *Dill*'s Advice, the Teſtator was repreſented by an Image of Lead, which was furniſhed by the Sorcereſs out of her own Collection. *But ſee what is ſaid before of this Affair.* Ver. 411. Book III.

Who

Who, to eat up Sir *Mars*, yet to ſtrengthen his Party,
From the Scum of the *Kevans* ſelected *Mc*——;
Who beſtow'd human Speech on an Image of Lead;
And has ſhewn how a Ranger may write when he's dead?
But approach him with awe: To enſure your Succeſs,
Send a Rouleau of Gold, ere you make your Addreſs.
Then the Sage ſhall opine, you are ſoft as a Lyrick,
That a *Latin* Burleſque is the beſt Panegyrick;
That a Tribad is chaſte, who is crooked and paints;
That an Imp is an Angel, and Witches are Saints;
That the Knights, Lords and Heroes, and ev'ry great Name,
Which hath here been invok'd, ſhall be ſacred to Fame:
Or—ſhou'd this not ſuffice, he ſhall make it appear,
That the Man, cleped *Scheffer*, has never been here.

THRICE *Aurora* was call'd, ere ſhe quitted her Bed:
Overclowded ſhe roſe, and hung mournful her Head,

Like

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 69. *Thrice* Aurora *was call'd* &c.

Viduam referens mortalem
Ore, noctem ſeu feralem,
Triſtior ſurgens jam Aurora,
(Ter vocatam tenuit mora)
Parco lumine ſpargebat
Terras, chari dum linquebat
Conjugis cubile; bonus
Senior quamvis vir Tithonus.

Like a Widow in Weeds: And ſo ſcant was her Light,
That ſhe ſeem'd to have borrow'd the Face of old Night.
Was the cauſe, that the Goddeſs, to *Tithon* ſo true,
Leſs inclin'd to riſe from him, the older he grew?
Or ſhe deem'd it ill Manners to broider her Veſt;
To be buskin'd with Gold; (as in *Taſſo* ſhe's dreſt.)
Or to deck her with Roſes, look ruddy and gay,
When ſhe now uſher'd in ſo important a Day.
From *Olympus* *Jove* view'd (and who queſtions his Ken?)
All the Regions of Earth, all the Actions of Men:
Ev'ry Chief he mark'd well, with his Virtues inherent,
Whom himſelf, or the People had made his Vicegerent.

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

This Fourth Book begins here (Ver. 69) in the firſt Edition of our Author's Work. The Addreſs to *Cacus* and *Fortune*, and the Praiſes of *Dill*, &c. were added by Mr. *Scheffer*, when he publiſhed the ſecond Edition.

Aurora (the Morning) was the Daughter of *Titan* and *Terra*. She had a ruddy or roſy Complection, and (according to *Homer*) roſy Fingers. The Horſes which drew her Chariot were likewiſe of the ſame Colour. She always opened the Day, and was therefore called the Harbinger of the *Sun*. This Goddeſs was ſo fond of *Tithonus*, the Son of *Laomedon* King of *Troy*, that ſhe loved him even when he was arrived to an extreme old Age. A rare Example of Conjugal Fidelity! *Ovid* indeed tells us, that once during her Cohabitation with *Tithonus*, ſhe fell in Love with a young Man, whoſe Name was *Cephalus*. But *Cephalus* was ſo fond of his own Wife (whoſe Virtue was not in the ſame manner Proof againſt Temptation) that he refuſed the Embraces of a young and handſome Goddeſs: An Inſtance of Conjugal Fidelity almoſt as incredible as the other!

But

But he thought, tho' the Moor oft repeated his *Alla*,
He was ill repreſented by *Muley Abdallah*.
Nor *Madona* the *Ruſs* could his Godſhip approve:
For a Female he deem'd a feint Image of *Jove*.
Many others, who rul'd with an abſolute Sway,
(But are not to be nam'd, till their Grandſons are grey,
Or at leaſt till their Honours are laid in the Duſt)
Tho' ſo God-like their Port, were unworthy their Truſt.
When inveſted with all, that his Highneſs could ſpare,
Did he ſee one among 'em content with his Share?
And in truth ſhould he chooſe out the Man he likes beſt,
Staniſlaus or *Carlos*——to govern the reſt;
Even he like young *Ammon*, would ask a new Boon;
And poſſeſs'd of this World, he would cry for the Moon.

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 83. *But he thought, tho' the Moor* &c.

Centies repetatur *Alla:*
Meas vices an *Abdallah*
Gerit? an, quæ *Ruſſiæ* Dux eſt?
Suis lux eſt, ſed & crux eſt.

Abdallah is the preſent Emperor or King of *Morrocco*. The Empreſs of *Ruſſia* or *Czarina*, (as ſhe is generally ſtiled) makes a great Noiſe even in this remote Part of the World.

Is it not Blaſphemy to call a Tyrant God's Vicegerent?

Ver. 95. *Even he like young* Ammon, *&c.*

Nunc Philippi, mox Ammonis
Filius, haud contentus donis,
Dii, veſtris, furit, mœret;
Victor novos orbes quærit:
Orbem Lunæ pol haberet.

Alexander the Great, Son of *Philip*, King of *Macedon*, called himſelf the Son of *Jupiter Ammon*. When he had conquered all *Greece* and the *Perſian* Empire, he cry'd becauſe he had no more Worlds to conquer. This was a vain Affectation: For all his Conqueſts did not extend to a tenth Part of our Globe.

Say, ye Vice-Gods, for what ye thus daily contend?
Not—to win a young Wife, or protect an old Friend,
Or to ſave your fat Beeves, like the Heroes of old;
But to fill, by Oppreſſion, your Coffers with Gold.
The Infection ſpreads down: Hence the People's Diſaſters;
For in all, that is Evil, we copy our Maſters.
'Tis for this we regard neither Honour, nor Health:
From the Prince to the Peaſant, our Paſſion is Wealth:
And Corruption in Subjects, Ambition in Kings,
Tho' in Sound they may differ, yet are not two Things.
Have we all that we ask? Yet a little we crave;
And we mean by *Enough* ſomething more, than we have.
Should the Gods, who are righteous, a Miſer e'er ſpare,
When, to puniſh, they need only grant him his Prayer?
Let the Man, who loves Gold, like a *Scot* with his Pack,
Never move, but with all his full Bags at his Back!
To diſtinguiſh King *Midas*, who can't have too much,
Let him turn all to Gold, which he offers to touch!
But, my *Muſe*, ceaſe your Preaching: Your Labours will fail,
If you mingle grave Morals with ſuch a light Tale.

And a Stateſman will ſay, you're unskill'd in your Trade;
Or perhaps, to affront you, he'll call you old Maid.
What concerns it a Monk, if a Monarch does wrong?
Or d'ye think, you can mend the whole World with a Song?
Be adviſ'd; and no more interrupt your Narration:
Tell us how *Jove* behav'd on the preſent Occaſion.

On his Brow ſate alternate a Smile and a Frown;
'Till at length he directed his Eyes to our Town.
Tho' (at leaſt 'tis thus ſtoried by thoſe, who were by)
He beheld us askaunce; not to ſay he look'd ſly.
Near the God ſtood the gibing Buffoon of the Court,
Ever ſeeking Occaſions to make himſelf Sport.
" How I want (quoth the Droll) the great Soldier, and Tinker;
" *Mars* to ſerve for a But, and old *Vol* for a Skinker!
" But

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 119. *What concerns it* &c.

At ineptias Muſa effert.
Certè meâ parum refert,
Quod in Reges nunc inquiro.
Currant curſus more miro:
Et tu, Muſa, tuo gyro.

i. e. Et tu, Muſa, curre—*Make haſte, and finiſh your Work.*

Ver. 124. *He directed his Eyes to* our Town, *&c.*

Jam defixit maleſanæ
Urbi lumina *Eblanæ*;
Verùm lumina obliquæ.
Dixit audax quis, iniqua.

Urbi *Eblanæ*, *Dublin*, which I call our Town, for the ſake of the Rhyme.

Ver. 129. *How I want (quoth the Droll) the great* &c.

" But I fear, we muſt reckon our Brothers, as dead.
Then he look'd upon *Jove*—and *Jove* nodded his Head.
When the Conſort (who fears neither *Jove*, nor his Nod;
Tho' it ſhakes the whole Globe) thus accoſted the God:
" Muſt I ſtill be thus treated?—Unheeded their Birth,
" Shall my Sons be for Ages diſtreſs'd on the Earth?
" While your own dear Adopted, uſurping their Place,
" May offend, as they pleaſe, and not forfeit your Grace.
" Or reverſe your hard Doom, and my Children reſtore
" To their Heaven, and their Honours; or know me
no more.

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Momus. Utinam afforent
(Si ſeipſos meliùs norint)
Noſter *Mars* adaman-tinus,
Et *Vol* ære crepi-dinus!
Ut queis ludos faciam: is &
Nobis faber cyathiſſet.

See the Character of *Momus*, Ver. 157. Book II.

Ærecrepidinus ſignifies a Perſon, who makes a great Noiſe by beating upon Braſs: And may properly be Engliſhed either a *Braſier* or *Tinker*. *Plautus* calls thoſe Places, where there was a great Number of Slaves at work, *Inſulas Fericrepidinas*, on account of the Noiſe which was made by the rattling of their Fetters.

Faber cyathiſſet.

Vol was not only Cook to the Gods upon extraordinary Occaſions, as I have remarked before; but he likewiſe frequently ſerved in the Office of a Butler, or was rather what the *Danes* call a *Skenker* or *Skinker*, for ſo *Cyathiſſet* properly ſignifies. On theſe Occaſions he diverted the Company by playing the Buffoon, as we are informed by *Homer*.

Ver. 133. *When the Conſort* &c.

Juno increpavit eum,
Ἀποφλαυρίξασα Deum,
Dei nutum, quantum quotum:
Tremefecerit ut totum
Cœlum nutu, cui ignotum?

Juno was the Daughter of *Saturn* and *Ops*, and the Siſter and Conſort of *Jupiter*. Tho' ſhe was a great Queen and a Goddeſs, yet ſhe had many bad Qualities.

Thus the Thunderer anſwer'd; " What Fits of the Spleen,
" To diſturb the great Synod, poſſeſs our good Queen?
" Tho' the Loſs of your Favours we nightly deplore,
" Yet we cannot in Conſcience ſuch Spirits reſtore.
" Even tho' on Mount *Ida* your Highneſs requeſt us
" In the Language of Love, and adorn'd with the *Ceſtus*. 146
" Shou'd a God be unrighteous, and grant a Relief
" To a Bully and Bravo, a Juggler and Thief?
" Has not *Mars* in all Tryals of Honour miſcarried?
" Ever beaten, or bubbled! Gods! how he is married!
" Did he not (moſt ungrateful!) deſert his own Bail? 151
" Did he not rob the Mortal, who ſav'd him from Jayl?
" Does

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 151. *Did he not (moſt ungrateful!)* &c.

Opes, reſtauratas ædes,
Omnia *Mavors* cui de-buit,
Nonne vadem deſe-ruit?
Nonne vadem ſpoliavit?
Inſidiaſque collocavit
His & illis, hinc illinc, qui
Amiciſſimi propinqui,
Lites novas intendendo,
Seu ſicarios conducendo?

Wetſtein hath fully explained this Paſſage. He tells us, that Mr. *Scheffer*, on his Arrival in *Ireland*, made a Viſit to Sir *Mars*, who was his near Relation: But to his great Surpriſe, he found the old Knight in the utmoſt Diſtreſs, without Money or Credit enough to purchaſe even the Neceſſaries of Life for himſelf and his Family. Our Author commiſerating his Condition, immediately ſupply'd him with FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS. And being informed, that the Houſe in which Sir *Mars* lived, was mortgaged for almoſt as much Money as it was worth, and that the Mortgagee was about to foreclose the Equity of Redemption, he diſcharged THAT DEBT likewiſe. But as all this was not ſufficient to make the Knight's Circumſtances perfectly eaſy, Mr. *Scheffer* lent him ONE THOUSAND POUNDS more;

" Does he not for the Rights of his Neighbour contend,
" And inſtruct curs'd Aſſaſſins to murder his Friend?
" Even now—when the Wretch is confin'd to his Bed:
" Even him—by whoſe Bounty alone he is fed. 156

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

more; and even after this bail'd him, when he was ſued for a Debt of FOUR HUNDRED POUNDS, which Sum our Author afterwards paid. For all the Money thus advanced by him, he took no other Security, than a Reverſional Grant of the Houſe and a little Piece of Land, of which Sir *Mars* was then poſſeſſed, being contented to let the Knight enjoy both during his Life. The wicked old Sorcereſs, perceiving her Husband's Circumſtances were ſo much mended, reconciled herſelf to him; and tho' ſhe had been the real Occaſion of all his Misfortunes, and had treated him in a moſt inſolent and inhuman manner during his Diſtreſs, yet he was either ſo weak, or ſo wicked as to ſubmit himſelf again to her Direction. The firſt thing ſhe adviſed him to do, was to acquit himſelf of the Obligations he owed to *Scheffer*. And this could not be effected any other way, than by removing his Benefactor out of the World. She repreſented to him, that *Scheffer* being a Stranger, his Death could not make any great Noiſe, nor would any Body give themſelves the Trouble to enquire into the Cauſe of it: That the Moment he was dead, he (Sir *Mars*) ſhould immediately poſſeſs himſelf of all his Effects, which he had a Right to do, and which no one would diſpute with him. In purſuance of this Advice, it was reſolved to ASSASSINATE our Author, by ſhooting him in his Chair at Night, and three Villains were hired for this Purpoſe. They watched Mr. *Scheffer* for a whole Week, without meeting with an Opportunity to put their Deſign in Execution. At length one of the *Aſſaſſins*, being ſtruck with a Remorſe, came to him, and diſcovered the Plot, which by this means was defeated.

The Sorcereſs however was not at all diſconcerted. Since the Train ſhe had laid to take away *Scheffer*'s Life had failed of Succeſs, ſhe obliged her Husband to declare open War againſt him. And to carry it on with Succeſs, ſhe employ'd her Privy Counſellors *Ondill* and *J. Occo*, to draw a BILL, in which they were ordered to charge him with Fraud, and a Breach of Truſt; to demand that the Securities he had obtained from Sir *Mars*, ſhould be ſet aſide, inſiſting that Mr. *Scheffer* had never lent him one Shilling. To ſupport the Allegations of this Bill, ſhe undertook to procure *Evidence*, if *her own* were not ſufficient. For this purpoſe *Vol* was taken into the Confederacy. (*See the following Note.*) And the Lawyer *Ondill* (as we have ſaid before) was appointed to methodize their *Depoſitions*, and *J. Occo* to plead their Cauſe.

The Reaſons which *Jupiter* aſſigns for his refuſing to recall Sir *Mars* and *Vol* are certainly very juſt. Such Wights would make but a bad Figure in an Aſſembly of Gods.

But

" But recoil all their Darts! And, whate'er *that* Surveyor
" For his Profit projects, or the *other* ſhall ſwear;
" Be abortive their Plots! nor to *Scheffer* unknown!
" And attempting his Life let 'em forfeit their own!
" Then the Sons of *Ierne* ſhall honour the Bard;
" And the Juſtice of TALBOT his Virtue reward.

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 157. —— *And whate'er that* Surveyor &c.

Quicquid *Sinon* ſimulando,
Quicquid *Perſeus* pejerando, *&c.*

The Perſon, whom the Poet calls *Sinon*, was an *Engliſh* Member of Parliament, and a *General-Surveyor*, as well as Sir *Piercy*.* He entered into the Confederacy againſt Mr. *Scheffer* at the ſame time that he profeſſed the greateſt Friendſhip and Eſteem for him. *Sinon* had no Virtues, but an inſatiable Thirſt for Money. He ſcrupled no Undertakings, which afforded him an Opportunity of amaſſing Wealth. *Mars*, who knew his Avarice, gained him to his Party, by promiſing to leave him a great Eſtate; to which, as he pretended, he had a very good Title. With the ſame Aſſurance, he might have promiſed him the Crown of *Poland*, after the Death of *Auguſtus*.

Ver. 160. *And attempting his Life* &c.

Nunc, dum ferrum moliuntur,
Palam ſcelera dicuntur.
Impii duces jam fugêre;
Arte ſuâ periêre.

In a little Time, after the Attempt on our Author's Life, Sir *Mars* departed, and Sir *Piercy* ſurvived him but a few Months, *as is ſaid above:* About the ſame Time *Sinon* alſo died, expreſſing ſome Concern for the Part he had acted, in Conjunction with *Mars* and his wicked Aſſociates.

Ver. 161. *Then the Sons of* Ierne *ſhall honour the Bard*;
And the Juſtice of TALBOT &c.

Fulgeat ſed intaminatis
Multis hono-ribus vates.
Vatis damna jam rependat,
Qui juſtitiâ res emendat,
Tuus TALBOT, O Aſtræa:
Proprium mî dicato, Dea:
Quin & tuas lances cedo;
Illi, Pallas, (tibi quæ do)
Sapere, ratiocinari;
Suada, quicquid ſentiat, fari.
Dî TABOTTUM adjuvate,
Propriumque mî dicate.

By the Death of *Sinon*, Mr. *Scheffer* became entitled to a Legacy of 4000 Pounds which he hath ſince recovered by a Decree of the preſent Lord Chancellor of *England*.

——O Aſtræa, *&c.*

Aſtræa was the Daughter of *Jupiter* and *Themis*, and the Goddeſs of Juſtice; *Pallas* was the Goddeſs of Wiſdom, and *Suada* the Goddeſs of Eloquence.

* *Sinon* was not privy to the intended ASSASSINATION; but he engaged in all the Meaſures which Sir *Mars* and the old *Sorcereſs* had concerted to plunder our Author.

Here

" *Here enrol that great Name!* And, ye Gods, bleſs my Choice!
" Lend *Minerva* her Judgment, and *Suada* her Voice!
" Be as pure his *Decrees*, as *Aſtræa*'s Commands!
" And her Ballance for ever remain in his Hands!
" Now a Word of old *Vol*——In all Dealings unjuſt:
" Did he not ſteal the Treaſure aſſign'd him in Truſt?

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 167. *Now a Word of old* Vol— &c.

ΤΙΣ ΗΦΑΙΣΤΟΣ; Exul factus
Scelio, baro, planus, *Prachtus*,
Dolos, modo peculator,
Peregrinis meditatur;
Nomen teſtis pejerati
Nullus timens, impiis πράττει;
Quamvis parvæ ſint mercedes.
Hiccin' præmia mereat, quæ des?

The *Latin* Commentators are all agreed, that Pracht, which is one of the Appellations here beſtowed upon *Vol*, is an old *Teutonick* Word, which ſignifies a *Bragging* or *Boaſting*, from whence the *Belgick* Verb Praten (to Tattle or Triſle) and the *Engliſh Prate* is derived. And thus I likewiſe find it explained in *Skinner's Etymologicon Anglicanum*. But however, I incline to think, that this Word comes from the *Greek* πράττειν, which Mr. *Scheffer* makes uſe of a few Verſes lower on purpoſe, as I conceive, to point out the Radix of Pracht. Πράττειν is a Word of ſuch a large Signification, that it may be very properly applied to denote any of *Vol*'s Offices or Occupations, or any Affairs, whether of good Report or of evil Report, in which he has been engaged ſince his Arrival in this Country. Thus when he was Treaſurer of *Ireland* and Conſtable of the Caſtle, when he was ſearching for Coals, or building his Glaſs-Houſe, he might be ſaid πράττειν, *i. e. Rebus ad Rem publicam pertinentibus operam dare*, and in this Senſe it is uſed by *Herodotus* and *Thucydides*. Πράττειν in *Ariſtophanes*, ſignifies, *Lites intendere*, and may therefore be well applied to expreſs *Vol*'s Character, as he was the chief Promoter and Manager of thoſe unjuſt and wicked Law-Suits, which were carried on againſt Mr. *Scheffer*; upon which Occaſion he furniſhed *Evidence*, and *gave his own Teſtimony* in Matters, of which he had no Cogniſance. And this is the Meaning of theſe Lines;

Nomen Teſtis pejerati
Nullus timens Impiis πράττει.

That is, *He ſupports a wicked Cauſe, by giving falſe Evidence, and without fear of Puniſhment ſtands up in Defence of a Set of People, who have no Honour or Probity.* In this Senſe πράττειν Φιλίππῳ, a *Philippi partibus ſtare*, is uſed by *Demoſthenes*, &c.

" Are

" Are his Friendſhips not made with Intent to betray?
" Will he not be ſuborn'd,—and for very ſmall Pay?
" Don't you hear him blaſpheme in revenge, that he fell,
" Ridiculing the Pow'rs both of Heaven, and of Hell?
" And if haply his Wit but half equal'd his Spite,
" Or his Head was new moulded, the Caitif wou'd write:
" He wou'd argue in Print, and my Edicts deny;
" Or inſult the good Bard, who records this Reply.
" Wretched Mortals, made frail, ſin agen and agen;
" Yet we find Sparks of Virtue in very bad Men:
" Not a Spark in theſe Wights! If your Highneſs can ſhew,
" From the Day they were ſentenc'd to wander below,

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 171. *Don't you hear him blaſpheme* &c.

Atque idem, qui Πράττειν,
Audet etiam Βλασφημεῖν.
Audet ipſus hic matæus,
(Nam matæus, qui athe-us)
Neque pili facit-Quos?
Deos magnos, nos, vos, hos.
Neque cœlum, cœlum putat:
Cœlum, at non mores mutat.

Vol, after the Manner of the *Epicureans*, maintained, that all things were made by chance, and that all Religion was Prieſt-craft. It muſt be acknowledged, that *Vol*'s Actions exactly correſponded to his Creed.

Matæus (from Μάταιος) ſignifies a wrong-headed Man, or a Fool. MATÆUS *ſum: Vinum mihi in Cerebrum abiit.* Pet. Arb.

" Any

" Any Good, any where, either Exile hath done;
" I'll abſolve him that inſtant, and own him my Son.
Here again the old Joker: " 'Twas haſtily ſaid;
" Nor intend you, great Madam, to part from *Jove*'s Bed.
" Have you not of his favourite Pleaſures bereft him? 185
" Nor a Concubine now to converſe with is left him:
" And wou'd *you*, ſince he leads here ſo virtuous a Life,
" Force him down in Diſguiſe on another Man's Wife?
" Or provoke him, when thus you're ſo coy, and ſo loud,
" To create a new Conſort——perhaps of a Cloud?

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 188. *Force him down in Diſguiſe*, &c.

Aut mæchiſſet ubi ubi;
Aut ex roſeâ quâvis nube
Nova effingatur Juno.
Alio cantharo & uno
Sic potetur. At obſcurum
Fore diſcri-men futurum
Magnæ Deæ, & mortalis,
Veræ, fictæ, qualis, qualis,
Nube-culæ, & Juncris,
Docuit fatum Ixionis.

Ixion was the Son of *Phlegyas*, a King in *Theſſaly*. *Jupiter* took him into Heaven, ſeated him at his own Table, and made him his chief Companion. Here *Ixion* fell in Love with *Juno*, and was ſo audacious, as to make his Addreſſes to her directly. The Goddeſs immediately acquainted her Husband with his Preſumption, and urged him to puniſh *Ixion* in an exemplary Manner. But *Jupiter*, who was ſenſible of the Force of Love, and knew the Frailties of human Nature, ſent him a Cloud in the Likeneſs of *Juno*, which *Ixion* enjoy'd, and of whom the *Centaurs* were born.

Ixion afterwards bragging, that he had lain with *Juno*, was hurled down to Hell, and there bound to a Wheel, which was perpetually whirled about, ſo that he could never have any reſt.

Ixion was not puniſhed for his Amour, but becauſe he did not keep it ſecret.

" And the Fate of *Ixion*, methinks, ſhould make you know,
" That a Cloud in the Dark is as good, as a *Juno*.
" When the Humours are peccant provoking to ſcold;
" Your Phyſician ſhould order an Apple of Gold.
" But without his Aſſiſtance I'll now make you Friends;
" Tho' ſo arduous the Task, you ſhall both have your Ends.
" SIRE, to pleaſe the Queen Conſort the Exiles recall:
" Yet prevent their Return, that you thus may pleaſe all.
" Let Accompt-Books in Folio be pil'd at our Gate!
" In a Sheriff's Form there let a Demi-god wait
" With the Cudgel of *Bellew*, or *Diomed*'s Spear;
" And annihilate me, if they ever come here!
All the Synod laugh'd loud: Then a Silence enſu'd,
Till the Droll thus to *Phœbus* his Gibing renew'd.

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 194. *Your Phyſician ſhould* &c.

Et rixari quoties lubeat,
Aureum malum dari jubeat;
Aureum malum (ni neſapius)
Iſte noſter Æſculapius.

Æſculapius, the Son of *Apollo* and the Nymph *Coronis*, was the God of Phyſick: He freed *Rome* from the Plague, for which the People built him a Temple, and worſhipped him in the Form of a Serpent.

The Judgment of *Paris*, and the Hiſtory of the Golden Apple, which occaſioned the *Trojan* War, is ſo well known, that I need not repeat it here.

" I perus'd the rough Edict you publiſh'd laſt Night:
" But the Stile is uncouth; nor your Sentence is right.
" And beſides——ought you ſtop, Sir, ſo long in one place
" To behold an old Hag, while ſhe painted her Face?
" But, I find, all Love Matters you turn to a Farce,
" And expoſe Old or Young——Mum for *Venus* and *Mars:*

Here the *Paphian* grew red; and when *Momus* had done,
In a Paſſion ſhe roſe, thus upbraiding the *Sun:*

" Tho' ſo curious to pry, what Delight can you take
" To prevent better Sport, than you're able to make?
" And (becauſe you forgot, when his *Myra* was young)
" To reproach gentle *George*, who ſo ſweetly has ſung?

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 209. *But I find all Love-matters*, &c.

Sit puella, ſit ve-tula,
Si amârit, ſit fa-bula
Tuo, *Sol*, indicio. Sic ſi
Mars & *Venus*—furtis nixi.
Eccos laqueos—jocos—Dixi.

Momus here alludes to the famous Intrigue of *Mars* and *Venus*, which was diſcovered by the *Sun*. See the Fable at large in the *Odyſſey* and in *Ovid*.

Ver. 211. *Here the* Paphian *grew red*, &c.

Paphiæ *Veneris* decora
Conſcius rubor notat ora.

See Ver. 110. Book II. why *Venus* was called the *Paphian*.

Ver. 213. —— *what Delight can you take*, &c.

Quid nos curas, quid geramus?
Invideſne, quòd amamus?
Qui nil poteſt, ſi quis amet,
Annon poſſit, quin exclamet?

Venus here tacitly reproaches the *Sun* for diſcovering her own Amour; tho' ſhe would be thought to be angry with him on *Myra*'s Account only.

" If the Women are Bald, or their Treſſes are Grey;
" Father *Time*, and the Fates are in Fault—and not
they.
" Shall the want of a Tooth, when a Dame is well born,
" Or perhaps a few Wrinkles expoſe her to Scorn?
" You confeſs (and we know you ſurvey'd ev'ry Place)
" She's as young as your Godſhip——except in the Face.
" For the Secrets——we uſe to preſerve the Complexion;
" They are none of your Drugs, nor create an Infection.
" Paints and Lotions on all Royal Toilets are ſeen:
" Mark the Court of young *Lewis*, and cenſure his Queen.
" Shou'd I make your Decree, Sir, a Matter of Quarrel;
" While I ſpeak it, my *Myra* ſhou'd change to a Laurel.
" Then your Rhymers in Doggrel her Beauties wou'd
prize,
" Proud to wear the bright Locks, they are bid to deſpiſe.
" But

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 223. *For the Secrets—we uſe* &c.

Quod ad formæ medicamina;
Quamvis parva hæc conamina,
Nec ex veſtrâ officinâ
Quæſtuosâ, nec divina,
Nec ex pyxide Pandoræ:
Hiſce tamen pol decoræ
Vel Reginæ, dum comuntur,
Familiariter utuntur.

Apollo was the God of Phyſick. *Venus* raillies him in that Quality, inſinuating, that the Paints and Waſhes, which the Ladies uſed to mend their Complexions, are leſs hurtful than his Preſcriptions.

Ver. 229. *Then your Rhymers in Doggrel* &c.

Si in laureas creſcant crines;
O quàm magni? Tunc re-cines

" But you know I love Peace; nor my Manners incline
" To impertinent Medling, like you and your *Nine*.
" Be the Matron reſtrain'd, as your Edict directs;
" But allow me to make her more fit for her Sex.
" Let her thus be erect! (*Here ſhe held out her Fan*) 235
" And be ſuperinduc'd all the Virtue of Man!

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Miræ nomen Tu, & Illæ,
Rythmicique poetillæ, *&c.*

When *Daphne* was changed into a Laurel, her Arms were the Branches, and her Hair the Leaves.

Inrondem crines, in ramos brachia creſcunt. Ovid Met.

Of theſe were afterwards made the Crowns of Victory for Emperors and Poets.

O quam magni?

i.e. *O quàm magni æſtimes?* Tir. Oen.

Tu & illæ—*i.e. Tu & Muſæ* tuæ.

You and your *Nine*. You and your *Muſes*.

Ver. 235. *Let her thus be Erect!* &c.

Ut flabellum hoc, C——
Novi genetrix amoris,
Ut hoc meum producatur,
Requies cui, nec mora datur:
Seſquipede vel longa ſit;
Viri virtus indita ſit;
Nec Priapi valdior mos ſit,
Nec *Chauceri* toties poſſit
Cantoclarus; *nè, ſi bos ſit.*

I am ſurpriſed to find all the *Latin* Commentators ſo much puzzled how to fill up the firſt Verſe, where the Blank is left. It muſt be a Rhime to *Amoris*. I think there is but one Word, and that a Term of Art, which can properly ſupply it.

Nec Priapi, *&c.*

Priapus was the Son of *Bacchus* and *Venus*. The *Romans* made him the God and Keeper of their Gardens, which he was to defend from Robbers and Crows. *Cuſtos Furum atque Avium.* He was worſhipped with peculiar Honours at *Lampſacus*, where *Oſiris* having conſecrated to him a *Phallus* of Gold in Memory of a Wound he had received in the Groin, the Prieſts of this God, forgetting the Reaſon of the Conſecration of the *Phallus*, introduced a great many Impurities into their religious Ceremonies: And when afterwards the Statue of *Priapus* was erected in any Place, *the* Pudenda *were always made of an enormous Size.*

Chauceri——*Cantoclarus.*

The Poet here alludes to the following Verſe in *Chaucer*'s Tale of the *Nuns Prieſt:* Or, *The Cock and the Fox.*

He fethered her a hundred times a day.

Chanticleer is the Name of the Cock. You may find this Tale among *Dryden*'s Fables finely turned into modern *Engliſh*.

" Nor

" Nor *Priapus* in Action ſhall equal her Fame;
" Nor ſo oft ſhall *Dan Chanticleer* feather his Dame.
" Let her Paſſions be ſtrong, as her Form is compleat,
" And her Name of Diſtinction be FRIGA the Great! 240

" And,

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 240. *And her Name of Diſtinction be* FRIGA *&c.*

Hâc mutatâ, hem mutetur
Nomen quoque: appelletur
Friga magna, magna *Fræa*,
Friga Fræa, Semi-Dea.

The principal Gods among the *Saxons*, before their Converſion to Chriſtianity, were the *Sun*, *Moon*, *Tuiſco*, *Woden*, *Thor*, *Friga* or *Fræa*, and *Seator*. To theſe were conſecrated the ſeven Days of the Week, as appears by the preſent Names of theſe Days among the *Germans*, *Flemings* and *Engliſh*. *Woden* was the God of War, becauſe the firſt *Saxons* came out of their Country under his Conduct, and made large Conqueſts. *Friga* was the *Venus* of the *Saxons*, and the Goddeſs of all Impurities. She was worſhipped in the Shape of an *Hermaphrodite*, and her Statue repreſented both Sexes. Some Hiſtorians call her *Fræa*, and make her the Wife of *Woden*, the Sir *Mars* of the *Saxons*. But the famous Antiquary *Verſtegan* inſiſts, that her proper Name was *Friga*, and that from her our *Saxon* Anceſtors called *Friday*, *Frigededg*. In *Verſtegan*'s Antiquities, you have likewiſe the Figure or Statue of *Friga*, ſtanding on a Pedeſtal, with a Sword in one Hand, and a Bow in the other. She there appears more like a Man than a Woman: Only ſhe wears a kind of Petticoat. When I call *Friga* the *Venus* of the *Saxons*, you muſt not from thence conclude, that ſhe was a beautiful Perſon, but on the contrary, that ſhe had ſtrong maſculine Features, with a great Beard. For as ſuch a Perſon, even *Venus* herſelf, was repreſented in all thoſe Places where ſhe was worſhipped, as an *Hermaphrodite*; and particularly at *Amathus* in *Cyprus*, her Statue was remarkable for its Beard, as *Theophraſtus* informs us. The Verſes which immediately follow thoſe I have quoted above, juſtify my Obſervation.

Nec libido ſatiata!
Ipſa dixit, quæ barbata.
At aſſidua ſit libido!
Ipſa, Ipſe ſic, quæ, qui do.

That is, " Let her Appetite be never " ſatisfied! This is my Will and Plea- " ſure; and I pronounce it with my " Beard on. I ſay again, Let her concu- " piſcible Appetite continue to the End " of her Life." This is the *Ipſe*, or *Ipſa dixit* of *Hermaphrodite Venus*.

Neque lata, longa veſtis,
Niſi rebus bene geſtis,
Friga, ſepiat id, quî eſtis.

That is, " Neither the Petticoats or " Farthingales ſhe wears ſhall conceal her " *Metamorphoſis*, unleſs upon ſome ex- " traordinary Occaſions."

The Reader will be apt to cenſure me for having tranſlated theſe ſeven *Latin* Verſes in one Line, which is far ſhort of the Original. The Truth is, I was in haſte to get rid of this Story of the *Metamorphoſis*.

Before I conclude this Note, I think my

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

my ſelf obliged to inform my Reader, that in the original Manuſcript now in the Cuſtody of Mr. *Grierſon*, who firſt publiſhed this Poem in *Latin*, are to be found theſe Lines which follow immediately after

Ne ſi bos ſit.

Sit maximitas immanis ;
Nec, ut aliæ, ſit inanis.
Seu uxori, ſeu ſorori
Capaciori, voraciori,
Cuique commoda ſit hæcce :
Si inire Vaccam, Vaccæ.

I was ſome time in doubt whether I ſhould mention theſe Verſes, conſidering Mr. *Scheffer* himſelf thought fit to ſuppreſs them. But they are ſo eſſential a Mark of the *Hermaphrodite*'s Transformation, that I could not forbear communicating them to the Publick. However I have paid ſo much Deference to my Author's Judgment, that I have neither tranſlated them, or added any explanatory Remarks.

Some Criticks are of Opinion, that Mr. *Scheffer* had no Occaſion to make uſe of a Goddeſs to effectuate this famous *Metamorphoſis*, but that he ſhould rather have permitted the Sorcereſs to transform her ſelf either by the Power of her own Magic, or the Force of her Fancy; ſince this Event (as extraordinary as it may ſeem) is not without an Example in this Country: And if we examine the natural Hiſtories of other Nations, we ſhall ſoon be able to furniſh our ſelves with a long Catalogue of *Hermaphrodites*. *Wanly* in his *Wonders of the little World*, Chap. 33. B. I. reckons up more than 20 Changes of this Kind, and for which he produces his Vouchers. Among the reſt he inſtances one, related by *Pontanus*, of a Woman who was changed into a Man, after ſhe had been delivered of a Son, which fell out in the Year 1496. Another Story is told by the ſame Author, of a Nun, whoſe Name was *Magdalena Mugnoz*, who in the 7th Year after ſhe had been profeſſed in the City of *Ubeda*, was turned into a Man, and thereupon expelled the Nunnery. A Beard grew upon her Chin, and ſhe called her ſelf *Franciſcus Mugnoz*. This *Francis* afterwards committed a Rape, and got a Woman with Child. I chuſe to quote theſe two Examples, becauſe they are exactly parallel to the Caſe of *Scheffer*'s *Hermaphrodite*, who before ſhe was changed into a Man was delivered of a Son, and after her *Metamorphoſis* committed a Rape upon one Woman, and got another with Child.

But to make it evident that ſuch a Change may really happen, let me refer the curious Reader to an *Arrêt* of the Parliament of *Paris* which was iſſued no longer ago than laſt Summer, I will give you the Story in the Words of a Daily News-Writer, who at preſent is in much Eſteem in *England*.

London, Saturday, Aug. 24. 1734.

The following being a very extraordinary Occurrence, pleaſe to take it in the Words of our Correſpondent at *Paris*.

" The Daughter of a famous Attorney " of this City (*Paris*) who was chriſtned " as ſuch, and whoſe Sex was never " queſtion'd to the Age of 16, has ſince " changed her Sex; and having thereup- " on made application to the Parliament " to be confirm'd in the Privileges of " Manhood, the Courts, after due Ex- " amination, iſſued laſt Week their Arrêt, " that the Perſon heretofore a Girl, ſhall " be henceforth deem'd a Man; that the " Baptiſmal Name ſhall be chang'd at the " Font to one proper to Men; and that " ſhe ſhall take Place in the Inheritance " of her Father's Eſtates accordingly. But " to this laſt Article of the Sentence her " *Younger* Brother has enter'd an Appeal, " alledging, that he is ſtill the *Elder* " Son." *Daily Adverti ſer*.

As

" And, my *Friga*, to thee, ere revolve many Years,
" Shall the Man moſt renown'd of *Ierne*'s new Peers,
" In Return for thy Labours, to honour his Bed,
" (Nor * * * * has done more to exalt the great Head)
" In the Plains of *S--l--gan* a Monument raiſe,
" Where the *Centaurs* and *Satyrs* ſhall envy thy Praiſe.
" What intends the quaint Figure, few Clerks ſhall divine;
" But the *Tribads* ſhall ken it an Emblem of thine.
" For the reſt——Don't imagine I'll patient endure,
" That my Rights you invade, and forbid us *procure*.

" Is

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

As for thoſe Ladies, who affect to treat Mr. *Scheffer* as a Viſionary, and ſtill continue to converſe with the *Hermaphrodite*, as if ſhe was a perfect Woman, I am fully perſuaded, that they are not inſenſible of her Virility, of which they could give better Proofs than my Author, or any of his Commentators.

Ver. 241. *And my* Friga *to thee*, &c.

Tempus erit (meis fides
Dictis ſit) cùm pyra-midis
Moles tuæ ſimil-lima
(Laus ſed enim tuæ prima)
Alta ſurgat inſtar fani;
Quam in agro *S——organi*
Nunc *Milordus*, olim J——s
(Olli nec ſublino os)
Tibi, mea *Friga*, ponet:
Sic uxorcula, ſic monet.
Monimentum hoc amoris,
Propter capitis honores;
Deſignanda tua quo Res.

This Prophecy hath ſince been fulfilled. For about the Time that Mr. *Scheffer* publiſhed the firſt part of his Work, or a little after, a certain great Man of a moſt extraordinary Taſte in Building, erected an Obelisk in a Field near his Country Seat. All our great Clerks were puzzled to find out the real Meaning of this curious Fabrick, being ſituated in a Place, where it neither ſerved for Uſe or Ornament. No one could then penetrate into the Founder's excellent Deſign. Now every Body is ſurprized, that this was not ſooner diſcovered to be the Symbol of old *Myra*'s Transformation; ſince it could not poſſibly mean any thing elſe.

Tir-Oen, who is full of his Jokes upon this Occaſion, hath given us here a very long Note, which he concludes thus:

Nimirum mihi falſa res videtur,
Inguini ſimilis Columna MIRÆ.

Ver. 250. *That my Rights you invade*, &c.

Tune

" Is it fitting that Youth ſhould be thus over-aw'd,
" And the Pilgrim, and Stranger depriv'd of a Bawd?
" Tho' ſo bright a *Toupee* no Aſſiſtance can need;
" And where'er you addreſs, you are ſure to ſucceed:
" Yet—a Word in your Ear——pretty *Daph* had been won,
" Had the Matron *Latona* made Love for her Son.
" But hereafter be cautious, nor cenſure Old Age,
" Nor, to injure my Friends, interrupt your own Stage.
" Let the *Tutelar* Gods interfere, if they dare!
" If I catch 'em---But firſt I'll admoniſh the Fair.

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Tune noſtra lenocinia
Curas, prohibeſque? Quin ea,
Quæ arcana tu ſcrutaris
Mei regni, & minaris?

Here *Venus* animadverts with great Warmth on the laſt Prohibition contained in *Apollo*'s Decree, by which old *Myra* was forbid to *procure*. The Goddeſs calls this an Invaſion upon the Rights of her Empire, and threatens the *Tutelar* Gods, if they execute *Apollo*'s Orders.

Ver. 253. *Tho' ſo bright a* Toupée, &c.

Parvo debes nil Amori!
Nimium credis tu colori,
Crinibuſque religatis,
Odoratis, ſericatis.

Venus here alludes to *Apollo*'s Beau-Dreſs, his Toupet, &c. in his Night Ramble. The whole is ſpoken ironically; for tho' *Apollo* was ever young, and the moſt beautiful of all the Gods, yet he was unfortunate in his Amours.

Ver. 255. *Yet——a Word in your Ear——pretty* Daph &c.

Sed nec Daphne te vitâſſet;
Miniſtrâſſet, adjuvâſſet,
Si qua callida matrona,
Si lenocinans Latona,
Quos experta eſt, amores;
Suis tuos ſi labores.

Latona was the Daughter of the Giant *Cæus* and his Siſter *Phœbe*, and the Mother of *Apollo* and *Diana*.

See the Story of *Daphne*, Ver. 145. Book I.

Ver. 260. *If I catch 'em—But firſt* &c.

Ego quos.—At at monere
Præſtat nurûs, & docere,
Quî, quâ, quo nunc poſſint quid;
Ac ut benè curent id.

This is in imitation of *Virgil*, *Æneid.* I. where the ſame Figure is uſed.

Quos ego. Sed motos præſtat componere fluctus.

Thus the Goddeſs: When *Phœbus* ſmil'd on her, and bow'd:
Too polite to reply, he withdrew in a Cloud.
Fame, who heard all that paſs'd, tho' ſhe ſeem'd to mind nought,
Flew away to the *Phœnix*, as ſwift as a Thought.
But for Reaſons of State ſhe aſſum'd a Diſguiſe,
And reſembled a Dwarf, with a Pair of *Jew*'s Eyes;
Crooked, painted, and broider'd, like *Traulus*'s own Dame;
And the Servants, who ſaw her, wou'd ſwear, ſhe's the ſame;

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 266. *And reſemblea a Dwarf* &c.

Aderat ſub ima-gine
Nigræ, duplicis *Frokinæ*,
Τῆς Ναυώδεος; ſylvæ crebræ
Cui *Judaicæ* palpebræ;
Veſcum corpus, ſed nec rectum,
Turpi tabe & infectum;
Illitæque fuco malæ;
Picta veſtis, *Ali* quali
Gaudet;—nec deformior *Ali*.
Et ex gente hæc in-fimâ;
Sic & *Ali* ſimil-lima;
Ipſa certè-Ipſis-ſima.

Mr. *Scheffer*'s Deſcription of *Fame* is agreeable to what is ſaid of her in the fourth *Æneid*. And yet our Author has been cenſured by ſome Criticks for inſerting this Character. But this was likewiſe the Fate of *Virgil*, who is ſeverely reprehended by *Macrobius*, and others, for making *Fame* a Monſter —— An Objection, which ſeems to be of more Weight is that, which is made by the *Dutch* Commentators, who charge it, as an impropriety, upon our Author, for introducing *Fame* to Sir *Mars*, in the Perſon of the *Frokina*, who was the Imp of *Myra*, and an Enemy to our Hero: Wherefore the Sight of her was always moſt hateful to him. But *Tir-Oen*, in my Opinion, clears this Difficulty. He tells us, that the *Frokina* could aſſume what Form ſhe pleaſed; that ſhe was ſometimes the Wife of an *Iriſh* Peer, a grave Matron, and the Mother of many Children; and at other times ſhe was brisk and wanton, and put on all the Airs of a *Duke*'s Concubine, or a *General*'s Miſtreſs. In theſe laſt Characters, ſhe always ſeemed to have a great Friendſhip for Sir *Mars*, and pretended to diſcover to him Secrets of State, which ſhe had drawn from her Gallants Thus by flattering his Vanity, and treating him as a Perſon of Importance, ſhe made him the Inſtrument of her own Pleaſures.

If the Goſſip in *propriâ perſonâ* appears;
Like a Monſter ſhe looks, with a thouſand long Ears,
With a thouſand ſharp Tongues, and a million of Eyes,
With her Feet on the Earth, and her Head in the Skies.
Nor a Wonder I deem it, the *Donna* ſhou'd tell
All that paſſes in Heaven, upon Earth, or in Hell;
All Advices laſt Night in the Cabinet read;
All the Monarch has whiſper'd to *Juno* in Bed:
For ſhe ſees, what no other is able to ſee,
Hears and knows what ne'er happen'd, nor ever will be.
Nor ſhe ſtrives to oblige, nor ſhe fears to offend
Whether Mortals, or Gods—Yet to *Mars* a faſt Friend:
When he drove the War-Chariot yclad, as a God,
Spreading Terrors and Death, his Poſtilion ſhe rode:

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 275. *All Advices laſt Night* &c.

Quod in aurem Rex Reginæ:
Oh! Reginæ, quâ non ſine.
Et tu, pica pulvinaris,
Quod cum Jove fabularis.
Quod nequis videre quivit,
Nec audire, illa ſcivit.
Quod nec factum eſt, nec fit,
Nec futurum, illa ſcit.

Our Author has borrowed this Part of his Character of *Fame* from the *Trinummus* of *Plautus*, where old *Megaronides* inveighs againſt the *Famigeratores* or Tale-Bearers, who make ſo much miſchief by meddling impertinently in every Body's Buſineſs.

Ver. 281. *When he drove the War-Chariot* &c.

Currum agit, & Ductorem
Ære ciet graviorem.

That is, whenever ſhe found him ſlow or indiſpoſed to fight (for ſo I underſtand *graviorem* to ſignify here) ſhe excited his Courage by the warlike Notes of her Trumpet.

In the *Amſterdam* Edition, for *Ductorem* we read *Doctorem*, and the firſt Line runs thus;

Currum agit ad *Doctorem*:
Ære ciet, *&c.*

which wholly alters the Senſe; and requires a very different Interpretation.

Sounding dreadful her Trump, all his Foes ſhe defied:
And altho' he's ungodded, ſhe ſtill is his Guide.
Still ſhe ventures her Neck, to demonſtrate her Love,
By revealing Court-Secrets debated above.
Firſt ſhe told him, How *Phœbus* ſurvey'd the old Wife,
And obſerv'd all her Arts, and examin'd her Life;
And condemn'd all he ſaw, or pretends to foreſee.
(Here ſhe read and expounded the famous Decree.)
Then minutely relating, How *Jove* was provok'd
By the Conſort's Addreſs, and how *Momus* had jok'd,
She aſſur'd him (but ſpoke it with Tears in her Eyes)
That he ne'er cou'd have Hopes to reviſit the Skies.
With a Smile ſhe proceeds; to a tittle repeats
All the *Paphian* had utter'd, her Taunts and her Threats;
When ſhe raillied the *Sun* for his Edict Imperial,
And preſuming to meddle in Matters *Venereal.*

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 285. *Still ſhe ventures* &c.

Quæ, ut olim, nunc arcana
Cœli prodit male fana;
Vera falſa fabulatur;
Capite periclitatur,
Martis ergô; *nec donatur.*

He means, that ſhe now hazards her Neck by her Treaſon, in diſcovering the Councils of the Gods, as ſhe did formerly by her furious Manner of Driving.

Here

Here ſhe added, That *Venus* (and tho' ſhe ſpoke faſt,
Her Deſcription was clear, and her Language was chaſte)
Male-creating, had made the old Toast Reparation:
And ſhe ſhew'd him the Length of his Wife's—— Transformation.
Here ſhe dropt a ſhort Curt'ſy, and haſten'd to Town
To report the ſtrange News, and old *Myra*'s Renown,
In the College and Senate, the Tholſel and Court;
Still enlarging her Theme, as ſhe made her Report.
The *Chevalier* mean while, after ſilent Debate,
Wiſely judg'd this Event was the Criſis of Fate.
In a Rage he roſe up and caſt off his old Frize;
And the Flame, was like Lightning, which flaſh'd from his Eyes.
Like a Drum his Heart beat, and it burnt like a Coal;
Equal Courage and Hatred poſſeſſing his Soul.

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 299. —— *and tho' ſhe ſpoke faſt* &c.

Raptim—ſed & verba plena,
Nec obſcura, nec obſcœna.

The Poet ſeems to applaud himſelf, that he has been able to deſcribe the *Metamorphoſis* of *Myra* without making uſe of any Terms, that can poſſibly offend a modeſt Ear.

What! becauſe in his Cups he once mention'd her Name,
" Shall *Apollo* (he cry'd) thus chaſtiſe the old Dame?
" And ſhall I God of War, to whom Vengeance belongs,
" Ever patient forbear, and ſubmit to my Wrongs?
" Cou'd I now at threeſcore a Wife-Monſter defeat;
" (Be the Labour *Herculean*, the Glory is great!)
" Such a Conqueſt wou'd ſurely loſt Honour reſtore;
" And the Drubbing might then be remember'd no more.
Thus the Warrior—And graſping his *Couteau de Chaſſe*,
Thrice he brandiſh'd the Weapon, and thrice made a Paſs.
Then he ſlung on his Muff, which no other cou'd wield,
Of a Sable ſo thick, it might ſerve for a Shield:
And altho' the bright Fur to his Belt was made faſt,
Yet it haply thus prov'd to be Armour well plac'd.

Then

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 313. *What! becauſe in his Cups* &c.

Caſu fortè veſpertina
Quòd *Apollo* inter vina
Nomen *Miræ* pronuntiavit,
Nonne *Miram* caſtigavit?
Omnia *Phœbo* an licere?
Liceat Deum me præbere.
Virum ſaltem:—*ſi non*; *ner e*

Tir-Oen here remarks, that the Warrior wou'd inſinuate the Injuſtice of *Apollo*'s Edict, tho' he rejoiced that the Sorcereſs had been thus chaſtiſed. He did not allow any Acts of Vengeance to be lawful, in which he was not principally concerned.

Ver. 325. ——*to his Belt was made faſt*, &c.

Sed,

Then a Full-bottom'd PERUKE with care he unfolded,
By the Fates long preſerv'd, elſe his Conſort had ſold it:
'Twas invented by *Pallas*, and faſhion'd by *Van*,
As Tradition reports, in the Firſt of Queen *Ann*:
So enormous the Bulk, and ſo pond'rous the Hair;
Such a Cov'ring no Head, that was mortal, could bear:
Modern Mortals, I ween, as are born in our Days,
To adorn a Court-Circle, Aſſemblies and Plays.
Nor unequal the Length, for it flow'd to his Knees:
Fifty Bobs it wou'd make, or a hundred Toupees.
Then he kemb'd it with Art; and, as Beaux *Alamode*
Dight their Fore-locks and Tails, ſo unſparing he ſtrew'd,

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Sed, de cingulo dum pendet
Pellis iſta, vim defendit.

See Ver. 202. Book II.

Ver. 329. *'Twas invented by* Pallas, &c.

Quantum hoc *Capillamentum*
Multi-color! quod inventum
Arte Palladis, & *Vannæ*
Studio textum *Primo Annæ*.
Nec ſubiret quis cervice
Illud, immortalis niſi.
Haud mortales bis ſex tales,
Nunc producit tellus quales.

Theſe Full-bottomed Perukes were in Faſhion at the beginning of Queen *Ann*'s Reign. The Price commonly paid for one of them was 40 or 50 Guineas. I ſuppoſe it was intended to preſerve the Faſhion and Remembrance of theſe famous Periwigs, that we find a Pattern of them carved in Stone, and placed in *Weſtminſter* Abbey. It ſerves there to cover the Head of a brave rough Admiral. Methinks I could have directed the Statuary to a fitter Subject.

Vannæ
Studio

Van Horutener, a *Dutchman*, a noted Periwig-maker in thoſe Days.

Nec ſubiret, *&c.*

This is imitated from *Virgil*, *Æneid* 12. Ver. 899. But it is much more judiciouſly applied here than in the *Roman* Poet. With all due Reverence to the Aſhes of that divine Author be it ſpoken!

Well

Well diffus'd thro' the whole, a full Bag of fine Meal;
More than erſt the fam'd *Trompington* Miller durſt ſteal.
Molly trembled to ſee, nor was able to ſpeak,
Such a Waſte, as deſtroy'd all the Pies of the Week.
But the Hero this Lore in a Viſion was taught:
And perhaps it was *Phœbus*, who inſpir'd the Thought.
Me the Bard let him alſo inſtruct in a Dream!
Let me fancy the *Liffy*, like *Helicon*'s Stream!
Let my Notes, as my Subject is martial, be ſhrill!
And the Muſes here ſhape to a Trumpet my Quill!
Now the Warrior impatient his Arms to eſſay,
Drove as furious, as *Jehu*, to *Uſher*'s new Quay.

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 340. *More than erſt the fam'd Trompington &c.*

Et menſuram hercle tantam,
Iſte *Trompingtonius* quantam
Haud furatus olim, pollinis. Timore pallet *Molly*.

See an Account of the Miller of *Trompington* in the *Reves* Tale in *Chaucer*. *Molly* was the Knight's Houſe-keeper.

Ver. 347. *Let my Notes, as my Subject is martial*, &c.

Bella pluſquam hæc civilia,
Dictu licet difficilia,
Muſa, dic:
Sed materiæ æqui-para
Carmen—*Taratantarara!*
Muſa, ſic.

This ſeems to be an Imitation of *Taſſo*, *Cant.* 6.

Hor qui, muſa rinforza in mè la voce,
Et furor pari à quel furor m' inſpira:
Si che non ſian de l'opre indegni i Carmi,
Et l' eſprima il mio Canto il ſuon de l'armi.

Ver. 349. *Now the Warrior impatient &c.*

Rem tentare jam optabat
Armis; & cui *Uſher* dabat
Nomen (iras nec frænabat)
Curru vehitur in vicum:
Verbum dicam haud iniquum,
Conferatur *Jehu* ſi cum.

I have before informed the Reader, that the *Hermaphrodite* lived in a Street (in *Dublin*) which is called *Uſher*'s *Quay*.

Here

Here alighting he enter'd *Androgyne*'s Dome;
Tho' a Brazen-Head ſwore, That ſhe was not at Home.
Nor recall'd him a Voice, as he mounted the Stairs;
Tho' the Treble ſqueak'd thrice, *Sir, my Lady's at Prayers.*
Nor abated his Rage, when he reach'd the firſt Floor:
But, without previous Rap, he forc'd open the Door;
And ſurpriz'd (well-a-day!) the great *Friga* and *Frow*
In a Poſture——the Muſe muſt not venture to ſhew!
So uncommon, it ſcap'd *Peter Aretine*'s Touch;
Nor was practis'd before, but on *Sappho*'s own Couch.
Thus the Warrior began; " Pretty Lambkins at play!
" Lo the Fervour, with which great *Hermaphrodites* pray!
The Virago bounc'd up; and, her *Impy* bedight,
Unabaſh'd ſhe advanc'd, thus upbraiding the Knight:
" What intends this Antique? What are you, who preſume
" To diſturb my Repoſe, and intrude to my Room?

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 358. *In a Poſture—— the Muſe &c.*

Queis figuris, quibus modis,
Viribus, Venereis nodis,
Inter ſeſe amplexantur,
Inter ſeſe implicantur;
Muſæ nefas caſtæ fari.
Tales auſus nec tentare
Iſte *Petrus*——at al-ibi
Forſan Sappho fecit ſibi.

Mr. *Scheffer* here alludes to a Set of obſcene Pictures, which are called *Peter Aretine*'s Poſtures. *Myra* invented many others, and made Additions and Improvements to *Aretine*'s Collection.

" Do you come here to rob, or my Manhood to try?
" Or has *Traulus* prevail'd on your Knightſhip to ſpy?
" Boaſt the noble Adventure; indulge your mad Spleen;
" Bid your Trumpeter ſound the rare Feats, you have ſeen!
" Say, to help the good Wife, I have form'd a new Plan,
" And, as thou art turn'd Child, I am ripen'd to Man;
" That I double the Favours, which now I beſtow,
" And create two *Cornuto's*, embracing one *Frow*.
Thus inſulting ſhe ſpake. *Al* ſcornfully hiſt,
Till the Elfin he ſilenc'd by ſhaking his Fiſt.

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 368. *Or has* Traulus *prevail'd* &c.

Anne dolos nunc molitus,
Novos hoſce concu-bitûs
Juſſit *Traulus* explorare?
Anne palam prædicare?

The Sorcereſs mortally hated the Huſband of her Imp, and ever abuſed him in the groſſeſt manner behind his Back. And yet ſhe had ſuch an Aſcendant over him, that he did not dare to go abroad but in her Leading-ſtrings.

Ver. 370. *Bid the Trumpeter ſound* &c.

Inſla buccas; buccinato;
Buccinæque hoc mandato
Famæ opus: indici-a des:
Dic, quæ poſſumus *Tri-bades*.

Fame was Sir *Mars* his Trumpeter; and employ'd by him to ſpread all his Stories, whether political or amorous, true or falſe.

Ver. 379. *And create two* Cornuto's

Hanc mellillam ineundo,
(Ineundo, dum abundo)
Eccos duos fœdos feros,
Senes faciam corni-geros:
Sic & aliis nuptis fiet;
Sic mœchorum minus fiet.

Here the *Hermaphrodite* boaſts of the great Benefit ſhe had received by her Metamorphoſis, as being now in a Condition to make two *Cornuto's* (meaning Sir *Mars* and *Traulus*) by embracing one Wife. At the ſame time ſhe inſinuates, that ſhe was able to do the Work of an hundred Men, and could in her own Perſon, ſupply the Neceſſities of all the married Women in *Dublin*.

Doubled hard was his Fiſt, and tremendous it ſhook;
And ſo felly he ſtamp'd; and ſo ſtern was his Look!
For a Shelter ſhe fled under *Friga*'s broad Hoop;
As a Biddy-Chick flies to the Hen in a Coop.
Here we leave her **Beſhet** (thus ſings my Friend *Kelly*)
Like the Daughters of *Sin* in the *Semivir*'s Belly.

But

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 381. *Here we leave her* **Beſhet** &c.

Bellè habet; nam ha-bet
Concham *Frigæ*. Sic **Beſhet**?
Sic, ſic, ſi qua fides *Kelly*,
Qui primordia belli bellè
Scripſit, ſales tinctos felle.

Habet Concham, i. e. *tenet, poſſidet. Piſciculi parvi in Concham hiantem innatant.* Cicero. This Expreſſion gives us a proper Idea of our Author's Meaning.

Beſhet: The *Dutch* Commentators pretend, that *Beſhet* is an Error of the Preſs, it being neither a *Latin* or a *Greek* Word; and they think, that in the Place of it we ought to read *Latet*. But *Tir-Oen* aſſures us, that he ſaw a Manuſcript in *Scheffer*'s own Hand-writing, which has *Beſhet*. He adds, that *Beſhet* is an old *Engliſh* Word frequently uſed by *Chaucer*, which ſignifies, *Hid*, or *Shut up*. And ſo we find it explained in the Gloſſaries. I wonder it ſhould have eſcaped the Notice of *Cuper* and *Wetſtein*, becauſe the Word is originally *Dutch*.

Si qua fides *Kelly*.

Father *Kelly* of *Sligo*, wrote a Poem in Hexameter Verſe, intitled, *Mars Crinitus*, ſeu, *Duellum Joculare*. This Poem was publiſhed in *Dublin* in the Year 1730. The Reader by comparing it with this laſt Book of *Scheffer*, will perceive how far our Author has been obliged to the Reverend Father. The Place particularly hinted at by Mr. *Scheffer*, is in theſe Lines.

Indignata viri geſtûs aſſibilat ALI.
At ſimul ac Pygmææ inſtat, pugnumque minatur,
Illa fugit retro mingens, & (credite vati)
Aſcendit molem, latitatque in gurgite vaſto
Immanis MIRÆ.

Our Author, who has all along been careful to relate only Matters of Fact, queſtioned perhaps the Veriſimilitude of this Circumſtance, and therefore would not venture to mention it without a Voucher. But notwithſtanding his Doubts, yet the Truth of this Account has never been ſuſpected by the moſt knowing Naturaliſts of this Iſland. And I well remember the following Epigram, which was written upon the Marriage of *Mars* and *Myra*.

Why ſay you, Sirs, thylke Knight's poſſeſt?
Since *Venus* kindly made the Wedding;
That her old Servant, ſo diſtreſs'd,
Might have a Hole to put his Head in.

Ver. 382. *Like the Daughters of* Sin &c.

But the ſlippery Floor, over-flow'd by her Fright,
To revenge the Affront, had nigh tript up the Knight:
Tho', in wreſtling well skill'd, he recover'd his Feet;
Yet his Viſage turn'd pale, and he felt his Heart beat.
Ill preſage! And had *Friga* but made a right Uſe
Of a Hint ſo inſtructive, and op'd her own Sluice;
Swelling high the *Imp*'s Pool in a Torrent had run;
And the Battle had ended, as ſoon as begun.
Tho' ſo fearleſs, the Knight muſt have quitted his Ground,
Or oppoſing the Deluge (ſtrange hap!) have been drown'd.

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Monſtra quæ inferna genuit
Filias Mors: (*nec adhuc ſenuit.*)
Mortem Milton *fecit marem.*
Quid ni ego Frigam *parem?*

See in *Milton*'s *Paradiſe-Loſt*, Book II. the Deſcription of the Hell-Hounds begot by *Death*, by ingendering with his Mother *Sin.*

Ver. 383. *But the ſlippery Floor* &c.
Martem mala terrent fata;
Qui veſtigia titubata
Vix te-nuit; vix evaſit,
Nunc dum turpis madefacit
Pavimentum ani-cula
Ales, quaſi meiens mula.

I nunc, mœcha, nec callidior,
Sed nec mœcha; te putidior
Verba dat.
I nunc, probri me incuſa:
Quam mî, rixam tibi Muſa
Exci-tat.
Te, quæ tuos lumbos fregit,
In Iambos meos egit,
Plus quàm ſat.

The Beginning of this famous Combat affords a moſt ridiculous Image, and would be a proper Subject for a Droll Painter.

The Verſes in *Italic* Characters are an Apoſtrophe to *Myra*'s Imp. They are not amiſs in the *Latin:* But the Narration would be too much interrupted by a Tranſlation.

Meiens mula.

qualem deſeſſus in æſtu
Meientis mulæ. Catullus.

But

But a Conqueſt unmanly great *Friga* rejected,
Nor the Force of her Arm or her Proweſs ſuſpected.
Too ſecure! that Sir *Mars* durſt not offer a Blow,
She employ'd all her Thoughts how to railly her Foe.
With her Foot a long Stream from the Puddle ſhe drew:
" Lo! a *Granic*, or *Boyne* for a Warrior like you!
" Or a Sea, if I pleaſe; and as *Hercules* thus,
" Or his Pillar I ſtand, and pronounce my *Ne plus*.
Scoffing thus as ſhe ſpake, making aukward Grimace;
At a Ford the Knight paſs'd, and ſpit full in her Face.
Such a ſudden Aſſault the Virago alarms,
Turns her Scorn into Rage: Rage furniſhes Arms.

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 397. *With her Foot* &c.

Pes (ex pede *Frigam!*) magno
Duxit ex urinæ ſtagno
Lineam rectam: rivum finxit.
Quis commodius metuit, minxit?
Granicus, ſeu *Boyna* hic ſit!
An tranare, miles? dixit.
Si——Hercu-lem eccam *Frœam*,
Aut columnam Herculeam!
Viden'? Hic oceanus ſit:
*Marſ*que mus ſit, ſi *Mars* muſſet.
Mars ſit, mus ſit; hìc, NE PLUS SIT.

The *Granicus* is a River of the leſſer *Phrygia*, which *Alexander* paſſed, when he fought the great Army of the *Perſians*.

The *Boyne* is a River, which hath been ſufficiently celebrated by the Victory obtained by King *William*.

Columnam Herculeam!

The two Hills, which are ſeen as you enter the Streights of *Gibraltar*, one on the *Barbary* Side, and the other on the Side of *Spain*, are called *Hercules*'s Pillars: Becauſe 'tis ſaid, that here *Hercules* ended his Travels, and ſet up two Pillars, as the Bounds of the World, with this Inſcription, *Ne Plus Ultra*, ſince there was no going further by Land.

Ver. 404. *Turns her Scorn into Rage: Rage* &c.

Siccin' audes? Sputo uror,
Spurce, tuo? Duro, duror;
En! miniſtrat arma furor.

Whoever hath read *Scheffer*'s Poem in the Original, muſt have obſerved, that our Combatants are apt to beſtow very foul Names on each other. It would be indecent to give them any Room in my Tranſlation; but they ſound well enough in *Latin*, and I believe they were properly applied.

In

In the Room were two Tables: One rich in decay,
Lac'd and mantled with Velvet, was hollow'd for Play:
Here the Bales of new Cards in good Order were plac'd,
And the Surface with Shoals of Pearl-Fiſhes was grac'd.
But the other, rare Work of the Artiſts of *Inde*,
Bore a Service for Tea-Compotations deſign'd;
Cups and Saucers well-ſuited, and caſt in a Mould;
All inlaid with bright Flourets, and border'd with Gold:
Nor thy Toilets, great * *, ſuch Colours diſplay;
Nor thy Perſon is form'd of ſo noble a Clay.
Now a handful of Fiſhes old *Friga* ſnatch'd up,
Aiming right at his Head; now a Saucer or Cup:
But his Caution in War the Knight had not forgot,
And by opportune *Ducking* avoided the Shot.
Tho' his Cranium eſcap'd, not unhurt he remain'd:
For by bending ſo oft the Back-Muſcles were ſtrain'd;
And a Motion ſo vi'lent rais'd aſthmatick Cough,
Forc'd the Buttons from old Galligaskins fly off.

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 413. *Nor thy Toilets, great* * * *ſuch Colours* &c.

* * * * nec colores,
Quos ſumpſiſti, ſplendidiores;
Nec præcordia veſtra puto
Fingi meliore luto.

Tir-Oen pretends to know the Lady, to whom Mr. *Scheffer* addreſſes himſelf in this Place. But then, ſays my Countryman, *Haud noſtrum eſt Commentariolo divulgare, quod ipſe Poeta vel nos celare voluit.* "*It does not become me to diſcover* "*what the Poet has endeavoured to con-* "*ceal even from* us.

Thus

Thus embarraſs'd, and pain'd by his Strains and his Stitches,
Ere the Knight could recover his Breath or his Breeches,
The Virago remarking his Points were untruſs'd,
Sudden drew out her Bodkin, and made a Home-thruſt:
Cou'd ſhe touch the ſoft Part, where he ſuffer'd before,
Like a Cur-Dog, ſhe knew, he wou'd run and he'd roar.
But her Effort was vain: For the ſhagged old Muff
Well reſiſted the Point, as a Sev'n-fold of Buff.
And, as now ſhe endeavour'd to draw back the Spear,
With a brawny broad Palm twice he meaſur'd her Ear.

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 427. *Cou'd ſhe touch the ſoft Part*, &c.

Ah! ſi acu, ut Tydides
Haſtâ olim, *(ſeria rides?)*
Magnâ *Martis* tangat rem;
(Res nudata auget ſpem:)
Tunc, qui fortiter pugnabat,
Et minaciter latrabat,
Caudam trahens ulularet;
Ulularet, terga daret.
Canis enim eſt villaticus
Ille noſter *Mars* venaticus.

Homer tells us, that *Mars* was wounded by *Diomed* in the Groin, which made him run away and roar, as is deſcribed in the Note on Ver. 217. Book I.

Tu miſer exclamas, ut Stentora vincere poſſis,
Vel potius quantum GRADIVUS HOMERICUS. *Juv.*

Rem acu tangere, in *Plautus*, ſignifies, *To hit the Nail on the Head.* It has a different Senſe in this Place.

Ver. 430.——*as a Sev'n-fold of Buff.*

That is, as a Shield or Buckler lined with ſeven-folds of Leather; for ſo it is in the Original.

Ut ſeptemplex clypeus; quaſi
Mars hic ſimilis Ajaci.

Dominus clypei ſeptemplicis *Ajax*. Ovid.

The Buckler of *Turnus* was made in the ſame manner.

Oraſque recludit
Loricæ, & clypei extremos ſeptemplicis *Orbes.* Æneid. Lib. XII.

Di mond

Di'mond Ring, that was Pendant, impreſs'd a deep Wound,
And the Walls of the Hotel re-eccho'd the Sound.
Such a Rage, as provokes the old Fiſh-Wife to ſcold,
Or a Miſer, or Gameſter, for Loſs of his Gold;
As deſcends from the Moon into **'s great Head,
Or his Conſort has practis'd with ** in Bed;
Or as *Elrington* feigns, if in Buskins he's dreſt:
Such the Fury, which now mighty *Friga* poſſeſt.
To ſupply the Defect of her Bodkin and Shot,
From the Grate ſhe lug'd out a long Poker red-hot:
Nor unskilfull ſhe couch'd it, and ran at the Knight;
Thus at once well eſſaying to finiſh the Fight.
Fend, ye Gods, your own Hero! In *Flanders* nor *Spain*,
Nor where'er in his Youth he had made a Campaign,
Was his Danger ſo great; nor in War had he ſeen,
By a Dæmon invented, this dreadful Machine!

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 443. *Nor unskilful ſhe couch'd it*, &c.

Et igniferam, & vaſtam
Jam coruſcat Saga haſtam;
Et perita coruſcare,
Peritiſſima pugnare.

Tir-Oen informs us, that he hath ſeen an excellent Picture of the *Hermaphrodite* by *Vanderbank*, with a long *Poker* couched in her Reſt; as the Knights-Combatants with their Spears are generally drawn in Romances.

But——as feeble Court-Beaux luſty Wood-Nymphs ſurpriſe,
And prevail by the Snuff, which they caſt in their Eyes;
Or, as *African* Monkies will make a bold Stand,
And repulſe the fell Lion with Handfuls of Sand:
Such the Art of Sir *Mars*, when he found his Diſtreſs,
Such his Preſence of Mind, and as great his Succeſs!
For remembring the Arms, which he kept in Reſerve,
Lo! he ſnatch'd off his WIG, tho' he ſtrain'd ev'ry Nerve;
Then retiring three Steps, to avoid the dire Paſs,
And collect his whole Force, threw it right in her Face.
Pointed Atoms of Powder, in *Friga*'s red Orbs
Deep infix'd, unreſiſting the Fluid abſorbs:

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 451. *Or as* African *Monkies* &c.

Aut montana callidorum
Sicut cohors ſimiorum,
Peperit quos Jubæ, vel uſta *Abiſſinorum* tellus.

Ludolphus, in his Hiſtory of *Æthiopia*, informs us, that when a Troop of Monkies are purſued by a Lion, which frequently happens, they immediately run to a Sand-hill, and defend themſelves, by throwing Sand in the Lion's Eyes.

Ver. 454. *Such his Preſence of Mind*, &c.

Viris, ſimiis haud impar his
Arte, animoque Ἄρης.

Tir-Oen will not allow the Praiſe here beſtow'd upon Sir *Mars* to be juſt: Becauſe it appears, that he put on the full-bottom'd PERUKE with Malice Propenſe, and with an intent to uſe it in this hoſtile manner, tho' he had not been aſſaulted with the Poker.

Ver. 456. *Lo! he ſnatch'd off his Wig*, &c.

Igneam haſtam inhibebat
Mars; in frontem intorquebat
Belluæ hoc pulverulentum
(En collectum robur! en tum!
Rabiæ *Capillamentum*.

By *Pulverulentum*, he means, a Wig full of Powder.

And a Torrent of Tears, while ſhe bellows and raves,
Now impetuous deſcending, the Salt-Water Waves
Roll a dreery wide Waſte all a down her broad Cheeks;
And of all the fine Red only leave a few Streaks.

Thus a gorgeous crown'd Head, hung aloft for a Sign
To invite thirſty Mortals to tipple bad Wine,
By the Tempeſts of *Jove* ſo disfigur'd I've ſeen,
That the Muſe wou'd ſpeak Treaſon to call it a Queen.

Thro' impatience of Pain, or the ſudden Surpriſe,
That her Hands might be free to give Eaſe to her Eyes,
Friga threw down the Poker, which brent, where it lay;
And the Mark (that to Strangers is ſhewn at this Day)

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 465. *Thus a gorgeous crown'd Head* &c.

Sic (nam vidi) ſic Regina
(Quænam dice? oh! oh!—Ina)
Purpurata, coronata,
Ceruſſata & aurata,
Delicatis dat cœnare,
Vinolentis dat potare;
Quam miratur Regius tribus,
Et adorat multi-bibus.
At quum hyemata ploret,
Jovis nimbo cum laboret;
Tunc Reginam quis adoret?
O quàm fœda tunc Regilla!
Manet formæ pars quantilla!
Dic viator——Fuit illa!

Et tu voces mitte mœſtas,
Muſa, pro Reginâ quæ ſtas;
Si non;—læſa ſit Majeſtas.

In moſt Countries of *Europe*, it is cuſtomary to hang up Royal Heads for Tavern-Signs, eſpecially the Heads of Princes Regnant: And this is accounted an high Reſpect, however wretched the Daubings may be. The Heads of Subjects are never honoured in this Manner while they are living, unleſs they have rendered ſome eminent Services to their Country, or are otherwiſe diſtinguiſhed by ſome ſuperior Excellencies, and extraordinary Merit: Of which I remember but three Inſtances in my Time, Prince *Eugene*'s Head at *Bruſſels*, Sir *Iſaac Newton*'s in *London*, and the *Drapier*'s in *Dublin*.

Uneffac'd by the Rubber, or Carpenter's Plane,
Like the Blood of St. *Becket* ſhall ever remain.

Now it was, that great *Jove*, who the Combat ſurvey'd,
Putting forth his Gold Scales, both the Combatants weigh'd;
Here he plac'd the huge *Friga*, there dangled the Knight;
And the Gods, who beheld them, were pleas'd with the Sight:
Mars aſcended, as if from the *Greeks* he had fled;
And the *Semivir* ſunk like a Statue of Lead.
Sure Preſage of their Fates!—But ſhou'd *Scheffer* pretend
To declare in a Word, how the Battle wou'd end;

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 474. *Like the Blood of St. Becket &c.*

Maculiſque ſanguineis
Ut inſigne marmor, queis
Quidam *Thomas* Divus factus,
Quidam Rex eſt reus actus.

In the Church of *Canterbury* they ſhew ſome red Spots upon the Pavement near the Altar; which, they ſay, is the Blood of *Thomas à Becket*, and cannot be waſhed out.

Ver. 475. *Now it was* &c.

Ac, nè bellum ſine fine,
Nunc æquato exa-mine
Duas lances, ſed au-reas,
Quas haud ſuſtinere queas,
Sator Divûm ſuſti-nuit;
Horum fata impo-ſuit.
Ecce ſurgit *Mars* velocius;
Vel, cùm fugiat hoſtes, ocyus:
Ingens *Frigæ* moles, dum bumamma cadit, quaſi plumbum.
Rident Dei *Martem*, *mulam*.
O rem verè ridi-culam!

This is imitated from *Homer*, *Iliad* XXII. where *Jupiter* weighs the Fates of *Hector* and *Achilles*; and from *Virgil*, *Æneid* XII. where he weighs the Fates of *Æneas* and *Turnus*.

Bumamma, or *Bumaſtus*, properly ſignifies a kind of Grape, which is like a Woman's Teat. But here it ſignifies a Woman with great Breaſts, reſembling the Udders of a Cow; *Vaccæ mammam magnitudine referens. Ruæus.*

You'd object, he wants Skill to eke out the Relation,
Or has ſpoil'd a good Tale by an Anticipation:
Yet you wot here what *Homer*, or *Maro* wou'd ſay;
And in Staticks perhaps I'm as learned, as they.

Well! behold the *Don Donna* depriv'd of her Arms!
What remains for Defence, but to mumble her Charms?
Thrice ſhe ſtampt——and invok'd all the Furies below,
Or to open her Eyes, or to fetch off her Foe;
Or to change the old Knight to a little grey Rat,
And herſelf (ſuch ſhe often hath been) to a Cat.
But a *Dæmon*, when call'd for, but rarely attends,
And, as Sages remark, ſtill betrays his beſt Friends.
This ſhe prov'd to her Coſt: Nor her Curſes, nor Prayers
Aught availing to raiſe him, the Hockle deſpairs,

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 491. *Or to change the old Knight &c.*

Ipſe ſit exigu-us mus,
Ruſticus mus, vetu-lus mus!
Ipſa ſiem fortis felis!
Quanta, Hecate, tu velis!

It is, I think, allowed by all, who have any Skill in the Doctrine of Witchcraft, as the ſame is now practiſed in the *Britiſh* Iſlands, and all the Territories thereunto belonging, that Witches, by the Aſſiſtance of their Imps or Familiars, are at any time able to change themſelves into Cats; that they chuſe the Form of thoſe Animals preferable to all others. At leaſt the Truth of this hath never been queſtioned by thoſe learned Men, who have written with the greateſt Perſpicuity on this abſtruſe Subject; as the Reader will find, by conſulting *Glanvil*, the Hiſtory of the *New-England* Witches, *&c.*

Ver. 496. *Aught availing to raiſe him, the* Hockle *&c.*

Opem *Hecate* negabat;
Victoriamque deſperabat,
Fugam quoque Heterocliton. Τις; Hic, hæc *Hockle.*

Hockle is a *Dutch* Word, of the ſame Signification with *Haeggerre*, which our Author uſes in another Place: In *Engliſh* an *Hag*.

Moving

Moving cautious and ſlow, or to this or that Side;
As a Whale among Rocks, when he loſes his Guide.
Now to ſeize the old Warrior, or find out a Chair,
She extends both her Arms; but ſhe fill's 'em with Air:
And the Knight, as around her thus darkling ſhe feels,
Steals behind her on Tip-toe, and trips up her Heels.
Heavy falls the vaſt Lump with a greater rebound,
Than the Giant, who cover'd nine Acres of Ground.
By ſo rude a Blow ſtun'd, without Motion ſhe lies,
And indignant her Soul ſeems to ruſh from her Eyes.
But the Hero well judging, that *maſculine* Wives
Often riſe from the Dead, and like Cats have nine Lives,

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 498. *As a Whale among Rocks*, &c.

Sic in rupes bellua ruit,
Socius piſcis ſi abfuit.

The Whale is always guided by a little Fiſh, which ſwims juſt before him, and is called his Pilot. See an Account of this Fiſh, and his Friendſhip for the Whale in *Oppian*'s *Halieuticks*, Book V.

Ver. 504. *Than the Giant*, &c.

Pondereque (*ego aſto*)
Concidit ad terram vaſto,
Graviterque *Friga* fera;
Qualiterque, per ju-gera
Cui porrectum giganteum
Corpus erat (quem Ζεὺς reum
Jam peregit) tota novem.
Tota novem? Sic per Jovem.

The Poet here means the Giant *Tityus*, the Son of *Jupiter* and *Elara*. He was killed by *Apollo* for attempting to raviſh *Latona*. The Body of this Giant (if you will believe the old Poets) was of ſuch a prodigious Bulk, that it reached over nine Acres of Ground. See *Odyſſ.* 11. *Æneid.* 6. *Ovid. Met.* 4.

The Reader cannot but remark the Parentheſis in the firſt Verſe *(Ego aſto)* which if it be not inſerted for the ſake of the Rhime only, is a Proof, that Mr. *Scheffer* was preſent during this famous Combat.

To assure his Success, and the Conquest compleat,
With her Garters fast bound both her Hands, and her Feet:
Singing loud *Io Pæans*, when thus he had tied her,
Like the Saint on the Dragon, he straddled astride her.
Happy Thought! For as thus stood triumphant our Knight,
The Virago recov'ring her Senses, and Sight,
Strives to break her new Bonds, and the Poker regain;
And applies all her Strength: But her Struggles are vain.
Such the impotent Effort, which makes an old Goat,
Lying bound on his Back, and the Knife at his Throat;

Or

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 512. *Like the Saint on the Dragon*, &c.

Ut terribilem prædonem
O! *Georgi*, tu Draconem.
O! *Georgi! Quid hæc vox?*
Oh! Non Rex—Sed Cappadox:
Divus idem; sed atrox.

St. *George* the Patron of *England*. He was a famous Warrior of *Cappadocia*, who among other great Actions, slew the most terrible Dragon that ever appeared in the World, in Defence of a fair Maid. He afterwards fought in Defence of the Christian Faith, and was crowned with Martyrdom. For a more particular Account of his Life and Actions, I must refer the Reader to the curious *History of the Seven Champions of Christendom*. There are very fair Monuments of his Victory over the Dragon to be seen at this Day in every Town in *England*.

The famous Order of the Garter was instituted in Honour of this Saint. And the Knights Companions are obliged to wear the Image of St. *George*, trampling on the Dragon, appendant to a Blue Ribbon.

Ver. 517. *Such the impotent Effort*, &c.

Capri frustra sic barbati,
Cum jam pedes alligati,
Cædi jubet quos tyrannus,
Lanio *viz. Cambro-Britannus*,

Vires,

Or a Tortoiſe, when turn'd to ſecure the freſh Prey:
So indecent her Poſture! ſo helpleſs ſhe lay!
While the Victor inſulting now whiſtles, now gibes;
And at length theſe Conditions of Ranſom preſcribes.
Firſt, To beg in low Terms of Submiſſion, her Life;
To renounce all the Rights, and the Title of Wife;
Reſtitution to make him in Bills, or in Gold,
For the Horſes, and Patents, and Plate ſhe had ſold;
Never more to accuſe him of Madneſs or Folly;
Or (*Querelle d'Almand*) to be jealous of *Molly*.
But the Hero's Demands, tho' ſo juſt they were fram'd,
The Virago rejecting, thus furious exclaim'd:

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Vires, vincula ten-tant.
Tutum iter currunt, nant
Mexicanæ teſtu-dines;
(Nare, currere ſi ſines)
Sin has nautæ reſupinant,
Neque currunt, neque (hei!) nant;
Malos nautas ſed ſagi-nant.
Ut teſtudo victa, ita
Turpis *Friga* nunc eſt ſita:
Turpe ſita; nec quid quita.

The Manner of taking the Land and Sea Tortoiſes, is by turning them on their Backs. See *Dampier*, &c.

Ver. 527. *Never more to accuſe him* &c.

Μαινό-μενε, Φρένας ἤλε,
Tuum Χαῖρε, ſaga, dele.
Nec prætexas veſtram culpam:
Nec objicias mihi, pulpam
Criminique noſtram *Molly*;
Nec me (*Querelle d'Almand!*) olli.

The two firſt Verſes are variouſly interpreted by the Commentators. I underſtand them in this Senſe, *You are not at any Time hereafter to call me* Fool and Madman, *which hitherto have been the uſual Appellations you have given me.*

I have before remarked, that *Molly* was the Knight's Houſe-keeper. The Sorcereſs pretended to be jealous of this Wench, whenever ſhe quarrelled and fought with her Husband.

" O ye

" O ye Powers of *Dis* be for ever accurſt!
" Falſe, ungrateful to all! To your own ſtill the Worſt!
" Have I conquer'd the Mighty, the Rich, and the Brave,
" Thus inglorious to fall by the Hands of my Slave?
" Ought ye not, ye foul Fiends, to prevent my Diſ-
grace, 535
" When ſo oft, to oblige you, I've ſtood in your Place?
" Will

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 531. " *O ye Powers of* Dis &c.

Furiæ! Manes! atri Ditis,
Vos, qui juſſa capeſſitis.

The old *Hermaphrodite*'s Expoſtulation with the Powers of *Dis* is very pathetick, and a remarkable Inſtance of their Ingratitude. Every Body wondered that ſhe would truſt them again, after they had deſerted her in ſuch a critical Juncture. But *Tir-Oen* ſays, that after the Battle, ſhe made a very advantageous League with them—by threatning to *repent*, and abſolutely refuſing to *poiſon* any *Man*, or *raviſh* any *Woman*, or *betray* any *Friend*, or *ſuborn* any *Evidence*, till they agreed to her own Terms. She likewiſe inſiſted, that the Articles ſhould be drawn up by *Dill*, or *I. Occo*.

——Atri Ditis.

Dis, or *Pluto*, was the Brother of *Jupiter* and *Neptune*, and the God and Sovereign of Hell. He was likewiſe the God of Riches, from whence he received his * Name. On that account he was held in great Veneration by the old *Pagans*, and had a principal Share in the Government of this World. He ſtill retains his Power in many Places, even in ſome Chriſtian Countries. In *Ireland* indeed he has but few Votaries; which I attribute to the excellent Lectures, and exemplary Lives of our Right Reverend, Self-denying Prelates. Altho' they are *ſhining Lights*, and *golden Candleſticks*, yet no-body will preſume to ſay they were lighted by *Pluto*'s Fire, or are made of his Metal.

Ver. 536. *When ſo oft, to oblige you*, &c.

Vices veſtras—Cùm in-cubus;
Cùm mî barba, horrens rubus:
Vices veſtras—Cùm ſuc-cuba;
Cùm civilis belli tuba.

My Verſion of theſe Lines is very imperfect. The *Engliſh* of them is this—*When I ſupplied your Place, and was an Incubus with a great black Beard like a Thorn-buſh; When I ſupplied your Place, and was a Succuba, raiſing a Civil War in all Places where I have lived.* This laſt is a truly diabolical Quality, and for which the Sorcereſs was eminently diſtinguiſhed. She was never admitted into a Houſe, where ſhe did not in a very few Days deſtroy the Peace of the Family. There

* He is called *Dis*, in *Latin*, from *Divitiis*; and *Pluto* in *Greek*, from Πλοῦτος; which ſignifies the ſame thing.

" Will ye ſuffer this Wretch on my Body to dance;
" Nor a Cloven-Foot now to my Succour advance?
" You! Who erſt, to divert me, have come at a Call,
" To impriſon Lord *I*——*s*, or to juggle old *Vol*;
" Or to ſink a Rake's Noſe, or to break a Fool's Shins;
" Or to pinch the fat Cook, and make Children ſpit Pins:
" But exert, Knight or Devils, your Malice and Wit!
" Yet my Mind is ſtill free, and I'll never ſubmit.
This enrag'd the Chevalier: He chang'd his mild Note;
And his Eyes, while he ſpake, were as red as his Coat.

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

There are at this Time ſubſiſting innumerable Quarrels between Fathers and Sons, Brothers and Sifters, Husbands and Wives, *&c.* which were created by the Artifices of this wicked *Hermaphrodite*. Father *Kelly*, in the ſame Poem, from which I have quoted ſome Lines above, introduces one of the Furies pronouncing her Panegyrick in a great Council held in the *Pandæmonium*.

I intend next Winter to publiſh a new Edition of Father *Kelly*'s Poem with Notes, *&c.*

Ver. 540. *To impriſon Lord* I——'s, *or to juggle old* Vol;

Sive *Traulum* occæcantes,
Sive *Vollo* verba dantes.

The Sorcereſs (ſays *Tir-Oen*) that ſhe might enjoy her Imp *Ali* with the greater Freedom, uſed to lock up *Traulus* in a Garret, and confine him there for a Month or ſix Weeks together by the Power of her Spells.

Sive *Vollo*, &c.

Vol, after his Bankruptcy, was a Slave to the Sorcereſs. He purveyed for her Pleaſures, and ſerved in the loweſt and baſeſt Offices; as I have remarked, Ver. 224. Book III.

Ver. 546. *And his Eyes while he ſpake* &c.

Τὸν, τὴν δ' ἀπαμ eques (quin ſit
Fortior) ita farier infit,
Sanguin' oculos ſuffectus,
Ut, cùm militârit, pectus;
Pectus;—ſagum cùm coccineum
Sibi induat, non ſanguineum.

Τὸν, τὴν δ' ἀπαμ, *i. e.* δ' απαμειβόμενος. I ſuppoſe our Author imagined, that every School-Boy could fill up τὸν δ' ἀπαμ. By τὸν τὴν he intends to expreſs the double Sex of the *Hermaphrodite*.

" Is it thus, when my Offers are civil, you dare me?
" Do you think, at Noon-Day, that your Goblins can
ſcare me?
" Or ſubmit——Or by *Styx* (*here he drew the broad
Blade*)
" Shall your Manhood as ſmooth, as black EUNUCH's,
be made.

Friga heard him, and trembled: The ſame Panick Fear
Seiz'd the *Imp* in her Hole; if the *Imp* was ſtill there!

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 549. *Or ſubmit* &c.

Te mî meâ! dixit, ultro
Stricto venatorio cultro.
Reſilieris? Per Styga
Jam inane nomen *Friga!*
Et, quæ ruis valdior tauro,
Fies vel Eunucho Mauro
Impotentior; *Mauro ſcauro.*

Quum infanda, digna ſtrige,
Vox percuſſit aures *Frigæ*;
O quàm metuebat ſibi!
O quàm, ſuccuba, tu tibi!
Si tunc loci eſſes ibi.
Ibi erat——Dum pugnabat
Friga, Ales *ſibilabat.*
Nonne fœdum illius os
(Marti *credere ſi vos*)
Vidit Mars *ter extuliſſe,*
Aut eſt viſus ſe vidiſſe;
Etiam ter occuluiſſe?

The three firſt Words, which have cauſed ſome Doubts among the *Latin* Commentators, *Tir-Oen* explains thus, *Te mihi meâ lege dedas.*

Eunucho Mauro.

I muſt refer my Reader to the *Eaſtern* Travellers, more particularly to thoſe, who have deſcribed the *Seraglio* at *Conſtantinople*, to be informed in what manner the *black Eunuchs* are made, and how they differ from the *white.*

Ver. 551. Friga *heard him and trembled: The ſame Panick Fear Seiz'd the* Imp *in her Hole*, &c.

The Verſes in *Italic* are only in the firſt *Dutch* Edition of this Poem: And *Tir-Oen* ſays, they are an Interpolation. I have therefore rejected them to my Notes.

Ibi erat, &c.

And the Imp *was ſtill there, if we credit the Knight;*
For he heard her hiſs loud in the Heat of the Fight.
And as Friga *lay ſtretch'd, and was thought to be dead,*
Thrice he ſaw her peep out; thrice ſhe drew in her Head.

As

As a bold *Britiſh* Sailor, far diſtant the Shore,
All the Sea-Gods defies, bids the Elements roar;
But deſcends to his Prayers, is confounded, aghaſt,
When he hears the dire Order to cut down the Maſt:
So the mighty Virago, whom nought cou'd affright;
Nor the Duns of the Day, nor the *Dæmons* of Night;
Nor Diſeaſes, old Age, nor a Satire cou'd move,
Nor the Anger of *Phœbus*, nor Thunder of *Jove*,

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 558. *Nor the Duns of the Day*, &c.

Quam nec medici, nec fures,
Creditores, nec le-mures,
Nec ſenectus, nec ſa-tira;
Nec commoveat *Phœbi* ira.
Vitiis ſuis uti callet:
Ad ful-gura nulla pallet.

Nimis indiligenter hæc ſcripſit SCHEFFERUS. HERMAPHRODITO *diſplicet ſua ſenectus, diſplicent denſiſſimæ rugæ: rodit animum ſatira quantulacunque. Si fortè acus vel exiguum digito imprimat vulnus, dolore & metu opprimitur, & catapotium poſcit. Quin etiam perpetua illi anxietas, & mens ſcelerum conſcia: ad tonitruum murmura pallet trepidatque: lemures & Acheruntica monſtra, quæ in ſomnis videt, putres artus gelidis urgent ſudoribus, qui teterrimo odore ancillas de cubiculo ſæpè depellunt.* Tir-Oen.

Mr. SCHEFFER *did not well conſider what he hath ſaid here. The* Hermaphrodite *could not behold her Wrinkles with Patience, and every little Piece of Satire vext her to the Heart. If by chance ſhe pricked her Finger, ſhe was ſo frightened and afflicted, that ſhe immediately called for a Phyſician. A Conſciouſneſs of her Crimes created a perpetual Horror and Anxiety of Mind. She trembled and grew pale, if ſhe heard but a diſtant Noiſe of Thunder. Her Sleep was interrupted by Spectres and Apparitions, which threw her every Night into a cold Sweat, and occaſioned ſuch a foul Savour, as frequently obliged her Attendants to quit the Room.*

I have quoted this Remark of *Tir-Oen*'s, to juſtify my Note, Ver. 262. Book III, where I ſay, that *the Hermaphrodite is ſeized with a Panick, as often as ſhe hears it Thunder:* Which indeed, contradicts the Character which Mr. *Scheffer* gives her in the Concluſion of his Poem. However, he is not to be condemned. He formed his Judgment of the *Hermaphrodite* by his Knowledge of Men. He did not conceive, that a rational Creature could be capable of committing daily the moſt atrocious Crimes, and yet be afraid of the Gods, or future Puniſhments: Leſs ſtill did he imagine, that a Witch ſhould tremble at the Appearance of thoſe Spirits, who by Compact were ſubjected to her Commands.

Was appal'd at the Sight of a ruſty ſhort Sword,
And alas! was ſubdu'd by the Force of one Word.
Me an EUNUCH! ſhe cries; And with ſuppliant Hands,
Yet indignant ſubmits to the Victor's Demands.

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 563. *Me an* EUNUCH! *&c.*

Me EUNUCHUM! malum fucum!
Iteratque, me EUNUCHUM!
Et tum ſupplex tendens manus,
Mira-Friga, *Andro-Anus*
Malè ſita, & ter-rita,
Indignata, & invita
Suum cedit jus victori;
Omnia cedit heu! minori.

Andro-anus is a Word compounded by our Author, to ſignify an old *Hermaphrodite.*

I will conclude with the following Verſes, which, *Tir-Oen* ſays, he tranſcribed from Mr. *Scheffer*'s Manuſcript.

Hæc ego jam ſenior puerilia carmina luſi,
Hæc, cum SCHEFFER eram: macerat dum febris; iniqui
Dum me cauſidici vexant; dum nigra laceſſit
Dente malo TRAULI conjux; dum toxica miſcet,
Accenditque virum cantu, ferrumque doloſque
ANDROGYNE molitur atrox; dum denegat audax
Depoſitum, haud uno contentus crimine, MAVORS
Hoſpitium violans, & avitas VATIS amici
Res moriens lacerat; dum PERSEUS pejerat omnes
Conceptis Divos verbis; dum raucus Iocco
Bacchatur; VOLLUSque fremit; CACUSque, nefandos
Improbus ipſe juvans PERSEI MIRAEque labores,
Dat venum mea regna, *abjurataſque rapinas.*

F I N I S.

THE
APPENDIX.

IN my Notes on the Epiſtle to Cadenus, *I have mentioned a* Latin *Farce written by Mr.* Scheffer; *and I have there ſubjoined a Specimen of that Dramatic Performance, as I tranſcribed it from the Author's Copy. This Farce is dedicated to a Woman of Quality, whom Mr.* Scheffer *ſtiles* THE GREAT COUNTESS; *who, on Account of her many rare and excellent Vertues, is known through all the* Britiſh *Iſlands by that Title.*

Without any Fee or Reward, or any Intention of flattering this Lady, I tranſlated Mr. Scheffer's *Dedication. At that time, indeed, I reſolved to tranſlate the whole Farce, and endeavour to bring it on the* Engliſh *Stage; but when I had examined it with more Attention, I found, that ſuch an Undertaking was not practicable; or if it were, neither the Times, or my own Circumſtances would admit of it. Neither did I intend that the Dedication, which I had turned into* Engliſh, *ſhould be made publick; for no other Reaſon, but that I thought then, as I do now, that it wants the Fire and Spirit, which appear in other Parts of Mr.* Scheffer's *Writings. However, I was ſo uncautious, as to allow one of my female Friends to take a Copy of it; and ſhe let it ſlip through her Fingers to the Preſs. But it was ſo imperfectly printed, that ſome particular Paſſages, where the Panegyrick was beſt turned, were wholly omitted. This hath induced me to republiſh it here, to do Juſtice to my own Performance, as well as to the Merit of that great Lady, for whom Mr.* Scheffer *expreſſes ſuch a profound Veneration.*

AN

Epiſtle Dedicatory

TO THE

GREAT COUNTESS.

MADAM,

I Was not long conſidering to whom I ſhould inſcribe this Comedy, ſince, whatever I can produce as a Writer, muſt naturally belong to your Ladyſhip, who firſt inſpired me with a Paſſion for the Muſes, and infuſed that verſifying Spirit, which my own Genius had denied me. The kind Reception, which my firſt Eſſay met with from the Town, I am not ſo vain as to impute to my own Merit, but to your great Name, which I took the Liberty of prefixing to that little Piece. And I perſuade myſelf, that the ſame Method will again recommend me to the Favour of the Public, and that your Judgment, like the Approbation of other great Connoiſſeurs, will ſtamp a Value on this Work, much beyond what it may intrinſically be worth; eſpecially, ſince it is wholly calculated for the Information and Entertainment of your Admirers.

When I ſate down to make this Addreſs to your Ladyſhip, I intended to draw the Portraiture of your incomparable Perſon, and to ſurpriſe the World with the Hiſtory of your Life and Actions. But while I was in a profound Reverie, meditating the Plan of my future Work, * *Cynthius*

* *Cynthius aurem*
Vellit, & admonuit. Virg. Ecl. 6.

pulled

pulled me by the Ears, and in a kind of Pindaric Fury, uttered ſome *Greek* Verſes in the Ionic Dialect, which (if I rightly remember them) may be engliſhed thus, though I do not pretend to imitate that Elegance and Energetic Force of Expreſſion, which I remarked in his Godſhip's Numbers.

Me, and the Muſes could'ſt thou bribe,
And cauſe us all our Pow'rs unite,
To teach thee in Heroic Strains to write;
Yet, *Scheffer*, thou could'ſt ne'er deſcribe
Her matchleſs Figure, her exalted Deeds,
And the amazing Theme purſue;
But thou muſt make 'em leſs, to make 'em true.
The ſimple Hiſtory all Faith exceeds.
When her own Knight incircled moves,
He doubts the Virtues, which he proves.
Old *P*——*t*, who boaſts the Nerves of Youth,
(Renown'd for Probity and Truth)
Wou'd be ſuſpected, ſhould he tell,
How he attack'd, and how he fell.
And *A*—— too, once Rival of her Fame,
By Man unconquer'd, when ſhe tries
The puiſſant Genius of this wond'rous Dame,
Tinges her ſable Cheeks, and raptur'd cries;
In Woman can there be ſuch Might!
In Female Friendſhip ſuch Delight!

This Admonition awaken'd me into a Senſe of my own Inſufficiency. I was convinced, that it would be vain for me to attempt your Panegyric, when all I could ſay, even with the utmoſt Stretch of Fancy, would be far ſhort of your tranſcendent Merit, and yet would ſound like a Romance to the moſt candid and courteous Readers. I ſhall therefore reſiſt my preſent Impulſe, caſt a Veil over your exquiſite Form, and leave the moſt ſhining Part of your Character untouched, till I may be allowed, without the Suſpicion of Flattery, to paint you in your own Colours, and to recount thoſe *Herculean* Labours, and eminent Abilities, which diſtinguiſh

you

you from all the other Women of Quality in this, or the neighbouring Iſland. But I muſt beg of you to be aſſured, that I am deeply afflicted to lye under ſuch Reſtrictions, and my Diſappointment is the greater, becauſe I ſhall not now have an Opportunity of interweaving in this Epiſtle a thouſand beautiful Tropes, Metaphors and Allegories, which I had exactly ſuited to your Complexion; beſides a choice Collection of exotic Similes, Alabaſter and Ivory, the Roſes of *Sharon*, and the Lilies of the Valley, together with the brighteſt Jet and Gems of the Orient,

† *And the rich Spangles which adorn the Sky.* Waller.

For the preſent likewiſe, I muſt lay aſide thoſe great Examples of Antiquity, thoſe finiſhed Pieces, which I had ranged in great Order, and which I intended to introduce in this Place, to give the curious a juſt Idea of your Ladyſhip's Perfections. I mean thoſe noble Matrons, and Royal Dames, who have been celebrated by Poets and Hiſtorians for their unwearied Application of the ſame excellent Talents, of which you are Miſtreſs. In the Front I had placed that renowned * Empreſs, your great Pattern and Prototype, who in the Space of one Night ſucceſſively defeated twenty five ſtout *Romans*, and yet was ſo greedy of Fame, that ſhe could not be ſatisfied with the Number of her Victories.

However, that I may with a tolerable Grace acquit myſelf like a modern Dedicator, and pay your Ladyſhip a ſmall Part of the Debt I owe you, permit me, Madam, to mention a few of your Chriſtian Vertues, and to aſſure all, who ſhall have the Pleaſure of reading this Addreſs, that your Goodneſs is equal to your Beauty, and if you are the greateſt, you are likewiſe the beſt Woman of the Age in which we live. This is a Subject, which I think is not properly within the Cognizance of *Cynthius*, ſo that I need not fear to be reprimanded by him again; nor indeed ſhould I think myſelf obliged to obey his Voice on this Occaſion, (unleſs he was to ſpeak from his Tripod, or to bend his Bow againſt me) ſince I could immediately call upon all the reputable Inhabitants of our great Metropolis to ſecond my Teſtimonies, if any Perſon ſhould be ſo ignorant or unpolite as

† *Atque aurea ſidera cœli.*

* Claudii uxor; *Quæ tot nocte viros peregit unâ.*
Auctor obſcœni carminis.

to charge me with Hyperbole and Fiction. I begin with that exemplary PIETY, which accompanies all your Actions, and ſhews itſelf to your Morning Viſitants in a magnificent Pile of Bibles, Common-Prayer Books, and all the moſt excellent Manuals of Devotion; which adorn your Toilet, inſtead of Implements for Dreſs, and thoſe falſe Ornaments, which are ſo ſtudiouſly ſought after by other Women of your Age and Figure. How often hath that learned and moſt religious Prelate, the excellent *Hortenſius*, beheld with Admiration this beautiful Arrangement? How often hath he ſacrificed in your Temple, and warmed his own Zeal by the Fire of yours? And indeed is there any other among the Dignified Clergy of this Realm, who can behold ſuch a glorious Sight, and yet dare to queſtion your Care and Concern for the National Church, or the Sincerity of your Converſion from the Errors of Popery? A Converſion, which was not the Effect of any Free-thinking Principles, and of a general Indifference for all Religions; but was the Reſult of a long Courſe of Reaſoning, and a painful Search after Truth for above forty Years. And I am amazed, that your Example has not yet wrought a Conviction in the Minds of all the Catholics of Diſtinction in this Kingdom, who are nearly allied to your Ladyſhip, or who may have the Benefit of your Inſtruction.

Your unbounded CHARITY, which alas! but very few Women of your Quality are inclined to imitate, ſhould be celebrated by the Pen of a great Clerk, and ſet off with the choiceſt Flowers of Pulpit Rhetoric. How many Men are at this Day ſupported by your Bounty, and receive from your Hands their daily Bread; who would otherwiſe, in this preſent Decay of Trade, be unemployed, and perhaps be looked on as ſturdy Beggars and Vagrants? Yet you do not by an indiſcreet Liberality, give any Encouragement to Luxury and Idleneſs. You relieve no Man's Neceſſities, till you have ſufficiently tried him, and till you know what Spirit he is of: And whoever is retained in your Service, muſt finiſh his daily Taſk, before he can claim his Reward. In a Word, CHARITY is become in you, by the manner in which you practiſe it, an Heroic Virtue. For you do not only aſſiſt the Fatherleſs and Widow, but Pilgrims and Strangers, injured Wives, and diſtreſſed Damſels, who always find under your Roof a moſt commodious and agreeable Retreat; where their Wants are immediately ſupplied, and where they enjoy, without Interruption, all the Pleaſures of Society, and the Liberties of a free Converſation.

Notwithſtanding you are here placed in the higheſt Rank of Nobility, and have the Soul and the Capacity too of a great Queen, yet you are as MODEST and as HUMBLE as a Cloiſtered Nun. How often do you vouchſafe to familiarize even with the meaneſt of the People? A poor Mechanic hath been ſometimes as welcome to you, as the talleſt Peer, and a private Centinel has ſhared your Favours with the Governor of the Kingdom. When you was lately pleaſed to honour with your Preſence the *Britiſh* Court, how was every body charmed with the Politeneſs of your Manners, and the ſingular Delicacy of your Converſation! How did the *Bons Mots*, which you daily uttered with an inimitable Grace, and in the chaſteſt Language, command the Attention and Applauſe of all that heard you! But though you are aſſured to be thus diſtinguiſhed, whenever you appear in the Royal Circle, yet you are not a faſhionable Courtier, but on the contrary, a profeſſed Enemy to *Flattery* and *Falſhood*. You would not deſcend to compliment a Miniſter for Qualities which he wants, to be Vice-Queen of *Ireland*; nor would you proſtitute your Honour and Conſcience *by atteſting Facts, of which you are not perfectly well informed*, to gain the whole World. When you were lately engaged in a Law Suit, the Succeſs of which depended on your own Teſtimony, how unwilling were you to *ſwear?* And how often did you affirm, even in my Hearing, that you were an utter Stranger to the Matters in Diſpute? Nothing could have LED you to make thoſe *Depoſitions*, which appear in your Name, but the prevalent Example of the two Great * Captains, and the honeſt Advice of thoſe eminent Lawyers, who are retained in your Cauſe. The only *Truths*, which you neither ſpeak, or can ſuffer to be ſpoken in your Preſence, are thoſe which concern your ſelf. For as it muſt neceſſarily happen, that as often as we approach your Ladyſhip, you muſt produce in us the higheſt Veneration, and force from our Lips the ſtrongeſt Eulogies in Admiration of ſo much Beauty, and ſuch Accompliſhments: So the Uneaſineſs you conſtantly expreſs in hearing but a Part of your real Character, immediately checks our Addreſſes, and ſilences the moſt forward of your Votaries. Then it is, that with Wonder we contemplate your ſuperlative MODESTY, which like a Burning Glaſs, that collects the Rays of the Sun into a ſmall Focus, acts upon us with the Heat and Luſtre of all your other Virtues.

'Tis this Conſideration, and the Fear of incurring your Diſpleaſure, that

* Sir *T. S.* and Capt. *P——l.*

makes me haſten to a Concluſion, and omit a long Catalogue of Virtues, which being heightened by a true Spirit of your new Religion, if they were divided among an hundred other Women, would be ſufficient to inſpire them all with *the moſt violent Love for one another, and with an univerſal Benevolence for Mankind.* Juſt ſo the lovely Colours, which adorn your Face, if they were diſtributed and applied by the Hand of Art, or by the Power that made them, would give the fineſt Complexions to a whole Aſſembly of Females. The Pale, the Yellow, the Aſh-coloured, the Livid, or even the Aged and Wrinkled Dame, would be ſuddenly changed into a firſt-rate Beauty by ſuch a Participation of your Charms.

What I have hitherto ſaid or intimated, muſt be underſtood to relate only to your publick Vertues, and thoſe pious Acts, by which you have ſo freely communicated yourſelf for the Benefit of your Country. Though on this Account you are here placed in the moſt conſpicuous Eminence, and ſhine like a Star of the firſt Magnitude: Yet a new World, or rather a Conſtellation of Glories would open to my View, were I to deſcend into your private Life, and produce you, as a Pattern to your Sex, in the ſeveral Characters of an *Affectionate Wife*, *an Indulgent Mother*, *a Beneficent Miſtreſs*, and *a Faithful Friend.* But theſe are Topics of Praiſe I reſerve for your Epitaph, which I hope to have the Honour of writing; when the *Gothic* Muſe (if perchance her Faculties are not clouded by an Exceſs of Grief) ſhall conſecrate your Aſhes, and raiſe up to you a Monument of Glory more durable than Braſs or Marble. I am,

MADAM,

Your Ladyſhip's

moſt obliged,

moſt humble, and

moſt obedient Servant,

FREDERICK SCHEFFER.

A *

LETTER

FROM

Mr. *Lewis O Neil,*

TO

PEREGRINE O DONALD Esq;

WITH

Mr. *O DONALD*'s ANSWER.

To PEREGRINE O DONALD, *Esq;*

SIR,

ACcording to your Desire, I have directed Mr. *C.* to advertise the new Edition of the TOAST in all our News Papers.* Several ingenious Gentlemen, who apprehended, that the third and fourth Books would never be published, have since been with me, and express much Impatience for a Sight of this complete Translation. † The mention of the Copper Plates hath raised their Curiosity. They expect to see some Droll

* Some People in *Dublin* pretended to take great Offence at a very harmless Advertisement, which was lately published there, concerning the new Edition of the TOAST; which occasioned this Letter and the Answer.

† The Copper Plates will not be finished till next Winter. For several Reasons, I could not defer the Publication of my Book till that Time. Wherefore, I shall be obliged to publish the Prints separately. The Reader hath a Specimen of the Engraver's Skill in the Frontispiece.

Figures in the Frontiſpieces, and that the whole will exhibit a juſt Repreſentation of the Characters and Principal Actions of the Poem. If you would be pleaſed to ſend me a Sketch or Deſcription of theſe Engravings, you would put it into my Power to oblige ſome of my beſt Friends.

I take this Opportunity of acquainting you with an Incident, which has made no ſmall Noiſe in this City, and in which you are ſo immediately concerned, that I think you cannot well avoid taking ſome Notice of it. A certain great Lady, who is here diſtinguiſhed by a *Right Honourable* Title, has adopted the Character of *Myra*, and inſiſts, that Mr. *Scheffer* has drawn the Picture of her Ladyſhip in the Perſon of his Heroine. She pretends to make this Charge plainly appear from the exact Reſemblance of their Stature, Features, Age and Complexion; from the Conformity of their Manners, and the Sameneſs of their Appetites, Temper and Conſtitution. And farther, as an inconteſtible Proof and Explication of the Poet's Invective, ſhe is pleaſed to urge thoſe various Acts and Exerciſes, which are aſcribed to *Myra*; *viz.* her Marriage with an old Gallant, her Love in the Centry Box, her Affair with the *Frokin*, and her Combat with her third Husband; which, as ſhe alledges, are the moſt remarkable Anecdotes of her own Life. Nay, ſhe lays claim to the very Name of *Myra*; which, ſhe affirms, is her own Property, and was impudently borrowed by our Author, with no other Intent but to traduce it, and point her out in ſuch a manner, that no one may poſſibly miſtake his Meaning. Upon the whole, ſhe has pronounced this Poem to be a Mock-Epic, or rather a virulent Satire, levelled againſt her Ladyſhip and her faithful Confederates: And ſhe has ſworn by all her Gods, that both Mr. *Scheffer* and you ſhall be puniſhed in a moſt exemplary Manner; and that her Vengeance ſhall purſue you, though you were to retire to a Cave in *Lapland*. Even poor *C.* the innocent Publiſher of this Work, ſhe has threatned with the Effects of her Reſentment: and for that Purpoſe, ſhe lately took into her Service a Pair of Knights the moſt formidable in this Kingdom, who were equal to any Taſk ſhe thought fit to impoſe upon them. And if one of theſe Heroes had not been providentially ſnatched away, we ſhould all, long before this Time, have been made ſenſible of the Power of his Miniſtry, and have found by fatal Experience, that the Rhetoric of a few *Affidavits* is far ſuperior to the ſtrongeſt Lines in your Tranſlation. I don't know who is appointed to ſupply the Place of this mighty Warrior, or whether the *Right*

Honourable

Honourable may think any Perſon worthy to ſucceed him. But be that as it will, you may be aſſured, that I remain firm to my Engagements; and that I am neither to be intimidated by the frequent Menaces I receive, or to be corrupted by any Rewards, which may be offered me, to betray my Truſt. However, I ſhould acknowledge it as a ſingular Favour, if you would furniſh me with a Key to the Poem. I imagine, that by unfolding the Characters, I ſhall immediately undeceive the *Right Honourable*, and calm her Fury, as well as prevent any bloody Deſigns, which may be formed againſt us by her new Agents and Bravoes. I have obſerved, that a Conſciouſneſs of Guilt is very apt to *Apply*, and will often find out a Meaning which was never intended. I have alſo been taught, that every Likeneſs is not the ſame. There was ſuch a Reſemblance betwixt the two *Sofia's*, that they could not be diſtinguiſhed, when they ſtood together: And yet, the one was a God of fine Parts, and the other a mere mortal Buffoon. I hope therefore, that your Anſwer will ſet this Matter in a clear Light; eſpecially, if you will allow me to publiſh it, for the Inſtruction of the *Right Honourable*, her Allies, and Advocates. For if I can convince this *Myra*, that ſhe is not the other *Myra*, I may expect to live in Peace, and to proſecute my Buſineſs without Interruption. I am,

SIR,

Your moſt obedient, and

moſt humble Servant,

LEWIS O NEIL.

Dublin,
Feb. 9. 173$\frac{4}{5}$.

P. S. Since I finiſhed my Letter, I have received certain Information, that the B. of **, my Lord of *, Captain **, Mr. ***, and Mr. **, have agreed in the Manner of Decyphering Mr. *Scheffer*'s Poem, and are come to a Reſolution to fix the Character of *Myra* upon the *Right Honourable*.

Mr.

Mr. O DONALD'S *Anſwer.*

SIR,

I Thank you for your Diligence in advertiſing the new Edition of the TOAST. I have indeed received ſo many preſſing Letters to haſten the Publication of this Work, that I cannot any longer diſappoint the Expectations of the Town. I conſider, beſides, that we all grow old; and if any more of the chief Actors ſhould quit the Stage, before they have gone through their Parts, my Audience would not be ſo properly entertained. Poets and Philoſophers are generally in greateſt Eſteem after they are dead: But a *Scaramouch* and *Harlequin* muſt be ſeen in order to be admired. When the Curtain is dropt, they are ſoon forgot; and a bare Relation of their Feats is ſeldom worth the Hearing.

As to the Copper Plates, I believe they may afford a new Diverſion. Burleſque Figures (and *Scheffer*'s Subjects can furniſh out a ſufficient Number) ſometimes make a more laſting Impreſſion on the Reader's Mind, than the moſt lively Deſcriptions. Even the excellent Wit of *Don Quixot*, though it certainly wants no adventitious Ornaments, hath been read with a double Pleaſure, ſince the Knight has been exhibited in all his different Attitudes by the Pencil of *Coypel*. I am only concerned, that I could not prevail with the Painter to ſend you a Sketch of this Part of the Work: He has conceived a Jealouſy, that his Deſigns may be hurt by ſuch an Anticipation. But perhaps it may in ſome Meaſure ſatisfy the Curioſity of your Friends to peruſe Mr. *Scheffer*'s original Inſtructions; which I here incloſe tranſlated into *Engliſh*, for the Benefit of my good Lord of * and other great Perſonages, who are highly pleaſed with our Author's Manner; but by reaſon of the Delicacy of their Taſte and Education, cannot be ſuppoſed to underſtand his barbarous *Latin*. How far the Painter has varied from theſe Inſtructions, or what he has added or left out, I have not yet enquired.

EXCERPTA

EX

SCHEFFERI Epiſtolâ Primâ ad H--GARTHUM, pictorem apud Britannos celeberrimum.

I.

Pingatur, fac, H--garthe, Sol noctivagus,
Et noctis ſuperbia, igneſque varii.
Compotores aſſumat Sol Carbonarium,
Militemque malum, in lucem uſque cœnitans.
Pingatur irriſi gravior vultus Dei;
Et turpata rugis capitiſque nive
Mira largiore bibatur poculo.

II.

Pingantur eques inops, dives ſcelio,
C——mitiſſa Bombardomachide calens,
Vitriarius Vol, & arma Volcania,
Et Trulla morbis effracta Venereis,
Et Mavortis ſpolia, & pellex, & canes,
Et, quæcunque in corde geſſit, bella horrida.

AN

EXTRACT

OUT OF

Mr. SCHEFFER's *firſt Epiſtle to* H--GARTH, *a famous* Britiſh *Painter.*

I.

DRAW the Sun without a Ray,
Rambling by a borrow'd Light,
Tippling till the Dawn of Day,
With a Collier and a Knight:
Paint his Looks, when he was roaſted;
Paint the *Donna*, whom he toaſted.

II.

Draw a Cully Chevalier,
Near a crafty, wealthy Fox;
Then a Centry-Grenadier,
With a C——teſs in his Box.
Shew the Bottle-maker's Gear;
And his *Trulla* with a P——x.
Paint the Warrior's Arms and Chattles,
And his Bloody-minded Battles.

EXCERPTA

EX

SCHEFFERI Epiſtolâ Secundâ ad H--GARTHUM pictorem.

PINGE mihi varias, Hogarthe jocoſe, figuras;
Hic Miram, Miræque Priapum:
Illic aufugiens vaſtum ſe condat in antrum
Androgyni ſua parvula conjux.
Hic ponantur opes; hic ſtet craticula, quæ jam
Pergratis ſudavit oſellis.
Hic matrona furens cupiat (mirabile!) Nymphas
Permolere, uxoreſque alienas.
Arrigat hic ſeſe Gafnæi fuſtis, & heros
Magnanimus patienſque feriri.
Artibus atque armis aptus ſcribatur equiſque
Iracundus homuncio; cujus
Demiſſum ad talos caput altum ornet caliendrum,
Mille latent ubi mille ſagittæ!
Extremam hanc, Hogarthe, mihi concede figuram:
Adſit quædam hirſutior hirco,
Contemptrix Divûm, nulli ante domabilis uxor;
Quæ metuens, reſupina, ſpadonem
Se fieri, tendat ſupplex ad ſydera palmas,
Imbelli devicta marito.

AN

AN

EXTRACT

FROM

Mr. SCHEFFER's *ſecond Epiſtle to Mr.* H---GARTH.

I.

H*Ogarth*, draw a *Gothic* Group;
Here old *Myra* and her Meaſure,
* Hiding *Impy* in her —— Hoop:
There the Gridir'n, and the Treaſure:

II.

Here a Wife or wanton Maid,
With a Matron ſpread upon her;
There a mighty Hero laid
In the truckle-bed of Honour:

III.

Here a little angry Wight,
Fam'd for Hunting, Arms, and Arts,
With an Ell of Wig bedight,
Which conceal'd a thouſand Darts:

IV.

There a bulky bearded Shrew,
Nor of Men or Gods afraid,
† Yielding to a feeble Foe,
Leſt an Eunuch ſhe be made.

* See the Beginning of the Battle in the fourth Book.
† See the Concluſion of the TOAST.

In anſwer to the reſt of your Letter concerning the *Right Honourable*, who fancies herſelf to be *Scheffer*'s *Myra*, I muſt aſſure you, that his Poem does not require a Key; there being no Allegory in his Hiſtorical Relations, nor any Deceit or Diſguiſe in his Characters: And all other Difficulties are ſufficiently explained by the Commentator's Notes. It happens indeed odly enough, that two different Ladies ſhould pretend to the ſame poetical Name; and that they ſhould be ſo much alike in their Perſons, as not to be diſtinguiſhed from each other. But 'tis ſtill more remarkable, that there ſhould be ſuch an exact Correſpondence in their Lives and Manners; that they ſhould have the ſame Appetites and Inclinations; and laſtly, that they ſhould careſs the ſame Woman, and marry the ſame Man. However, we muſt examine further into the Actions of your *Right Honourable*, and bring her to another Teſt, before we can allow her to ſtand in the Place of *Scheffer*'s *Myra*. If ſhe is the ſame Perſon who robbed our Author of two thouſand Pounds; and afterwards, in Conjunction with a wicked old Fellow, who is ſince departed to anſwer for his Crimes, hired a Villain to *Aſſaſſinate Scheffer* in the Streets of *Dublin*: If, when ſhe did not ſucceed in this Attempt, ſhe aſſociated with * three other Spirits as wicked as herſelf, and by the vileſt Artifices endeavoured to blaſt his Reputation, and by Subornation and Perjury, to deprive him of all the little Eſtate, which he had in this Kingdom: I ſay, if ſuch is the *Right Honourable*, then is ſhe the true and original *Myra*; otherwiſe ſhe is a Counterfeit, and has no Pretence to that Title. Wherefore, as ſoon as you receive this Letter, it will be expedient for you to enquire, if ſhe is inclined to acknowledge the Truth of this Accuſation. If ſhe ſhould not, we are all acquitted; if ſhe ſhould, I am apt to believe, that her Complaints will have but little Weight with the Publick.

As to the reſt, —— Let us ſuppoſe this Work to be, what it is called by *Scheffer*'s Enemies, a Mock-Epic or Satire; yet I think there is room enough to vindicate the Author. If he had no other Motive in writing it, but to do himſelf Juſtice, his Deſign was unblameable, and I fancy he has not laboured in vain. I ſhall ever be of Opinion, that the Man who is incapable of being warmed with a proper Reſentment, or is inſenſible to ſuch Injuries, as *Scheffer* received during his Reſidence in *Dublin*; that Man, I ſay, muſt have a Soul that is equally void of Love, or Gratitude, or any other noble Paſſion. I do not by this intend to excite

cite Men to Revenge upon ordinary Occaſions, or to reſent every Affront, that may be offered by an impertinent Woman, or a common Brawler. Such a Proceeding is as much beneath a Gentleman, as it is unbecoming a Philoſopher and a Chriſtian. But when a premeditated Deſign hath been formed by Perſons, who hold ſome Rank and Eſtimation in the World, to defame a Neighbour, to rob him of his Property, and even to murder him in the High-way; ſurely the Man who is thus injured, has a Right to complain in what Manner he pleaſes. He has a Right, eſpecially if the Law is not ſufficient to procure him a Reparation, to examine into the Lives of his Adverſaries, and to expoſe their Conduct to the Cenſure of the Publick. I may be allowed to carry this farther, and affirm, that this is a Duty which we owe to our Country. 'Tis hanging out a Light to direct Travellers in a dark Night; and a Signal to Mariners, to avoid thoſe Rocks upon which others have ſplit. And this is the very Apology, which Mr. *Scheffer* makes in a ſhort Apoſtrophe to *Clara*, about the Middle of the third Book, for the Liberties he has uſed in deſcribing the Perſons, and the Morning Exerciſes of *Myra* and her *Imp*. Give me leave to add, that no Conſideration of Family or Fortune ought to divert our Enquiry, or ſcreen any Perſon, who hath been guilty of the Crimes I have mentioned. At leaſt, for my Part, I ſhall never pay that Regard to human Diſtinctions, as to honour the Enemies of Mankind. No exterior Quality, or the Bulk of the Figure, ſhall influence me to ſpare that Woman, becauſe ſhe is a Counteſs, or that Man, becauſe he is a Knight: When perhaps the firſt may be rendered as infamous by her Actions, as any Female upon the *Iriſh* Records; and the other may be a Knight of that Appellation (for there are Knights of ſeveral Appellations) with whom an honeſt Cobler would not exchange either his Trade or his Title. However, in theſe Recriminations, I would not have my Author exceed the Truth, or load his greateſt Enemies with an Accuſation, which they do not deſerve. I think it was a great Error in the Primitive Zeal, to charge even *Judas* with Inceſt, becauſe he betrayed his Maſter. If our Poet had invented a String of Calumnies, or had drawn his Heroine out of Character; I would not juſtify him by the uſual Plea of a poetical Licence, notwithſtanding the Inſults and Depredations, which have been made upon him. But, as I have obſerved in another Place, he has not gone a Step out of his Way, in order to enlarge his Subject. He hath contented himſelf with relating ſuch notorious Facts, as were committed

in

in the *Face of the Sun*. Theſe indeed he has embelliſhed with a whimſical Verſification, leſt a bare and dry Narrative ſhould not ſufficiently engage the Reader. It may not perhaps be always ſafe or ſeaſonable to ſpeak Truth, or expoſe ſuch a malevolent Creature as *Scheffer*'s *Myra*. But ſurely, ſuch an Attempt, though the Author had not received any perſonal Injuries, ought not to be charged upon him as a ſcandalous Invective or Malediction. *Indignis ſi maledicitur, maledictum id eſſe puto: verum ſi dignis dicitur, benedictum eſt meo quidem animo.* By what Law or Logic can an honeſt Man be arraigned of Malice or Slander for placing a Witch in her Circle, or calling the Devil by his own Name?

As to the Share which I have had in putting *Scheffer*'s Poem into an *Engliſh* Dreſs, I have no Cauſe to repent it, ſince I find my Labours are ſufficiently compenſated by the Approbation of the beſt, and the moſt learned Men in this Kingdom. Ought I not therefore to diſregard the Cenſures of an * *Ignorant Prieſt*, whom the Caprice of Fortune has raiſed from the Plough to the Purple, and who ſtands up in Defence of *Myra*'s Actions, for no other Reaſon that I know of, but becauſe they are analogous to his own? As little am I to be moved by the Bounces of a *Bully Captain*, who takes upon him to condemn a Work, which he is not able to read; and preſumes to threaten a Gentleman, whom he does not know, and from whom he never received any Injury or Offence. Leaſt of all ſhall I be affected by the Menaces and Imprecations of *Thoſe*, who are really characteriſed by our Author, if any ſuch Perſons are now in being. They muſt ſurely be too infamous to conciliate the Favour of the Publick, or to intereſt in their Quarrel any Number of Men or Women, who have a juſt Regard for their own Characters, and ſo much Senſe as not to be deceived by falſe Colours. However, if any of theſe *Schefferean* Heroes or Heroines, Hermaphrodites, Imps or Witches ſhould ſtill exiſt, I will at preſent return no other Anſwer to their Threats and Curſes, than what is contained in the following Ode, which I have borrowed from my Author, and which (in all the late Editions) I find printed at the End of his Works.

I muſt acquaint you, that this Ode was written ſometime after the Publication of the firſt Volume of *Scheffer*'s Poem. It was occaſioned by ſome outrageous Speeches, which were thrown out againſt him by a certain old Kern, and a little ſarcaſtical Lady. The firſt pretended that he was deſigned by *Vol*, becauſe that Character would not fit any Body elſe. The Lady accuſed

* Lord PAM.

cuſed our Author for a quite contrary Reaſon. She applied to herſelf theſe Lines in the ſecond Book,

> Little *Ali*, whom erſt I invok'd for my Goddeſs,
> Now, alas! was untoaſted for wearing Steel Boddice;

becauſe ſhe was as ſtrait as an Arrow, and had never once in her Life employed a Black-ſmith to make her Stays.

When People are weak enough to apply to themſelves Characters, which at the ſame time they aſſure us with ſolemn Aſſeverations do not belong to them, they make a Diſcovery, which they might otherwiſe have concealed. Murders, and other great Crimes, have frequently been detected by this means, the Authors of which would not elſe have been known till the Day of Judgment. I remember an old Herb-Woman in *Dublin*, who had taught her *Mag-pie* to pronounce articulately theſe Words, PAM *is a Knave*. A Reverend Lord walking one Day by her Door, juſt as the *Pie* had repeated his Leſſon, fell into a great Paſſion, and told the Woman, *She ought to be ſeverely puniſhed for inſtructing her Bird to call Perſons of his Quality and Station ſuch opprobrious Names*. She replied incontinently, *My Lord, I have long had a Curioſity to know the true* PAM. *I am heartily glad to ſee him here. I aſſure your Lordſhip I will make my* Pie *change his Note, and pay that Reſpect, which is due to your Sleeves*. For hereafter *he ſhall tell every one, who paſſes this Way, that* PAM *is a* B——P.

But to return to the Ode. I have endeavoured to expreſs the Senſe of my Author in the ſame Metre, and in as few Lines, as the Original contains. But I fear you will not much approve my Verſion.

ODE

O D E.

JAM ferox P——ttus minitatur enſem ;
Ingenî telum jaculatur Ales ;
Ac ſuum nobis inimica miſcet
Mira venenum.

Invocant manes equitis ſceleſti ;
Intonans ſed quos agitat Megæra,
Si jam in Orco debita pejeratos
Pæna ſequatur.

Natus ille in perniciem ſuorum
Bella quot movit C——mitiſſæ adulter ?
Quas ſenex lites ; aviduſque, & ipsâ in
Morte cruentus ?

Terruit nec me gladius, neque atræ
Alitis dirum recinentis omen ;
Nec Smythi quicquid potuit miniſtro
Dæmone Mira.

Devovet vatis caput immerentis,
Mox ſibi nectit laqueum Lycambes.
Me meus ſervat patriæ Diiſque
Phœbus amicum.

Spiritum Phœbus tenuem jocoſi
Carminis nobis dedit, atque P——ttum
Ludere inviſum ; dedit & malignas
Lædere ſagas.

O D E

THE Captain draws as fierce as ſtout,
And *A*—— throws her Wit about;
With Poiſon, *Myra* too gives out,
She'll work us.

They all invoke the wicked Sprite,
Which dwelt in Body of * Sir Knight,
Compell'd with Furies now to fight
In Orcus.

Bane of his Houſe, in Blood and Strife,
Inflam'd by *B*——*lew*'s wicked Wife,
He ſtudied Vengeance all his Life,
And dying.

I value not the Sword of *P*——
The Croak of Raven, *A*——'s Chat,
The Witch — and by her Imps all that
She's trying.

An Hempen String may chance reward
Thoſe Curſes, which I diſregard.
Phœbus preſerves the pious Bard
From Fate here.

Phœbus inſtructs me how to joke,
The † Hags, and § Collier to provoke,
And make 'em feel the keeneſt Stroke
Of Satire.

* Sir MARS. † MYRA and her IMPS. § VOL.

If I receive any farther Advices from you in Confirmation of theſe violent Schemes, which ſeem at preſent to be forming againſt us, I may perhaps think it neceſſary to trouble you with another apologetical Epiſtle, in which I will enlarge upon ſome particular Facts, which I have but ſlightly mentioned here. In the mean time, whether you publiſh this Letter or not, (which is a Matter I leave wholly to your Diſcretion) it would not be amiſs to communicate it to the *Right Honourable*, if you imagine you can by that means remove the Doubts, which at preſent perplex her. However, if what I have here ſaid ſhould not be ſufficient to convince her, that ſhe is not the *Myra* intended by *Scheffer*, let her only have Patience, till the new Edition of the TOAST appears; and then I'll forfeit all my Reputation as a Writer, if any Man in the *Britiſh* Dominions, who hath a ſingle Grain of Sagacity, ſhall miſtake the Picture of *Myra*, or apply any of the Poet's Characters to Perſons, for whom they were not originally deſigned. I am,

SIR,

London
Feb. 14. 173$\frac{4}{5}$.

Your moſt humble Servant,

P. O DONALD.

P. S. I had almoſt forgot to inform you, that there are two Sets of Drawings; the firſt, in purſuance of Mr. SCHEFFER's Inſtructions, by HOGARTH; The ſecond is deſigned by GRAVELOT and engraved by BARON.

P. S. I ſhall return to *Dublin* in a Month or Six Weeks at fartheſt, when I will put my TRANSLATION to the Preſs.

SUP-

SUPPLEMENTAL NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS.

BOOK I.

Ver. 234. *Whether Baſhaw or Viceroy* &c.

PASHA fiat, aut SANCHO Rex &c.

The Viceroys who are ſent by the Grand Signior to govern the Provinces of that Empire, are called *Beglerbegs* ſome, and others *Paſhas* or *Baſhaws*.

By *Sancho*, the Poet means *Sancho Pança*, the Squire of *Don Quixote*, who was Governor or Viceroy of the Iſland of *Barataria*.

Ver. 277. *If the Fuel be bad which my Coal Mine* &c.

Si carbones minus lenti,
Emas numulo argenti.

The *Iriſh* Coals are not ſo good as thoſe of *Whitehaven* or *Newcaſtle*; but they are ſold much cheaper, and have reduced the Price of the *Engliſh* Coals. So that VOL had good Reaſon to value himſelf on the Share he had in this Diſcovery. To reward his diligent Attendance, he hath lately been appointed Clerk of the Coal-Yard. Upon his riſing one Morning early from MYRA's Bed to direct the Sale of his Coals, this Adage of *Tertullian* was applied to him; *De Calcariâ in Carbonariam, Out of the Lime Kiln into the Coal Pit.*

BOOK II.

Ver. 40. *And to pleaſe thee even I* INTERLINE *&c.*

Illius ergô INTERSCRIPSI.

Iocco, when he was declaiming againſt our Author, produced a *Deed* in which there was an *Interlineation*; and this he inſinuated had been made by Mr. SCHEFFER or his Agent. SCHEFFER, who was then preſent, was extremely ſurpriſed to hear himſelf charged with ſuch a Crime. He deſired the Liberty of viewing the *Deed*, which having done, he declared, that it was not *his Deed*, nor had ever been in *his* Poſſeſſion; and hoped the Court would order Satisfaction to be made him for the Attack upon his Character. The C. upon this, examining into the Affair, it appeared, that the *Deed* belonged to Iocco's Client, that it had always been in Iocco's Cuſtody, that it did not concern the Matters in diſpute, and (which made the Charge ſtill more abſurd) that the Words which were ſaid to be *interlined*, were of no Conſequence, and did not in any Manner vary the Senſe of the *Deed*. This confounded our Pleader, though he had a competent Stock of Aſſurance. He retracted the Charge; he acknowledged the *Interlineation* muſt have been made before the *Deed* was executed; and deſired his Brethren of the Bar to make no farther Mention of it: Though he had not Honour enough to beg Mr. SCHEFFER's Pardon.

I could never form to myſelf a colourable Reaſon for ſuch an Inſult thus publickly offered to a Gentleman and a Stran-

ger: And it is hard to ſay, whether the Folly, or the Baſeneſs of the Charge was the greater. In Truth, this Pleader was an inſolent, illiterate Man with a ſlow Apprehenſion, and without any Judgment. He had moreover the moſt ungraceful Manner of Speaking, that I ever obſerved even at the *Iriſh* Bar.

The Addreſs to Iocco is not to be found in the firſt Edition of our Author's Works; for the Matter, which occaſioned it, did not happen till juſt before the ſecond Edition was publiſhed.

BOOK III.

Ver. 1. *Mighty Goddeſs* &c.

Quæ formâſti HUDIBRAS,
Magna Dea; tu quæ das
Riſus Atticoſque ſales,
Habet IHON, PANÇA quales.

Our Author here invokes the Goddeſs, who inſpired thoſe three great Burleſque Wits, RABELAIS, CERVANTES and HUDIBRAS.

Frier IHON, or (as he is there called) Frier IHON of the Funnels, was a brave Fellow, and a witty Droll in RABELAIS.

PANÇA or SANCHO PANÇA, Don *Quixote*'s Squire, is now well known to every *Engliſh* Reader.

V. 9. *Seu in te exemplum*, HOL.

If HOL here ſignifies *Holophanta* (a Knight of the Poſt,) as I have ſuppoſed, it does, our Author hath beſtowed a hard Name on Sir PIERCY; but no other, than his notorious Perjury deſerved. For I believe he was the firſt Man, who had the Effrontery to make an Affidavit in a Court of Juſtice; when at the ſame time he was ſenſible, that not only the Judge and Council at the Bar, but even every By-Stander muſt neceſſarily know, there was not a word of Truth contained in it. Such a flagitious Crime would not have paſſed with Impunity in any of the *Britiſh* Judicatories. Neither Sir PIERCY's Title, nor his Office, nor his Senatorial Dignity would have ſcreened him there. But the Knight as well as his Accomplices, would in all probability have ſuffered the ſame fate, as *Hackney W —— d*. And yet this infamous proceeding was defended by Iocco, and ſupported by CACUS. The firſt was of Opinion, that there was no Work ſo dirty, which a good Fee would not gild over: And the other was in hopes to ſhare the Plunder and Profits of Sir PIERCY's Perjury. May I not be allowed to ſay of either of theſe Men, *Noſcitur ex Socio*; which is a Maxim, that generally holds good from the higheſt to the loweſt Station in human Life?

Altho' the Gentleman, who compoſed the following ODE, hath made himſelf merry with Sir PIERCY's Expedition (when he took Poſſeſſion of Mr. SCHEFFER's Houſe by force of Arms, and afterwards *un-ſwore* the Part he had acted) yet our Author had much more reaſon to weep than to laugh, ſince in conſequence of that Affair he ſuffered the Loſs of THREE THOUSAND POUNDS and upwards in his private Fortune.

ODE

ODE

TO THE

Chevalier *PIERCY*,

(To which the Note on Ver. 17. Book III. refers.)

In Imitation of HORACE, Ode 6. L. 1.

Scriberis Vario fortis, & hoſtium
Victor, &c.

SOnorous Bards in Epic Verſe
Thy matchleſs Virtues may rehearſe;
Extol the gallant * *Kevan* Band,
Proud to march under thy Command;
And tell what great Exploits were done,
Both with the Pole-axe and the Gun.
But ſhall a Ballad-ſinging Swain,
Who never try'd an higher Strain,
Say, how a *Don* of muckle Might,
Full fraught with Craft, and prone to fight,
Led forth his Troops to ſpoil and burn,
Reſolv'd to conquer, or —— return?
How ſome † ill-fated Trees, that dar'd
Appear at Diſtance like a Guard,
(For Danger multiplies our Fear
And makes each Shrub a Grenadier)

* A Mob in *Dublin*, who call themſelves the KEVAN BAIL.

† Sir PIERCY, when he forced the Poſſeſſion of SCHEFFER's Houſe, cut down ſome Trees in the Avenue, the Paliſades about the Court Yard, and the Pump.

After

After a Council duly held,
The Gen'ral order'd to be fell'd.
His Sword, by this Succeſs grown vain,
He flouriſh'd thrice, and thrice again ;
Both to expreſs his Joy and Rage,
Like Kindred Heroes of the Stage :
Then fearleſs charg'd the Paliſade ;
Which little Oppoſition made,
Tho' rais'd by MARS at vaſt Expence,
Well form'd, and pointed for Defence.
For down he ſmote at ev'ry Stroke
A Pale — tho' all were Heart of Oak!
And next, to cut off freſh Supplies,
Or haply to prevent Surprize,
(For might not, Sirs, an Ambuſcade
In a huge wooden Pump be laid,
As treach'rous *Greeks*, an armed Force,
Were whilom hid in wooden Horſe?)
The Chieftain, in the Voice of Thunder,
Commands the Pump be cleft aſunder.
Then round the Houſe with martial Grace
Marching to ſpy the weakeſt Place,
He mark'd, how many Panes were crack'd,
"The Windows muſt be firſt attack'd!"
So, tho' his Vet'rans thought him raſh,
He points his Guns againſt a Saſh.
The Frame was old, the Glaſs was thin,
And no Reſiſtance from within :
A Breach was made, thro' which he ventur'd,
After his Soldiers all had enter'd.
Thus fifty Wights, arm'd Cap-a-pee,
By dint of Courage conquer'd Three.
Tho' Men of * *Chapel-Izzod* ſay,
The Gen'rals Conduct gain'd the Day.

* A Village near *Dublin* adjoining to the Park, where SCHEFFER's Houſe ſtood,

Now,

Now, ſince the POET has been cruſh'd,
'Tis beſt, the Matter ſhould be huſh'd.
I hope the † K——g, who lives ſo far,
Will hear no Tidings of this War :
For Kings, as well as ſimple Knights,
Are ſometimes jealous of their Rights.
And you, great Guardian of the Laws,
Gracious review the Hero's Cauſe.
Tho' it may ſeem a raſh Affair,
Conſider, PIERCY is *Surveyor!*
Do not conceive, he claims a Right,
Or ſtorm'd the Royal Lodge in ſpite:
He ſtrove to burn it, ere it yielded,
In hopes hereafter —— to rebuild it.
But hark, ye Warriors, how this Battle
Inclines my goſſip Muſe to prattle!
Tho' I have told her, 'tis not fit
To ſpoil great Deeds for want of Wit ;
By Scraps and Hints to tell a Story,
And thus to fully PIERCY's Glory.
When *Phœbus* will not lend a Beam,
Nor match the Numbers to the Theme ;
What Bard can aptly draw Sir *Mars*
Acting the Hero of a Farce?
Or who deſcribe his dreadful Note,
His warlike Strut, and broider'd Coat?
Who can relate the Rife and Fall,
The various Shapes of *Dublin* VOL?
Shew him among the Mud-nymphs gay,
Or a grave *Evidence for Pay?*
Or elſe, majeſtic in his Hole,
Meting out *Bally-Caſtle* Coal?
No *Britiſh* Collier is ſo black,
Or can produce —— a broader Back.

† SCHEFFER's Houſe and Land was held by Patent of the Crown: And this Attack was an Inſult upon the Government.

But, PIERCY, greateſt of the Three!
Mirror of modern Chivalry!
What Verſe is equal to your Merit,
Who can diſplay your active Spirit?
Whether, exerting all your Skill,
You plan a Houſe, or — * *make a Will:*
Or, aided by the § Beldam's Charm,
You bid your Mercenaries arm:
Take Caſtles without Loſs of Man,
As *Spaniſh Quixots* took *Oran.*
Shall it ſuffice —— thou haſt a Place,
That thou art dubb'd by *D——t*'s Grace?
Or, ſince the Danger all is paſt,
Shall this bold Action be thy laſt?
No —— thou ſhalt higher —— higher riſe,
Till thy great Head ſhall touch the Skies;
Till *Jove* ſhall ſmile with gracious Nod,
And SCHEFFER change thee to a God.
Whilſt I, content with humble Lays,
Repeat the ſable FROKIN's Praiſe;
Deſcribe her Face, her Shape, her Carriage;
Her Art of Love, and Art of Marriage.
Or —— ever mindful of my Wrongs,
At Leiſure to compoſe new Songs,
I couple *Donnas a-la-mode,*
And dreſs old † MYRA in an Ode.

* The Author here alludes to Sir MARS's Will.
§ He means the C. of N.
† He probably alludes to the following ODE.

ODE
TO
MYRA

(To which the Note on Verſe 194. Book III. refers)

In imitation of HORACE's Ode to CANIDIA. Lib. Ep. Od. 17.

Jam jam efficaci do manus ſcientiæ, &c.

CEASE! thy direful Vengeance ceaſe!
Mighty Sorc'reſs, give me Eaſe!
Like thy ſelf a * Convert grown,
Now thy Magic Power I own.
See the Bard with ſupp'lant Hands
Meaneſt Slave of thy Commands!
Be thou pleas'd! my Voice I'll raiſe,
Tune my Lyre to ſound thy Praiſe;
I will form thee all Divine;
And no Muſe ſhall lie like mine.
By thy ſacred Self I'll ſwear,
Thou art faireſt of the Fair;
That thy Morn- or Evening Face
Modeſt ſhines with native Grace;
Thy Complexion, when 'tis Pale,
Shews the Lilies of the Vale;
When thy Cheeks are over-ſpread
With a bright Vermilion-red,
Greater Beauties they diſcloſe,
Charming, as the op'ning Roſe.

Myra profeſled herſelf a *Roman* Catholick, till ſhe was fifty years of age; when ſhe chang-ed her Religion, and got a Penſion.

Then thy Treſſes I'll diſplay;
Swear, they are unmixt with grey:
That thy hollow Eyes are Jet,
Brilliant Di'monds, tho' ill ſet:
Or, low Similes to ſhun,
Either Orb ſhall be a Sun.
With thy Rays, like *Cupid*'s Darts,
Thou ſhalt pierce the ſtouteſt Hearts;
Change us, when thy Work is done,
(Like * *Meduſa*) into Stone.
Next I'll ſmooth thy wrinkled Skin,
Paint, without a Beard, thy Chin;
Swear, thy Breath (which never fails)
Is as ſweet as ſpicy Gales:
That thy Teeth are all thy own,
('Tis a Set that's newly grown)
But I think I ſhall not Lie,
If I ſwear, they're Ivory.
Then a well turn'd Neck I'll ſhew,
Whiter than the falling Snow:
And each Breaſt ſhall be as ſmall,
Round, and hard, as Billiard-ball.
Then I'll mould thy muckle Waiſt,
Shape it to a Critick's Taſte:
If he fancies, 'tis too wide
To be compaſs'd with an Hide;
Let him meaſure, † as did *Dido*;
Or elſe let him lie, as I do:
For I'll with a Span ſurround it;
Swear, that *Venus*' § Girdle bound it.
Wou'd the modeſt Fair excuſe
Some few Freedoms in the Muſe;

* Scheffer ſays, ſhe had a *Gorgon*'s Head.

† *Dido* at her firſt Arrival in *Africa* bought as much Land, as ſhe could compaſs with the Hide of an Ox, which cutting into ſmall Thongs, ſhe incloſed with it 22 Furlongs, and by means of that craftie Bargain, ſhe built the City of *Carthage*.

§ See the beautiful Deſcription of the *Ceſtus* or Girdle of *Venus* in the fourteenth Book of *Homer's Iliad*, and the fine Imitation of that Fiction by *Taſſo* in his *Gieruſalemme libera-ta* Cant. 16. Mr. *Pope*'s Tranſlation of that Paſſage in *Homer* is not to be equalled.

I'd

I'd unveil a nobler Part,
Touch it with *Dan Ovid*'s Art;
Not compare it, like a Sloven,
To a Furnace, or an Oven;
To a Buſhel, or a Bowl,
Large as thy capacious Soul:
But a Figure I'd deviſe,
Which ſhou'd dignify my Lies,
By neat Metaphors expreſs'd,
In a Virgin's Likeneſs dreſs'd;
Such as Anch'rets wou'd inſpire;
Reconcile the angry Frier;
Teach an *Iriſh* King to love,
And even make a Bull of *Jove.*
But ah! then a Damp I'd caſt;
For I'd ſwear, that thou art chaſte;
True to every ** Huſband's Bed,
To their Mem'ry, when they're dead:
That thou never had'ſt Affair
With a Porter, or a Player;
With the * Bully Chevalier,
Or with Centry Grenadier;
PAM or PIERCY † P—— or § GORE;
With —— about an hundred more,
Whom the ſaucy People name,
Eccho'd by that Brazen *Fame.*
Then I'll falſify Report,
Standing Jeſt of Viceroy's Court;
Fabled in the ‖ Comic Play,
Tattled over Cards and Tea;

** MYRA had three Husbands. An Account is given in my Notes, how ſhe dealt with them.
* Sir T. S.
† He is called VOL in our Author's Poem.
§ One of MYRA's Chairmen.
‖ He means the *Latin* Farce written by SCHEFFER, or ſome other of the ſame kind.

Always whiſper'd with a Sneer,
When thy ††FROW and thou art near.
What if *Sappho* was ſo naught?
I'll deny, that thou haſt taught
How to pair the Female Doves,
How to practiſe *Leſbian* Loves:
But when little *AL is ſpread
In her † Grove, or on thy Bed,
I will ſwear, 'tis Nature's Call,
'Tis exalted Friendſhip all.
Then, becauſe I'm often told,
Mighty Sorc'reſs, thou grow'ſt old;
That, few Bards in Days of Yore
Fancied Beauties of Threeſcore;
I'll unbend the Work of Time,
I'll reſtore thee to thy Prime,
Feign, that now thou art as young,
As when am'rous *G——ville* ſung.
Then I'll ſtrike an higher String,
And thy matchleſs Virtues ſing;
Singing ſwear, that thou art Juſt,
Grateful, Faithful to thy Truſt:
That thy Piety excels
All that *Romiſh* Legend tells;
That thou'rt Diſciplin'd with Rods,
Tho' thou haſt abjur'd thy Gods:
That thy Purſe, and ——eke thy § Door
Ever opens to the Poor;

†† The ſame, who is called the ſable FROKIN in the *Ode* to PIERCY. The Author of that *Ode* mentions her Art of Marriage. She made TRAULUS drunk, and perſuaded him to marry her. But he repenting his Bargain the next Morning left her, and diſowned his Marriage. And, as ſhe was not able to prove it, ſhe cauſed a Report to be ſpread, that ſhe was dead; which ſilly TRAULUS believing, put himſelf and his Family into Mourning, and publickly declared ſhe had been his lawful Wife. She then appeared, claimed, and recovered her Huſband. She had often play'd the ſame Trick before, but had never found ſo fit a Subject to work on.

* The Wife of *Traulus*.

† The Grove at *S———gan*.

§ MYRA's Gates are always ſhut during her Dinner, to prevent the Importunity of hungry Beggars, with which the City of *Dublin* abounds.

That thou giveſt without Meaſure,
In exchange for heav'nly Treaſure.
  Then to prove thy Truth and Wit,
I'll repeat what ‖ thou haſt writ;
In my Numbers Both ſhall ſhine,
And be priz'd as much as —— mine.
  Indian Prieſts avert all Evil,
By cajoling angry Devil;
Praiſe his Beauty, and his Youth,
Give him Virtue, Wit and Truth;
Flatter, ſacrifice and lie,
And old *Satan* deify:
So let me thy Wrath appeaſe!
So do thou thy Vengeance ceaſe!
Soften'd by my lying Lyre,
Gracious imitate thy Sire;
And at leaſt ſuch Favour ſhew,
As the Devil wou'd beſtow.

‖ She pretended to write a Poem in Praiſe of her own Beauty.

This Ode was publiſhed ſome Years before Mr. *Scheffer* began his Poem. From it he has taken ſome uſeful Hints, which however he hath much improved. Here old *Myra* is compared to a *Furnace*, an *Oven*, a *Buſhel*, and a *Bowl*. But our Author, who better underſtood the Rules of Proportion, hath compared her in one place to *Ætna*, and in another to *Charybdis*, which gave Occaſion for the following Epigrams.

Ad *Mavortem* cum primum *Miræ* ſerviret.

**Fato, quo centum*, Mavors, *periêre, peribis:*
En tibi, quod petis, eſt Ætna; Charybdis *erit.*

Bully MARS, *here expect, what hath hapt to an Hundred:*
In a Trice you are p—x'd, *and anon you'll be* plunder'd

* Alii legunt, *Scorto.*

Ad Pediſſequos & Lecticarios *Miræ* Adulteros.

Contingat vacuis avidam tranare Charybdin;
Quos mœchos ardens attamen Ætna *voret.*
Tho' the Gulf *you may paſs, who have nothing to give;*
In a fi'ry fierce Furnace, *how long can you live?*

Ad *Porcum* quendam, qui in *Miræ Charybdi* laborans, immaturus obiit.

Plangite Libniades! *rapido ſeſe eripit igne*
Porcus, *ut immundis obrueretur aquis.*
Wail ye Mud-Nymphs of Liffy the Fate of poor HOG!
Who eſcap'd MYRA's Fire, *to be drown'd in her* Bog.

Ver

Ver. 224. *A Mechanick, a Courtier, a Collier, and Knight.*

Et tum Aulicus, pediſſeques,
Carbonarius *Vol*, et quis eques.

Upon a Review of this Note, I have remarked a great Error of the Preſs, which hath run thro' all the Editions of this Work, and hath not been obſerved by any of the Commentators.

Pediſſeques is not a *Latin* Word, and altho' our Author hath ſometimes coined Words, yet he hath never taken this Liberty for the Sake of the Rhyme. Wherefore let theſe Verſes be thus amended, *meo periculo*,

Eques, Aulicus, & his æquus
Carbonarius, & pediſſequus.

Ver. 238. *And the Imp, that erſt enter'd, reſembled a Woman.*

Hæc, Dæmonium quæ intravit
Cubi-culum, *Succuba* fit.

In a former Note on theſe Lines I have explained the Word *Succuba*, the name, which Mr. SCHEFFER uſually beſtows on MYRA's IMP. To give the greater weight to what I have advanced in that place; let me here add the Opinion of a very learned Phyſician, whoſe Authority I have quoted in my Preface to prove the real Exiſtence of Witches; I mean the Author of *Religio Medici*. *I could believe*, ſays he, *that Spirits uſe with Man the act of Carnality, and that in both Sexes. I conceive they may aſſume, ſteal or contrive a Body, wherein there may be action enough to content decrepit Luſt, or Paſſion to ſatisfie more active Veneries.* This is an eaſy and rational Method of accounting for the *Tribadiſm* of MYRA and her IMP.

BOOK IV.

Ver. 234. *But allow me to make her more fit for her Sex.*

At apertè hoc vos moneam; } Magis fœminis idoneam, } Faciam, τὸν Ἀνδρόγυνον eam.

I have quoted theſe Verſes, and add this Note to correct a Miſtake I have fallen into in my Note on Verſe 3. Book I. and in other parts of my Comment, where I take it for granted, that after APOLLO's Interdiction MYRA could not poſſibly have any Commerce with Men: and therefore I ſuppoſe, that her *Metamorphoſis* was *total*. Whereas it appears from this Paſſage that ſhe was perfect Male and Female, and could exerciſe both Sexes with equal Ability. That ſhe practiſed with Men long after *Apollo*'s Edict, and her change of Figure by the Favour of *Venus*, is manifeſt from SCHEFFER's Epiſtle to CADENUS, and more particularly from his Farce (a Specimen of which I have given in my Notes on that Epiſtle) Where MACCAR MYRA's Footman introduces to her in one Morning ſeven robuſt young Fellows his Relations, who were ALL immediately received into her Service. And Lord PAM in his Soliloquy (Act 5. Scen. 1.) lamenting, that MYRA's Fame was not more publick, concludes with theſe Lines of *Ovid*:

Res obſcura quidem eſt * *ignobilitate virorum*,
Mira *tamen*: *vidi præſens* Stagnumque Lacumque
Prodigio *notum*.

I have ſeen an Iriſh Song by *Benedict Mullhollan*, in which he aſſerts the double Sex and Abilities of our Heroine. *Tir-Oen* has tranſlated this Song into *Latin*, and to preſerve the *Iriſh* Meaſure concludes each Stanza in this Manner.

* He means MACCAR's Relations, Weavers, Porters, Footmen and Chairmen.

Hos

Hos molit & has
Nunc MIRA, *nunc mas*;
Cui vis maſculina,
Cui vis fœminina;
Genitalia nam habet Androgyne bina.

As to what may be objected concerning the Difficulty of reſcinding *Apollo*'s Decree by a ſubſequent Sentence of *Venus*, I anſwer, 1ſt, that it does not appear this Decree had been ratified by the uſual Oath of the Gods, the only Circumſtance that could render it immutable. But 2dly, the Word *Viro (nec cui ſit conjuncta* Viro. Ver. 112. Book 3.) is to be underſtood in the ſame Senſe as in this Line of *Virgil*;

Parcius iſta Viris *tamen objicienda memento:*

That is, Men of any Figure, Worth or Honour. And ſo far indeed *Apollo*'s Interdiction was literally fulfilled; for after the Publication of it, All MYRA's Gallants were hired from the Scum of the People.

The Candid Reader will be pleaſed here to obſerve how ready I am to retract my Errors: And therefore I hope the Criticks will ſpare me, if they ſhould diſcover any other contradictory Remarks in this Work, and impute them to the Variety of Opinions, which are to be found among the *Latin* Commentators.

Ver. 492. *And herſelf (ſuch ſhe often hath been) to a* CAT,
Ipſa ſiem fortis *Felis!*
Quanta, Hecate, tu velis.

Concerning the Powers given unto Witches, there are three things neceſſary to be believed. Firſt that they can ride Poſt upon Broomſticks in the Air, and as much at their Eaſe, as if they were carried in a Horſe-Litter, or an *Indian* Palanquin. Secondly that they can ſail, in the Space of five or ſix Days, round the World in an Egg-ſhell, as commodiouſly as in a Royal-Yacht, without any Danger, and without being Sea-Sick. Thirdly that they are able, as often as they pleaſe, to transform themſelves into *Cats*. This laſt is a Truth, which had never been controverted before the Reſtoration of King *Charles*. Till that Time one Witch at leaſt was conſtantly Reſident in every Pariſh in the *Britiſh* Iſlands, who appeared in the Shape of a *Cat*, as frequently as in her own Perſon. So that in thoſe Days to call a Woman *old Cat* was the ſame thing as to call her *old Witch*: and even in this Age of Infidelity that Appellation is ſometimes uſed in polite Converſation, to denote a lewd and deformed old Woman. But to apply this to my preſent Subject: I could produce 100 credible Witneſſes, who have ſeen SCHEFFER's Witch dancing upon the Ridge of her Houſe in the Shape of a *Cat*. She is known by her monſtrous Size, and her long black Beard. Some People who have ventured to approach her very near, affirm that whatever Sex ſhe is of in her human Form, ſhe is always a *Boar Cat*. When ſhe is *caterwauling*, (which is an Exerciſe ſhe never fails to practiſe every Full-Moon) ſhe may eaſily be diſtinguiſhed in the Night; for her Notes are terrible, and very different from all other Beaſts of the *Cat-Kind*. Mr. SCHEFFER in one of his Familiar Letters gives a particular Account how he was once attacked by her, under this form, in his Lodgings in *Dublin*. Take the Relation in his own Words.

Nudiuſtertius, cùm bene mane de lecto, ſurrexiſſem, nigra ac ingentis ſpeciei Felis, *caprinâ barbâ ac deformi pelle induta intravit cubiculum, & in caput meum invaſit. Servus, qui tunc fortè aderat, novitate rei primo turbatus eſt; mox autem, cum multum clamarem, ſtricto gladio trajecit beſtiæ nates. Quaſi lupus, ululare cœpit, & per anguſtias feneſtrarum, quas fregit ruentis impetus, ex cubiculo aufugit, jactâ de corpore intolerabili odoris fœditate. Statim ut ad Forum profectus ſum, quippe* MIRAM *ſuſpicabar verſipellem eſſe, in eam, quid ageret, inquiritur. In ore omnis populi, nobilem matronam, dum in* S —— *organico litore multo mane ambulabat (ibi enim nunc ruſticatur) a prædonibus violatam fuiſſe, & nates ejus ferro trajectas. Heri*

veſperi Chirurgum conveni, qui MIRÆ *vulnus curabat. Ille vir ſagax, cum in ejus familiaritatem me inſinuâſſem, ridebat vetulam de commentitiâ fabulâ, de prædonibus & ſtupro; ſed nec veram vulneris cauſam auguratus eſt. At poſtquam ſingula de* Fele *narravi & pericula mea, haud coloris ſui fuit.; neque dubium erat, quin turpes ſtrigis nates attrectaverit.*

The Day before yeſterday I roſe very early. I was but juſt out of Bed, when a huge ugly black Cat *with a Beard like a Goat's came into my Room and flew directly at my Head. My Servant, who by good Fortune was preſent, was at firſt extremely ſurpized; but recovering himſelf, when he heard me cry out, he drew my Sword, and run the Beaſt into the Buttocks. She howled like a Wolf; and quitting her Hold bounced through the Saſh-Window, and eſcaped from us; but left an intolerable Stench behind her. Now, becauſe I always ſuſpected* MYRA *to be a Witch, as ſoon as I went to the** Four-Courts, *I made ſome enquiry concerning her State of Health. Every one told me, that, as ſhe was walking that Morning on the Strand by* S —— organ *(for ſhe is retired thither for the Summer Seaſon) She was ſet upon by a Company of Robbers, who firſt raviſhed her, and then wounded her in that Part, where my Servant had wounded the* Cat. *Yeſterday Evening I ſpoke to the Surgeon, who dreſs'd her Wounds. He is a Man of good Senſe; who finding he might be free with me, laughed at the Story of the Robbers and the Rape, which he treated as a mere Fiction: and yet he could not conjecture by what accident the old Woman was wounded. But when I acquainted him with the Danger I had been in the Day before, and related all the Particulars about the* Cat, *he changed Colour: for he was now convinced his Patient was a Witch.*
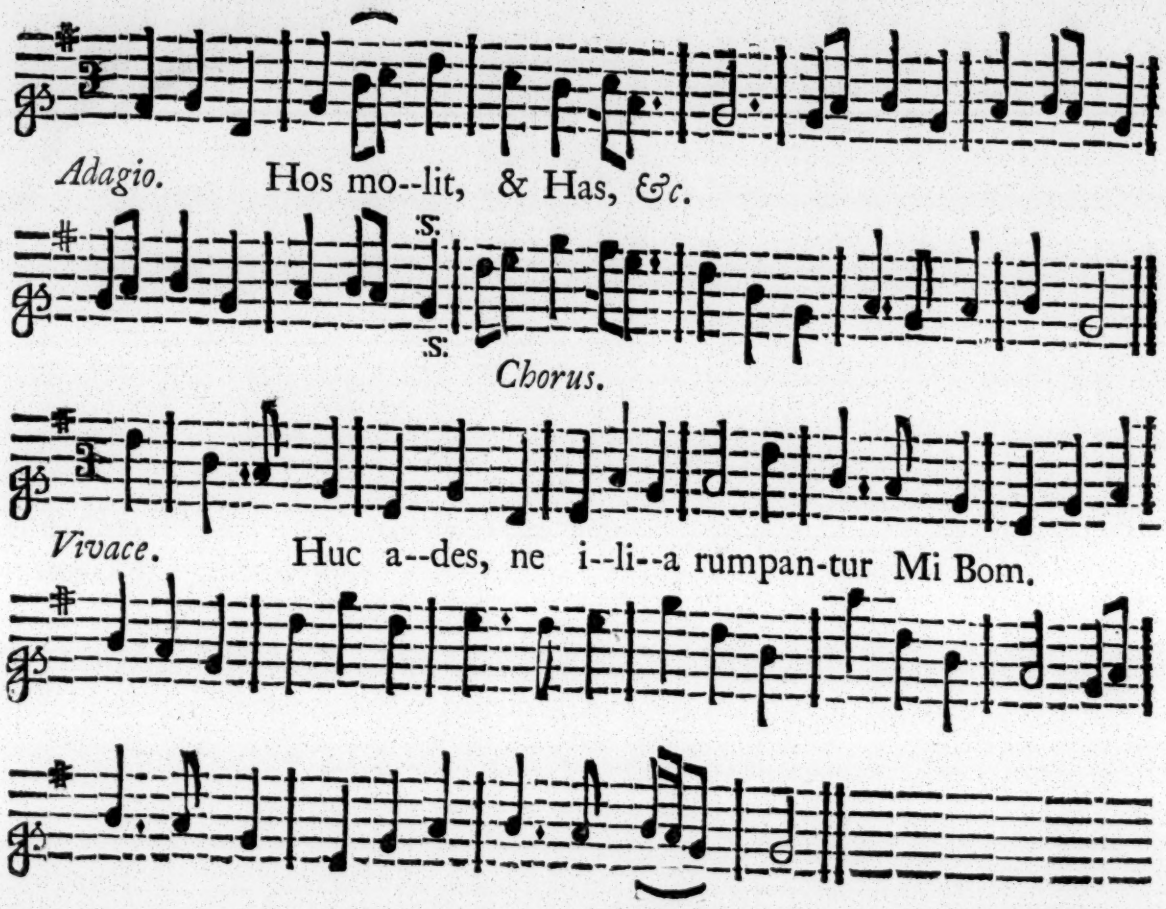
It may here be ask'd, if MYRA could ſo eaſily transform herſelf into a *Cat*, why did not ſhe exert this Power, when ſhe was conquered by Sir MARS, and ſo make her eſcape from him, as ſhe eſcaped from SCHEFFER's Servant? I anſwer, ſhe was in Bonds; and in that condition even a God would loſe the Force of his Divinity, and be obliged to ſubmit to a weak Mortal, as may be ſufficiently proved from the ſixth Eclogue of *Virgil.*
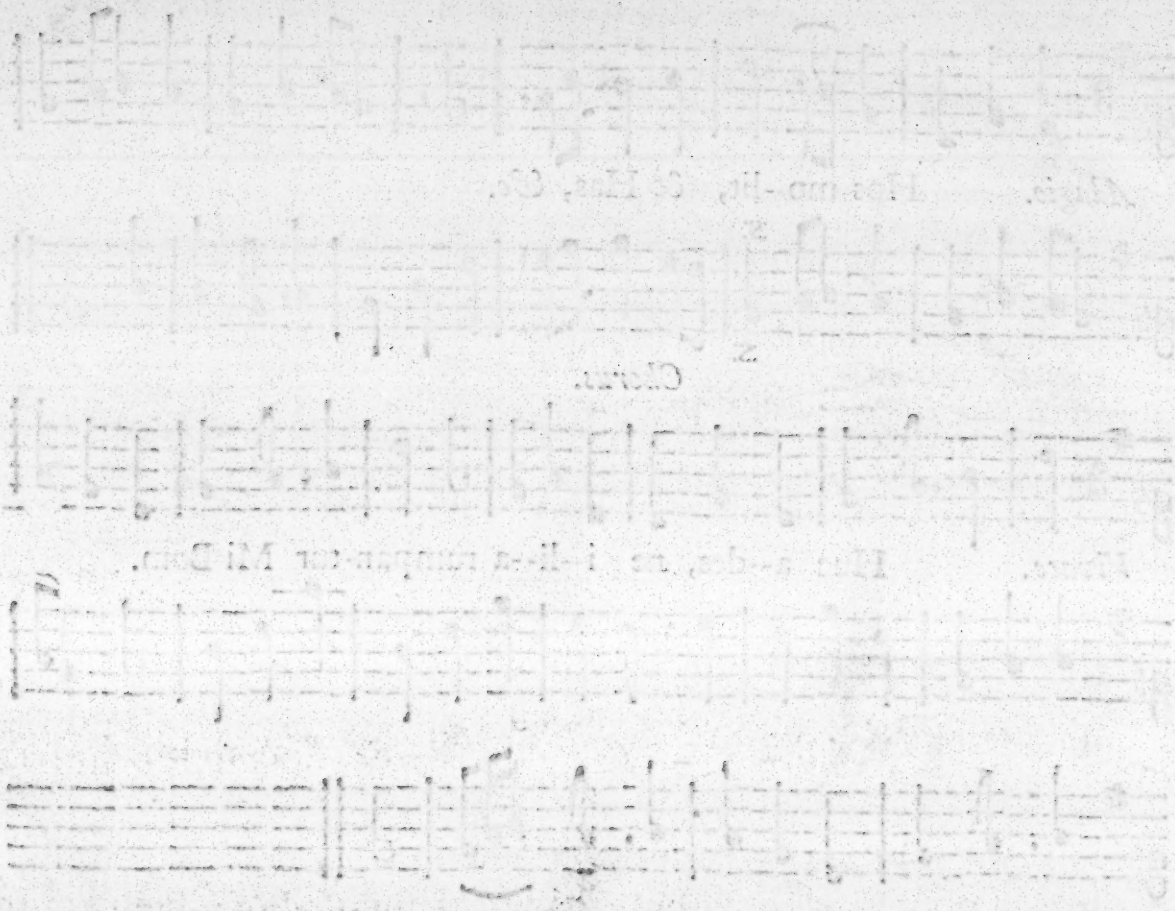
* The Place in *Dublin* were Civil and Criminal Cauſes are try'd.

I have now brought my Work to a Period; which hath been drawn into a greater Length, and hath proved a more difficult Taſk, than I at firſt imagined. But I will not make any more Apologies, nor attempt to raiſe my Merit by magnifying my Labours. I will only add at taking my leave, what I may be allowed to ſay without an imputation of Vanity, That by this Time my Enemies muſt be convinced, I have uſed my beſt Endeavours to give them a proper Satisfaction; and I am ſure, my Friends are obliged to me, who have put my ſelf into a very perilous Situation to afford them two or three hours Entertainment.

F I N I S.




Adagio.
Hos mo--lit, & Has, &c.
S.
S.
Chorus.
Vivace.
Huc a--des, ne i--li--a rumpan-tur Mi Bom.



30 MAY 75